

Sidney Katz  
tells about  
**The**  
lost children  
of B.C.

The fiery first lady of our French theatre  
WHY CAN'T THE MARITIMES GET IN ON THE BOOM?

# MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 11, 1957

# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ St. Laurent reveals his post-election plans
- ✓ Live trans-Atlantic TV due for Canada
- ✓ New ten-cent pills will suntan the redheads

**DISCOUNT RUMORS** that Louis St. Laurent will quit as prime minister shortly after the election, if Liberals win again. The PM likes his job and most of his intimates are sure he'll stay on as long as his health holds up.

**LIVE BBC TELEVISION** programs featuring stars like Gilbert Harding, Christopher Mayhew and the glamorous young Canadian couple, Bernie Braden and Barbara Kelly, will be seen on Canadian screens before long. This, and more, will be made possible by a six-station re-transmission network now being planned to connect Montreal with Oslo. Stations are projected on Baffin Island, Greenland, Iceland and the Faeroes. They'll have special antennas to bounce images 6,000 miles into the troposphere where they'll rebound to the next relay station. U.S. and continental networks will make use of the trans-Atlantic TV traffic which will, of course, move in both directions.

**PEOPLE WHO JUST CAN'T TAN**—especially redheads—keep saying they've tried everything, but they really haven't. This summer they'll be offered a pill called Oxoralen. Take two, two hours before exposure, the directions will say, step into the sun and watch yourself turn a mild pink and then an honest-to-goodness brown. The pills will be sold only on prescription and will cost a little more than a dime apiece.

**MAD SCIENTISTS** have their lighter moments just like anybody else. A Cornell University professor will learn more about the mating habits of sharks with the help of a special shark-tranquilizer. **Univac**, the machine with the built-in brain, will become a TV star next fall; its job: to match up soul mates from information about their personalities fed in by the MC. A new stove attachment will chime the tune "Tenderly" when the roast has reached that stage.

**SHOWER-BATH ADDICTS** can expect early and blessed relief from their two great scourges. Slippery bars of soap will be no more than a haunting memory in homes that install a new gadget geared to spurt liquid soap into the water stream right at the source. That much more hideous torture device—the water that abruptly turns scalding or freezing when someone else turns another tap—can be defeated by a special thermostat which will preset water at an even warmth.

**CLOTHES THAT DON'T FIT** will never be eliminated this side of paradise. But some of the sheer guesswork in shopping for children's shoes and coats may soon be done away with by law. The standards division of the Department of Trade and Commerce plans to make standard sizes compulsory; much of the present confusion stems from the fact that individual manufacturers have individual practices. It's hoped that a uniform system will streamline selling and drastically cut returns, thus reducing the prices of some clothing lines.

**PREVIEWING BOOKS:** **Gabrielle Roy** will reveal her girlhood struggles in Winnipeg in the semi-autobiographical novel **Deschambault Street**, due from Harcourt, Brace this fall . . . Group of Seven veteran **A. Y. Jackson** is preparing his memoirs for Clarke, Irwin . . . **Kate Aitken**, Canada's best-known woman commentator, has a book of travel hints being published by Longman's. Green and is completing the manuscript of another volume called **How to Earn an Honest Penny**.

**PREVIEWING WEATHER:** In most parts of Canada, the first two weeks in May will be ideal for opening up the summer cottage, but few Canadians will go swimming. A special long-range forecast prepared for Maclean's by Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada, in Montreal, predicts a cool first half of May. Here are the regional outlooks for May 1 to May 13: **Southern B.C.**—it won't rain during the first two week ends of the month, though dull skies will mar part of the first week end. **The Prairies:** rain during May's first two weeks will be well below the average. **Ontario & Quebec:** May's first week end will start sunny but end wet. It won't rain on the May 11 week end. **The Maritimes** will have a wet May with 25 percent more rain than usual, but the clouds will clear in time for a sunny mid-May week end.

## WATCH FOR New NFB Chief / MacLaren Fantasy Hailey Comedy / Stock Split Profits



Joe Tomlinson René Beaudoin

**MEN TO WATCH:** **René Beaudoin**, who is far from a dead duck politically. He's running for re-election, will seek and may get a cabinet post, and has finished a book on parliamentary procedure . . . **Joe Tomlinson**, Canadian construction man, who hasn't given up his fight to gain control of Loew's, Inc., financial parent of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Frustrated in his first attempts, Tomlinson, a major stockholder, has fired his lawyer and is now planning a second round. His main aim: to restore **Louis B. Mayer** as operating studio director . . . **Guy Roberge**, whose appointment as new head of the National Film Board will put the seal of victory on a Quebec newspaper campaign for the scalp of former commissioner **A. W. Trueman** . . . **Peter MacDonald**, the rising Vancouver producer, who is taking over as new CBC TV network programming director.

**MOVIES TO WATCH:** Canada's role in the early life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be highlighted

in **Sunrise at Campobello**, being filmed by ex-M-G-M chief Dore Schary. FDR's fight with polio may be shot against the background of the late president's summer home at Campobello Island, N.B., on Passamaquoddy Bay . . . **Norman MacLaren's** latest National Film Board experiment called **A Chairy Tale** is a ten-minute black-and-white combination of animation with human action, depicting the trials of man trying to sit down on an unwilling chair.

**TV TO WATCH:** Ace Canadian TV-playwright **Arthur Hailey's** first comedy is scheduled for early June. Called **The Transmogrification of Duncan Brown**, it's the story of a mild clerk who takes a personality projection course . . . CBC's **Folio** on May 6 will present **Gregory Stone's** play, **Michael's Mountain**, an unusual study of a frightened man facing mental crisis. **RADIO:** CBC does Shakespeare's **A Winter's Tale** on May 1 with **Barry Morse**.

**INVESTMENTS TO WATCH:** Some of Canada's largest companies may soon broaden their ownership by splitting stock. Splits usually raise stock quotes because more investors move in at the lower price, and because the new dividend rate is almost always higher. Current split bets include: **Algoma Steel**, **Eddy Paper**, **Ford of Canada**, **A. Hinde & Dauch Paper**, **International Nickel**, **Page-Hersey Tube**, **Steel Co. of Canada**, and **Union Gas**.

## OUTLOOK FOR DRINKERS How dry laws are dying

**WITH LIQUOR** legislation under close review in almost every province in Canada, many signs indicate that within ten years there will be bars in every city across the nation. Recent attempts to market beer in Ontario grocery stores are only one phase of a revolution in drinking habits that has seen the per-capita consumption of alcohol soar to a staggering 15 gallons a year. With statistics showing that 72% of adult Canadians now take a drink, provincial legislators are taking hard second looks at existing laws. Here's the situation, province-by-province:

**MANITOBA:** Biggest change in drinking habits is taking place here, following 1955 report of John Bracken's royal commission. The former PC leader, himself a teetotaler, said in effect: "Semi-prohibition is not the answer to the liquor problem . . . let's relax regulations, create a better-informed public and let temperance depend on the individual's common sense." Winnipeg now has a school for bartenders and government-liquor-store employees are getting lectures on the proper uses of wine. Individual permits were abolished and local plebiscites are being held to decide the extent of liquor liberalization in each municipality.

**ONTARIO:** The eleven-month-old Retail Grocers Association, claiming three thousand members, is trying to put a "near-beer" into Ontario grocery stores. The promoters hope to stay within the law by marketing a U.S.-brewed beverage with an alcoholic content below the 2.5-percent-by-volume limit set for real beer by the Ontario Liquor Control Board. As a first unofficial step in getting rid of liquor permits, the Ontario Liquor Control Board was recently given the right to stop endorsing permit booklets.



Liquor code reformer John Bracken

**SASKATCHEWAN:** Provincial Treasurer C. M. Fines told Maclean's that a legislative committee to study changes in present liquor laws may be set up during the 1958 session of the legislature.

**ALBERTA:** Local plebiscites are planned for the fall on increasing liquor outlets, including the first cocktail bar, dining-room and restaurant licenses and permission for mixed drinking in Edmonton and Calgary.

**QUEBEC:** This province already has the country's most liberal liquor code and no changes are contemplated. Beer is sold in grocery stores.

**MARITIMES:** The New Brunswick legislature recently quashed an opposition motion for setting up a committee to recommend a new liquor law, replacing legislation unchanged since 1927, but more and more people seem to want public beer parlors and cocktail bars. However, no major changes are yet contemplated in the other three Atlantic provinces but can be expected if N.B. goes wet.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** The liquor laws here were revamped in 1953 to allow sale by the glass in bars. Recently the government has legalized the sale of hard cider to aid the Okanagan apple industry. ★

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

The Norman case shows who's boss in the U.S., but should we let them say who's loyal in Canada too?



HERBERT NORMAN'S last service to his country was, by his death, to raise and thereby to clarify two major policy questions. Both have existed for years, but had not before been plainly stated.

One is the question of authority, in the vague field now called "security." Who decides, and who should decide, whether or not a man is worthy of trust as a public servant?

In Canada the answer is clear. The government decides. Elected ministers responsible to an elected parliament, and upheld by a majority therein, have the right of final decision on all matters in their field of jurisdiction. No appointed official and no minority faction has power to overrule them.

Herbert Norman's record was fully known to the government of Canada. Among other things, as Hon. L. B. Pearson told the House of Commons, the government knew that Norman in his student days had associated quite openly with Communists. This was not regarded in the 1930s as a fact of much gravity, but it was one of the charges made against Norman by the internal security subcommittee of the United States Senate.

It was, indeed, the only charge supported by evidence that a court in either country would accept. The rest fell into three categories.

## DID MORRIS TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT NORMAN?

Some are untrue. An example is the statement of Robert Morris, the subcommittee's counsel, that Norman was "recalled from Japan when his government discovered certain Communist connections, specifically with Israel Halperin" (one of the men involved in the Communist spy ring that Igor Gouzenko exposed in 1945). In fact the government received its information about Halperin in 1945, about a year before Norman went to Japan as chief of the Canadian mission there. His work was so effective that Norman remained Canada's chief envoy in Japan for five years. After this unusually long posting he came back to Ottawa in 1951 to be made chief of the Far Eastern Division, Department of External Affairs.

Some other things brought out by the subcommittee are true enough, but innocuous. One such is the fact that Norman's history of modern Japan was commissioned and published by the Institute of Pacific Relations. Later the subcommittee investigated the IPR, and some of its members do appear to have been Communists, though others were

pillars of Republican respectability. But Norman's book is simply a history, much admired in Japan as well as in Western countries.

The third category is the vicious one, the perversion of innocent fact into slanderous legend. A perfect illustration is Robert Morris' statement about the relations between Herbert Norman and a Japanese named Tsuru Shigeto.

The real facts are these:

Tsuru Shigeto was an instructor at Harvard when Herbert Norman was a postgraduate student there. They knew each other, apparently quite well.

When Pearl Harbor brought the United States and Japan into the war in 1941, Tsuru was still at Harvard. Norman was in Japan, a junior language officer at the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo. Both men were interned by the respective governments of the U.S. and Japan, and both eventually were deported as enemy aliens. By coincidence they met, at the rendezvous in Portuguese East Africa, where interned civilians were exchanged.

Tsuru had a large library of books on Japan, which he had left at his house in Boston. Norman asked if he could borrow them for the duration of the war, and Tsuru said certainly. When Norman got home and went to Tsuru's house to get the books, he found they had been impounded by the FBI. Norman told the FBI who he was and how he had got permission to borrow the books, but the FBI hung on to them. That was the end of the incident, or seemed to be at the time.

As Robert Morris told it to the subcommittee, it didn't sound quite the same. He said the FBI was "approached" by Norman "who represented himself as an official" of the Canadian government, "in an effort to take custody of Tsuru Shigeto's belongings."

Tsuru's name appears eight times in the 1951 enquiry that Robert Morris himself conducted, and I have looked up all eight. The main evidence against Tsuru Shigeto is that he knew Herbert Norman.

Thus the circle of guilt-by-association is complete: Tsuru must be a Communist because he knew Norman, and Norman must be a Communist because he knew Tsuru.

## HOW RELIABLE WAS THE INFORMER'S INFORMATION?

However, the subcommittee did have as well one piece of sworn testimony. Dr. Karl August Wittfogel, an ex-Communist informer, said he knew Norman as a member of a study group Wittfogel himself had conducted in the summer of 1938, and that "it was obvious" the study group was Communist.

Wittfogel was not a particularly good witness. He later admitted his testimony about Norman was wrong—he said he'd met Norman at meetings in Cape Cod, for instance, where Norman had never been in his life. But with Wittfogel's evidence and various other bits and pieces, the subcommittee was justified in believing what the Canadian government says is quite true, that Herbert Norman did associate with some Communists in his student days.

The question remains: What of it? When the issue first came up in 1951, Herbert Norman had been twelve years in External Affairs. He had shown himself a loyal, devoted and brilliant officer. Knowing and taking account of all the facts, the government decided that a dozen years of faithful service more than outweighed whatever vague misgiving might arise from the friendships and beliefs of a previous decade.



No one here who actually knew Herbert Norman has the slightest doubt that this decision was right.

I saw quite a lot of him in Cairo before Christmas. He seemed a completely happy man then—busy, of course, but working his long day with no sign of fatigue, and full of zest for the important job he was doing. If his despatches had the sparkle and clarity and insight of his talk, Canada must have been getting absolutely first-class reporting on the most complicated and critical situation in the world. Norman was not a man we could afford to lose from the difficult job he was doing.

## SHOULD THE U.S. TELL US HOW TO RUN OUR AFFAIRS?

The United States has adopted a different standard in this difficult matter. Not all Americans, but the Americans who make up the Senate internal security subcommittee believe that any association with Communists at any time, however remote, makes a man indelibly suspect. They also believe they have a right to overrule their own government on a question of this kind, and their system permits them to act upon this belief.

Their system of government is not ours, but in this case they have acted as if it were. They have assumed the right to challenge not only the United States government's treatment of American officials, but the Canadian government's treatment of Canadian officials. That is Canada's just grievance against the U.S. Senate subcommittee and its counsel Robert Morris.

Canada's grievance contains the second of the major questions raised by Herbert Norman's death: How high a price should we pay for the close co-operation, the special place and influence, that Canadians have (or think they have) in Washington? Are we in fact sacrificing our independence for the privilege of being treated like Americans?

This question, too, has been partly answered by events. If there has been any compromise of Canadian independence, the government seems determined at least not to do it again. Canada has served notice that there can be no more exchange of security information about Canadian citizens unless the U.S. government could undertake to keep it out of the hands of congressional committees.

In security matters, co-operation between the two countries has been very close. The RCMP and the FBI have both profited by it, and neither force has any complaint against the other. The complaint is not against the security agency but against a security system in which the U.S. government finds itself unable to respect, or to enforce respect for, the sovereignty of a friendly neighbor.

When one government wants to express displeasure with another, the strongest peaceable action it can take is to break off relations. Canada's relations with the United States have many strands. By this Canadian action the relevant strand, in the field of security, will be broken off. ★

(Editor's Note: To readers who will wonder how Blair Fraser can be writing from Ottawa and from China—see page 20—in the same issue, the explanation is that he arrived back in person between deadlines and only a day after his last despatch from abroad.)

## BACKSTAGE WITH LABOR

### Beck Senate hearings are stirring up rebellion among Canada's teamsters

LABOR laws and practices could be changed in Canada as a result of the U.S. Senate enquiry into the affairs of Dave Beck and the Teamsters' Union. The sensational findings have left many Canadians feeling that it's a shabby business that happily is "none of our affair," as they felt in the Senate exposures of gangsters Frank Costello and then of probers McCarthy, Cohn and Schine. But this time the fact is that thousands on this side of the line will be affected.

Some 30,000 Canadian truck drivers belong to the union and move a high proportion of this country's perishable foods, livestock, raw materials and manufactured products.

A large-scale revolt against the U.S. parent union may be shaping up in Canada as a result of the hearings, and the 5,000-member Toronto local, No. 938, can be expected to head it. Its president, Bill Mills, has already called for the firing of Beck if the charges against him are true.

On the other hand, the powerful



Dave Beck: a big man in Canada too

10,000-member Teamsters' Joint Council No. 52, to which most remaining truck drivers in the Toronto-Hamilton area belong, is standing pat. Its director of research, Jack Robinson, has called the hearings against Beck "unfair." Reason for this is that many of the council's locals are under "trusteeship," i.e. all power has been taken from the members and placed in the hands of an appointee of Beck or of his lieutenant, Jimmy Hoffa.

Similar dictatorships exist at Windsor, where union members are now talking

about having their full rights restored, and at Montreal, where teamsters have lost all interest in union activities. Here, a drive for new locals has had to be postponed until the Beck scandal blows over. There's no sign of revolt in the Maritimes, where the teamsters' union is the third largest, or in Winnipeg. But in Edmonton there's unrest. "The whole union is getting a bad name," says Dave Erickson, secretary of local 514. "We're taking no action now. We feel the law will deal with the situation."

Jack Williams, director of public relations for the Canadian Labor Congress, with which the teamsters are affiliated, admits the CLC is unhappy with the turn of events, and is calling a meeting on the matter. Like other labor leaders Williams fears the enquiry will lead to changes in labor laws. In the U.S., the federal Taft-Hartley Act outlaws the "closed shop," which says you can't work unless you join the union first. In addition some eighteen states have forbidden the "union shop," which says you have to join the union a few months after you start working. Most of these states are in the South. It's now felt that an attempt may be made to outlaw the union shop in the highly industrialized North. If this happens, it's a safe bet that there will be pressure for similar action in Canada.

## Background

- ✓ The Queen's Canadian plans
- ✓ Who wrote the Fowler report?
- ✓ Squabble over German consul

Royal visit plans haven't firmed yet but the betting in Ottawa is that the Queen's side-excursion to Canada this fall will be confined to Ottawa, where she'll open parliament. This could effectively quell charges, heard during the last tour, that the royal couple were overstrained.

Many of its recommendations may never become law, but those who have read it say the Royal Commission on Broadcasting report is one of the most literate official documents in Canadian history. The writing chores were split among commission members R. M. Fowler, James Stewart and Edmond Turcotte, with chairman Fowler composing the first "keynote" chapter. E. D. Fox, of Central Mortgage & Housing Corp., wrote the historical portions, Elizabeth Leitch, of Trade and Commerce, did the economics sections. Other chapters were by commission secretary Paul Pelletier.

There's rising discontent among Europeans in Canada over the appointment of Dr. Gerhard Stahlberg as West Germany's new consul-general in Montreal. The German Embassy claims that he is "fully rehabilitated," but hostile New Canadians allege Stahlberg helped guide the prosecution of Jews in Nazi-occupied Europe and was previously turned down as ambassador to Eire, at the secret insistence of Dublin's Jewish mayor.

Percé, a picturesque Gaspé fishing village, is being turned into an art and theatrical summer school. Montreal sculptress Suzanne Guite and her husband Alberto Tommi will give ceramics and ballet classes. Denise Pelletier (television's Cecile Plouffe) will conduct the summer theatre.

The juke-box makers are determined to make the blare of their product continuous. Wurlitzer is installing "concert" slots for 50c pieces.

Insiders predict that "Rassemblement," the new Quebec political association which describes itself as being "against the Liberals, Tories, Communists and Fascists," may soon emerge as a full-fledged party ready to confront Premier Duplessis with his greatest threat yet. Now organized in 38 Quebec communities, the group is headed by Pierre Dansereau, dean of science at the University of Montreal.

It pays to chat with the hostess between an evening's television and the drive home. Ontario Provincial Police tests show that eyes take twenty minutes to adjust for safe night-driving vision after an extended TV session.

Teen-agers who want to leave school at the earliest legal age may soon be given a more useful preparation for earning a living. Manitoba plans a terminal course for these youngsters, which would emphasize good speech and clear writing rather than formal grammar. Students would start the special syllabus after grade eight. ★

## Backstage IN BROADCASTING / How Ottawa plans search for new CBC governors

A QUIET but intensive hunt for nationally known and nationally respected Canadians is being organized by the government to fill the 15 seats on the revamped Board of Broadcast Governors, proposed by the Fowler Commission.

Paul Pelletier, the commission's secretary, is compiling a list of candidates, including suggestions for the important positions of chairman and vice-chairman. But close observers believe nominations for the top job have been restricted by the fact that many likely choices have recently been eliminated.

A. W. Trueman, former National Film Board commissioner, once mentioned as a contender, is now operating head of the Canada Council. R. M. Fowler, who might have been a favored

choice, can hardly accept a position that he created. Governor-General Massey, due to retire next year, is not believed to be interested. Announcement of the Canada Council appointments further



Davy Dunton: same job, new title

depleted the number of available names.

The past CBC boards of governors have consisted of well-respected but often little-known citizens, picked largely for their geographical and occupational representation. For the new board, which will have powers to control private as well as CBC radio and TV, the government seems to be determined to appoint Canadians of a calibre that will make the body a dynamic broadcasting forum. Appointments will be on a part-time basis, held for five years, and pay about \$2,300 a year.

The other new job recommended by the Fowler Commission—a CBC president—is generally expected to be filled by the transfer of the present CBC board chairman, A. D. Dunton.

## Backstage WITH CLIFFORD WILLIAMS / His twenty-eight-year sentence canceled

ONE of the most bitterly fought cases of harsh sentencing in Canadian criminal history will be climaxed on July 2 by the release of twenty-six-year-old Clifford Williams from St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, near Montreal. The youth has served six years of a twenty-eight-year sentence he received for small Montreal robberies.

Williams will owe his freedom to a remarkable four-year private campaign waged by Mrs. Esther Hale, a socially prominent Montrealer who knew him as a child. The case was brought to nationwide attention by an article in Maclean's (Feb. 18, 1956).

Williams, who spent his life in orphanages and institutions, took part in a series of robberies in 1951. The total loot was \$1,000; Williams' share was \$300.

With no lawyer to defend him, he was sentenced to a twenty-eight-year prison term, an almost unheard-of sentence for a first offender.

Mrs. Hale heard of the case two years later and launched a campaign to obtain his release, pleading on his behalf

with cabinet members, department of justice officials, lawyers and private welfare organizations.

Publication of the story in Maclean's aroused a nation-wide protest. Hundreds of letters were received by cabinet members and department of justice officials demanding Williams' release, many of them accompanied by petitions. Williams' plight was brought up five times in the House of Commons and once in the Senate. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, social workers and businessmen from the ten provinces wrote, visited and phoned Mrs. Hale to offer help.



Clifford Williams: a six-year wait

Several organizations expressed official sympathy for Williams, including the Canadian Combat Veterans Organization of B.C., the Canadian Labor Congress, the Toronto John Howard Society, the Rotary Club of Vegreville, Alta., and the students of George Williams College, Montreal. The judge who sentenced Williams told the press that he would favor his early release.

During the past year, several long-term prisoners unexpectedly were granted tickets-of-leave—and many believed the Williams case was the reason.

Williams himself was a model prisoner throughout his six-year term. In the penitentiary press shop, where he worked, he was known as a fast, reliable typesetter. Mrs. Hale, working with the John Howard Society and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children, has found him comfortable living quarters and a good job. She's completely confident about Williams' future. "He's not a criminal," she says. "He was just an unhappy youngster who lost his way for a few weeks back in 1951."—SIDNEY KATZ.

## Editorial

### LET'S WEED OUT THE SPEECHLESS FOOLS.

If Maclean's has ever presumed to tell its readers how to vote in any federal election, it must have happened many years ago. It is true that in the magazine's earlier days its Ottawa correspondent, J. K. Munro, was in the habit of writing frankly partisan pieces and they were always printed untouched. But the owner, Colonel John Bayne Maclean, usually countered this by intimating elsewhere in the same issue that Munro's political judgment, though of unquestioned honesty, was really that of a well-meaning child.

There is nothing we value more than this tradition of outraged impartiality, this inheritance of smoldering calm. We don't intend to begin reneging on the arrangement now by taking sides with any party.

In spite of this, there are some things we feel free to say about the coming campaign. They might be said as well and truthfully by the leaders or national presidents of any of the four parties. Perhaps they would say them, if men in such positions could say such things.

The most crucial thing is this: The last House of Commons was a very bad House of Commons, perhaps the worst in this century.

We are not talking of its record of accomplishment, which was good—and which is also beside the point. Given the same ingredients, the same events to consider, the same pressures and opportunities, the same protected and prosperous base from which to operate, almost any other conceivable parliament would have achieved a good record of accomplishment too.

We're talking of the Commons' record of performance, and this in the main was reprehensible. It produced a few clear and reasoned debates; not many. It produced a few moments of genuine dignity and drama; not many. The one commodity that never seemed to be in short supply on either side of the House was speechless buffoons pounding desks and throwing paper and howling. In its moments of sternest decision and most sacred duty, our most important legislative body sometimes resembled nothing so much as a kindergarten full of noisy children.

It is unfair to judge any man on the worst parts of his record. It's our belief that since the general example was so appalling, any individual member of the last parliament might in ordinary charity be forgiven for having acted foolishly in one or two "debates." But what of those who also acted as ciphers? What of those who, when they weren't doing things they ought not to have done, did nothing at all? What of those who swelled the meaningless din and then subsided into an almost equally meaningless coma.

Politics, unfortunately, has no control groups. The mere fact that the sitting member from a given riding showed up badly in the House doesn't mean his defeated opponent would have showed up better.

But Canada still has the advantage of fairly large legislative bodies serving fairly small numbers of people. And for all the size of the constituencies it's a lazy elector indeed who cannot arrive at a reasonably informed opinion of the intelligence and character of the individual candidates who are soliciting his vote. We're not suggesting that all the clowns and dullards who made themselves visible in the last parliament should automatically, and without thought of the alternatives, be refused admission to the next. But surely if they're keeping better men out it's time to send them packing.

For our part we have no terror of being governed by Liberals or by Conservatives or by Social Credit or by the CCF. We do have a strong inclination to avoid, if possible, being governed by damned fools. And we think it is fair to hope that a substantial number of the damned fools who were so careless as to identify themselves in the last parliament will not be seen in the next.

## Mailbag

- ✓ Should we share our boom with have-nots?
- ✓ Fighting words from the friends of French
- ✓ Will Lansdowne be the best bird artist?

Bruce Hutchison's concern about the "net spiritual content" of Canadians in his article, *We're Being Corrupted by Our Boom* (April 13), shows up the real immorality of Canada . . . Apart from our obsession with the boom, we are selfishly apathetic. It is about time the average Canadian got his nose out of the sports page and found out about people in other countries. We who are growing up (perhaps too quickly) have a responsibility toward them. — HUGH MCCULLUM, ROCKWAY VALLEY, QUE.

✓ How confused can Hutchison get? He views with alarm our inflation, but his cure is more government spending! Let the federal treasury stage a global



potlatch and invite the free loaders of Europe, Asia and Africa to "come and get it." — FRANK CUSACK, GOLDEN LAKE, ONT.

✓ . . . We might in Canada make this a national prayer: "Make us thankful enough to share our many blessings that we may be worthy enough to receive more." — MRS. J. W. BARKER, TORONTO.

#### What about our yellow pages?

I welcome your latest innovation, the yellow pages of Preview. These short articles and notes offer diversity and definitely possess a Canadian flavor characteristic of Maclean's . . . GÉRARD W. MATTE, OTTAWA.

✓ Would you please leave the yellow pages for the telephone directory? Would you please print your editorials



in the same old large box, on a white page? And would you please slap down the bright modernistic moron who thought up the yellow pages? . . . CHARLES W. EVANS, CHATHAM, ONT.

✓ Your Preview is a valuable addition . . . SIMON LIZÉE, ANNAHEIM, QUE.

#### Are we trained to hate Russia?

I learned a great many interesting facts from Blair Fraser's article, *How the Russians are Trained to Hate the West* (April 13). Now may we have the sequel, please, entitled, *How the West is Trained to Hate Russia?* . . . BARBARA REDGRAVE, VANCOUVER.

#### Did the east kill the Bay route?

In Robert Collins' article, *Will the Nickel Boom Make a New Man of Manitoba?* (April 13), he says the Hudson Bay Railway was hampered by the Depression. The Depression was nothing compared to the hindrances of eastern Canada . . . The railway was given every black eye possible by eastern Canada . . . The provinces of the west however are bursting their buds despite all the money the Dominion government pours into Quebec and Ontario . . . JAMES J. ALLAN, BECHARD, SASK.

#### More fame for Fen Lansdowne

Congratulations to Maclean's for reproducing the work of the famous young bird artist, Fenwick Lansdowne (April 13). Being an ornithologist, I concur in the opinion that Lansdowne will yet be the best nature artist in Canada's history. When top artists such as Peter Scott and Archibald



Thorburn have such praise there can be no question as to merit . . . E. W. CALVERT, LINDSAY, ONT.

#### They like our French accent

Concerning F. W. Treble's letter (April 13), on "the rank discourtesy" of Roger Lemelin's *Most Memorable Meal*, printed in French in Maclean's: his attitude is the very one that has caused so much friction between the French and the English in Canada . . . J. C. CHAMARD, MONTREAL.

✓ Our Canadian dollar is half French! All our civil service is bilingual! Why not our Canadian magazine? . . . E. GAULTIER, RATHWELL, MAN.

✓ Doesn't he know that French and English are official languages of this country? . . . MRS. C. WILSON, LONDON, ONT.

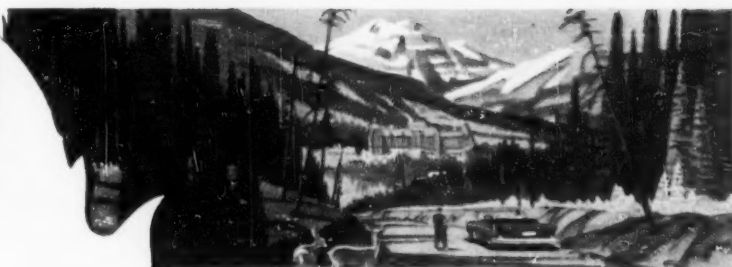
✓ French and culinary art are synonymous . . . PIERRE SEGUN, CORNWALL, ONT.

✓ It is our loss that we are not a bilingual people . . . D. M. ETHERINGTON, TORONTO.

#### MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 111



ENTRANCE TO VANCOUVER STANLEY PARK, BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE ROAD TO BANFF, ALBERTA



PARK HIGHWAY ALONG WASKESIU LAKE, SASKATCHEWAN

# 10 beautiful Canadian drives



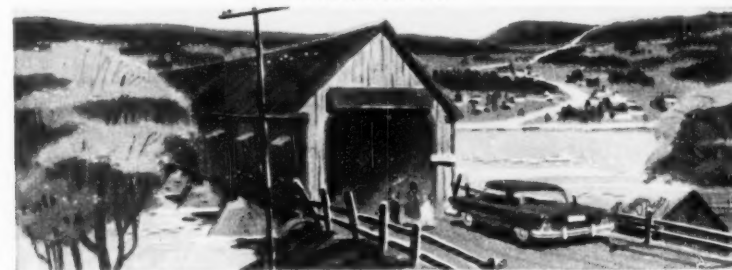
THE EAST END OF CLEAR LAKE, MANITOBA



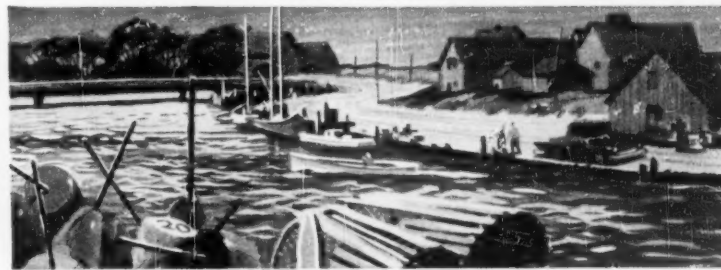
IYA BRIDGE, ONTARIO



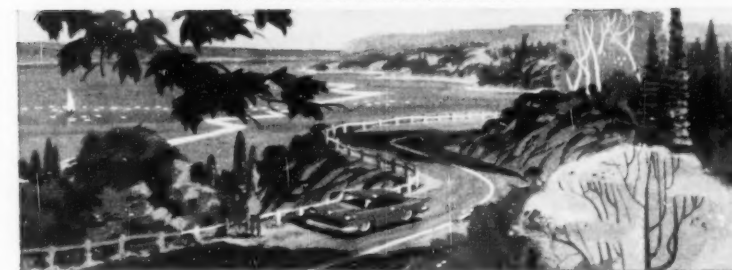
PERCÉ ROCK, GASPÉ, QUEBEC



THE COVERED BRIDGE AT HARTLAND, NEW BRUNSWICK



THE ROAD THROUGH TIGNISH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



THE CABOT TRAIL, NOVA SCOTIA



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## How to win "the battle of the bulge"...

WHEN EXTRA INCHES begin showing up around your waistline, it is time to start "the battle of the bulge." For extra inches and pounds are health hazards... and they are signals to start reducing now. Remember, in 98 percent of the cases, *overweight* is due to *overeating*.

This does not mean that you have to go on a "starvation diet"... or give up all the foods you enjoy most. It does mean a change in your eating habits to avoid taking in more calories than your body needs. Those extra calories make the bulging waistline.

Before you start dieting, it is wise to consult your doctor. Try to do exactly what he tells you, especially about eating the protective foods that supply proteins, vitamins and minerals.

Many combinations of foods provide these nutrients. Here is a list to follow while dieting and daily thereafter:

**Milk**... at least a pint daily—preferably skimmed or buttermilk—including that used in cooking, or in milk products like cheese.

**Meat, fish, poultry, eggs or cheese**... two to three servings daily. Have meats roasted, broiled or boiled. Use lean meats or cut off the fat.

**Potatoes**... one medium baked or boiled daily.

**Cereal and bread**... one slice of whole-grain or enriched bread at each meal.

**Vegetables**... eat at least three vege-

### Some Penalties of Overweight

Statistics based on numerous studies of insurance, medical and hospital records show that:

1. At ages 20 and over, people who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate about 50 percent higher than those of normal weight.
2. High blood pressure occurs more than twice as often in overweight people as in thinner people.
3. About 85 percent of all adult diabetics were overweight at the onset of their disease.

tables every day including one leafy green or yellow. Eat all the vegetable salad you want, but use only dressings made of lemon juice or vinegar.

**Fruits**... two servings daily, including citrus or other sources of vitamin C, such as tomatoes. Skip the syrup that comes with canned fruits.

**Butter or margarine**... three small pats daily, including that used in cooking.

If you plan your reducing diet around these foods and avoid rich desserts, fried foods, gravies, sauces, cocktail snacks and second helpings, those extra inches and pounds will vanish.

Your new eating habits may keep your weight down permanently and increase your chances for better health and a long, active life.

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### Photographs in this issue

Credits are listed left to right, top to bottom: 8. Walter Curtis; 10. Black Star; 12. Harry Winston; 15. C. J. 15. no credit; 16. three George Diack; W. Cunningham; Vancouver Press; 20. George Diack; 21. George Diack; 22-29. Basil Zaro; 30-31. Tony Jones; 32. Jack V. Long; 33. Paul Buckett; 35. Walter Curtis; 36. Basil Zaro; 46. no credit; Henri Paul; 48. no credit; Henri Paul; 78. two CBC; Lois Harrison; 82. Lois Harrison.



### The cover

James Hill's painting shows Pender Street between Gore and Main, the heart of Vancouver's Chinatown. The shop sign in the foreground identifies the Le Kiu grocery store. Not shown, but seen by Hill, a middle-aged Chinese sporting full western regalia.

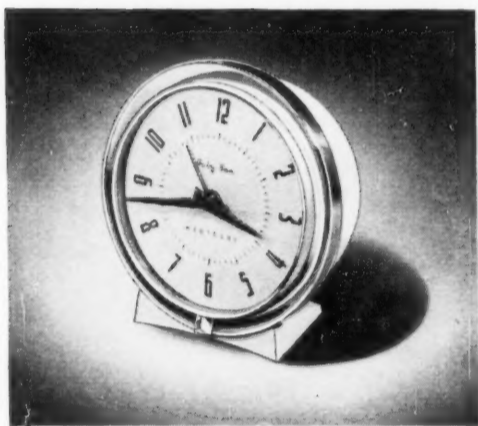
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# timely gift ideas by

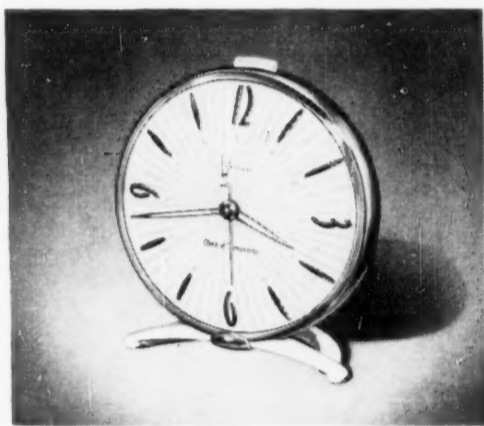
# WESTCLOX



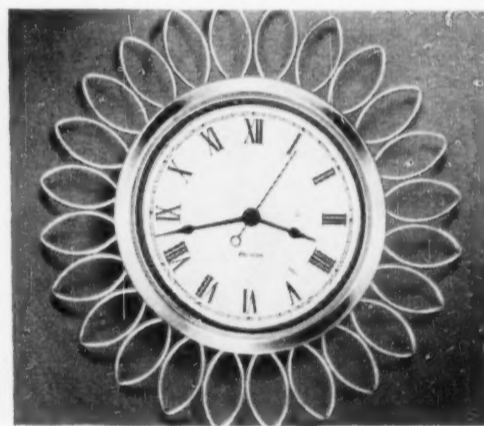
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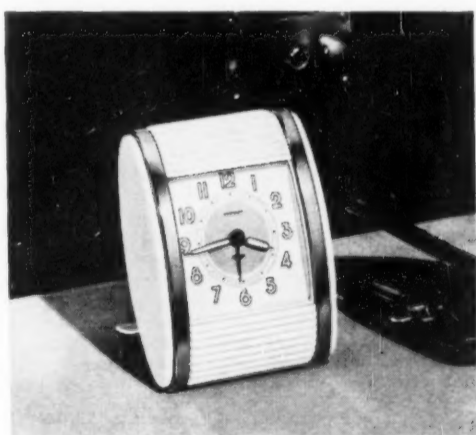
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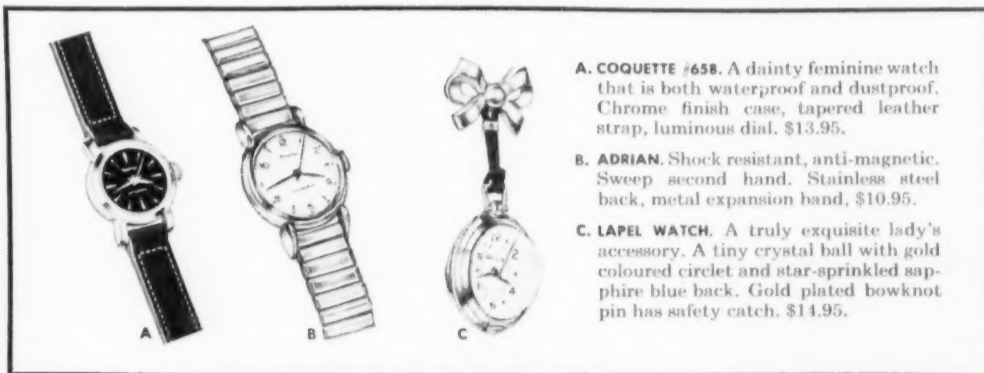
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## For the sake of argument



RALPH ALLEN ASKS

## Suppose Herbert Norman had been a Communist?

The brutal tragedy of Herbert Norman was far more than a passing incident in human affairs. If we are capable of measuring its full significance it should—and indeed it must—mark the end of a whole era.

Norman was a senior Canadian diplomat. He killed himself after an investigating committee of the United States government repeatedly, and without any evidence that would be admitted in a court of law, insisted on proclaiming to the press and public that he once had been a Communist.

Norman always denied the charge and his denials, after examination of the evidence, were supported by the Canadian government. There is every reason to believe these denials. There is no reason to believe the accusations that they followed.

### Will this savagery never end?

But if we are to realize the full meaning and challenge of this good man's terrible death, we must go a long step further.

Suppose Herbert Norman had been a Communist. Suppose he once did lean toward communism's seductive miasma, as hundreds of thousands of otherwise sensible people did in the half-mad 1920s and the hungry 1930s. Suppose he did hesitate, like so many who once were young and foolish, beneath the moonbeams of Marx and Lenin. Suppose he even reached for those moonbeams before he discovered how apt they are to drift away or thicken into ordinary dust.

Would this have been a fitting reason to hound him to his death? Would this have put real right or justice on the side of the perpetually correct and perpetually careful men who helped to take away his life?

Is there never, we must ask in the name of Herbert Norman, to be an end to the savagery and ignorance of the Robert Morrises?

Is there never to be an end to the willingness of people in the highest places to endure them?

The venom of these professional vigilantes and denouncers is appalling enough; their ignorance is far, far worse and far, far more dangerous. They pass final and fatal judgments—usually without anything so inconvenient as a resort to law—on anyone they choose to notice. And the ultimate measure of their folly and irresponsibility is this: though they elect to be the arbiters of the twentieth century they have not troubled to learn about the twentieth century.

It has been a desperate and confused century, full of poverty and wild prosperity and war. And for its first four decades anyone in North America who did not like the look of it had almost nowhere to turn in the seeking of a political change. In the United States he could choose between voting Republican or voting Democrat. In Canada he could choose between the Conservatives and the Liberals. But fundamentally he always had to go on voting the same ticket: for a society governed almost wholly by the uncontrolled profit motive, by the law of survival of the fittest.

Is it any wonder that troubled men and women, lacking any other alternative, often turned toward doctrinaire socialism and communism? Fortunately for us all the main attitudes and habits of our society have changed, and greatly for the better. And nearly all the young men and young women of the 1920s and 1930s who once saw communism as the only or the best alternative now believe it was a bad alternative which has long since outlived its dubious usefulness.

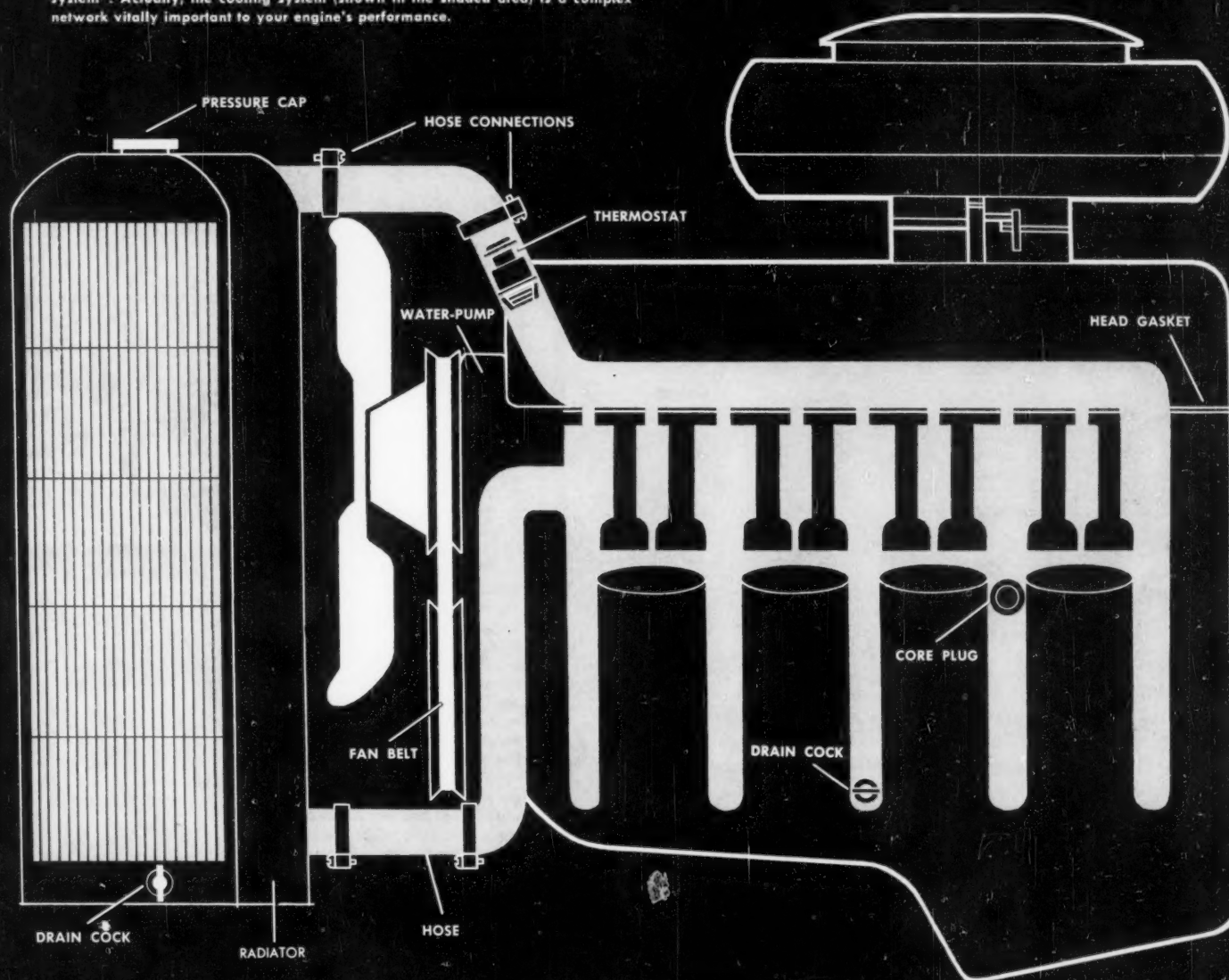
This simplest and most apparent political fact of the twentieth century is not within the comprehension of the Robert Morrises, the Joseph McCarthys and those who comfort

continued on page 109

RALPH ALLEN IS THE EDITOR OF MACLEAN'S

# YOUR ENGINE'S COOLING SYSTEM SHOULD BE CHECKED NOW

Without an adequate cooling system, your engine would burn itself out in just a few hours. Most people think only of the radiator when they hear the term "cooling system". Actually, the cooling system (shown in the shaded area) is a complex network vitally important to your engine's performance.



## Your engine is hotter than you think!

High-compression engines of today's automobiles generate a tremendous amount of heat — much more than you may realize. Wise motorists know that a few pennies for oil changes and proper lubrication save them many dollars and assure trouble-free driving. YET many of these same car owners neglect an equally important low cost service — cooling system care.

The cooling system, like the exhaust, is designed to carry off heat, protecting vital engine parts, keeping them operating like new. An efficient

cooling system keeps wear to a minimum, so that you get all the pep and power that was engineered into your car.

The best way to get maximum performance from your cooling system is to have it flushed and filled with fresh water and a rust inhibitor. Get rid of last winter's cooling system residue. Have the man who regularly services your car carefully check the entire cooling system. This is part of his service. It only takes a few minutes — but means months of carefree summer driving.



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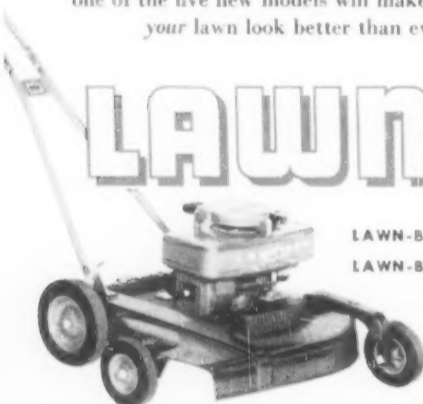


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LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



## Baxter's lively haven in St. John's Wood

It was Lord Beaverbrook on the phone. He had just returned from his annual hibernation that begins in the autumn in New Brunswick (which is his shrine) and ends in the Bahamas where he luxuriates in the sun and counts the days until he can return to London and the newspapers over which he no longer exerts direct control. Except by telephone.

Alas! His lordship's voice was raucous with a cold and his throat was raw and rough. The English winter climate is a jealous mistress, which punishes all who dare to leave her. In fact it mobilizes the germs at Southampton to await the arrival of the Queen Mary, and when the faithless travelers, whose pores have been opened in the hot sun of Jamaica or Nassau, come ashore one can almost hear the cry, "Up germs and at 'em!"

From my own experience I know what it is to board the boat train at Southampton in radiant health and arrive at Waterloo with streaming eyes and a temperature of a hundred.

Because of Suez and the industrial unrest I deemed it expedient this year to stay on the job in London instead of breathing the snow-cleansed air of eastern Canada or the radiant winter warmth of the Bahamas. It has seemed an interminable winter here in Britain, even though the sun did its best from time to time to prove that it wished us well.

Let us be frank. The British winter is a poor thing, lacking both in character and charm. What is worse, it goes on and on like the anecdote of the club bore. Every now and then it seems to have come to an end, but it starts up again. If you seek diversion in the theatre you can hardly hear the actors because of the audience coughing. If you play golf you will drive off in the sunlight and come in waterlogged with rain. Just to show the cursed spite of the climate there is nearly always perfect weather on Mondays when we return to our indoor tasks.

Do you wonder that we sometimes think of joining in the emigration rush to Canada where houses are modern, where dishes wash themselves and a steak is

cooked by the twiddling of a knob and the whole house is kept to a controlled temperature by oil or gas?

In contrast consider the grate fire in the morning room of the



"What memories! And there are battles still to be fought." The Baxters' house is 150 years old.

Baxters' London house in St. John's Wood, which is a residential district some ten minutes from Regent's Park and Lord's Cricket Ground. All day long and into the night at this time of the year the logs chuckle and crackle as if Samuel Pickwick and his friends were due to arrive at any moment. When the company is good I have known a log nearly to split its sides with merriment.

It is true that we have a central-heating system as well which seems to have difficulty in finding the centre. Thus it will ignore the drawing room where our guests have gathered before dinner but will achieve ninety degrees in the box room where we keep empty suitcases. But that is part of the charm of a hundred-and-fifty-year-old house. Mere existence in it is an adventure.

Regularly continued on page 98

*Psst...*

*that's the manager's chair!*

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1. The Royal Bank is North America's fourth largest bank. More than 870 branches are in operation and new ones are opening all the time. During the past four years we have opened 94 new branches — each one creating new managerial positions... and a string of promotions for young Royal Bankers.

2. You don't need "influence" to get to the top in the Royal Bank. Our chief executive officers, from the Chairman and President down, started as juniors in small branches and won their advancement in open competition. Nothing counts but a man's own qualifications and attitude to his work.

3. Courses in banking are available to all members of the staff for home study. Successful candidates move ahead quickly. Practical experience plus the banking

course provides what is virtually the equivalent of a university Commerce course.

4. The Royal Bank has 75 branches abroad... in New York, London, Paris, in many of the largest cities of Central and South America, in Cuba and throughout the West Indies. We have openings for young men particularly interested in gaining international banking experience abroad.

5. We have one of the most generous pension plans to be found anywhere as well as group life, health and hospital insurance, at low cost to employees.

*Ask at your local branch — or write to Head Office, Montreal — for your copy of "Your Future in Banking" — a booklet describing the opportunities for young high school graduates in The Royal Bank of Canada.*

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**IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE**



**FAMOUS COMPOSOGRAPH** showed a showgirl in a tub of wine. Earl Carroll, extreme right, denied incident and was jailed for perjury. That's Harry K. Thaw on his right. On extreme left: Irvin S. Cobb.

**Mr. Notman's**  
**incredible successors**

There's no doubt that the art of the composite photograph reached its ultimate perfection in the work of William Notman of Montreal, as a glance at pages 21 through 27 will confirm. But there's a sort of footnote to this curious phase of photography that we can't pass by. In the Roaring Twenties the composite re-appeared, this time in the pages of Bernarr Macfadden's incredible tabloid, the New York Graphic. These "composographs," as they were called, re-created scenes the Graphic's photographers couldn't photograph. By Notman's standards they were pretty crude, but they helped boom the paper's circulation.

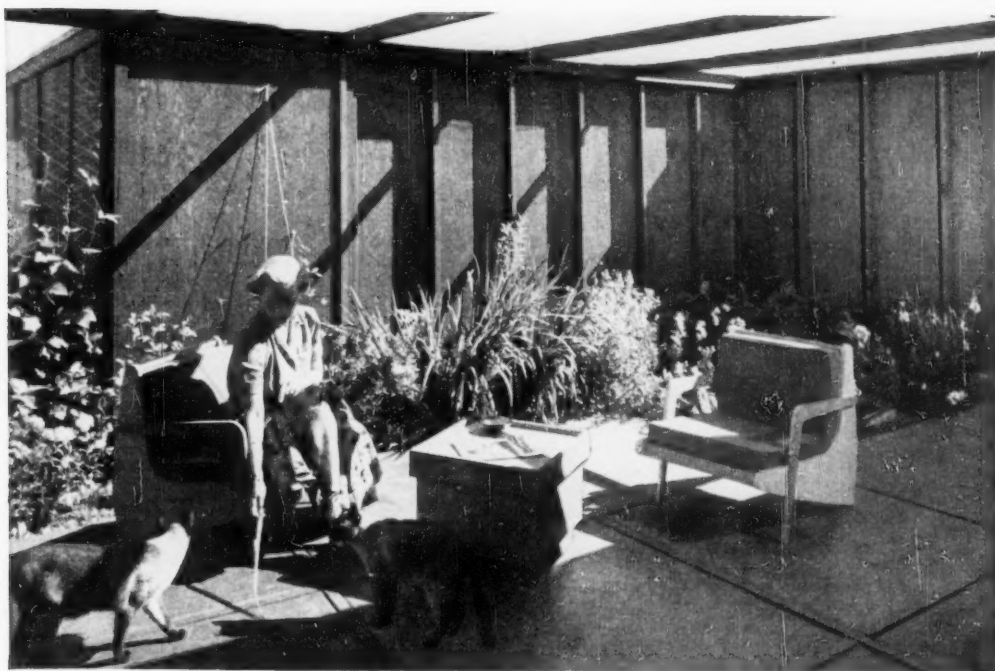
The first composograph sprang from a notorious divorce case. Kip Rhineland, wealthy socialite, was suing his new bride on grounds that she'd concealed her Negro blood. To prove it hadn't been a

secret, she stripped to the waist in court. The judge barred cameras, but Harry Grogan, the Graphic's art editor, hired a showgirl and had her pose similarly attired in front of a group of Graphic reporters. He then superimposed heads of the jurors and the job was done.

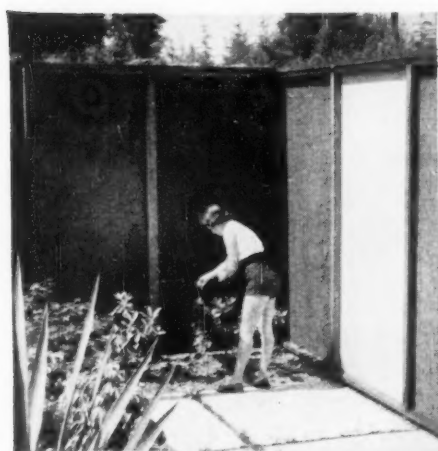
Other composographs followed: Lindbergh landing in Paris; Valentino dying on the operating table; Valentino in Heaven; Joyce Hawley bathing in Earl Carroll's bathtub of champagne; a murderer hanging; a woman shooting her husband; and the endless shenanigans of "Daddy" and "Peaches" Browning. Enough to make old William Notman turn in his grave, egad! Alas, the Graphic went under following the stock-market crash. The composograph, like its forerunner, the composite, has become a thing of the past. ★



**EERIE COMPOSOGRAPH** shows an angel welcoming Rudolph Valentino into heaven. The background was taken from an old motion picture.

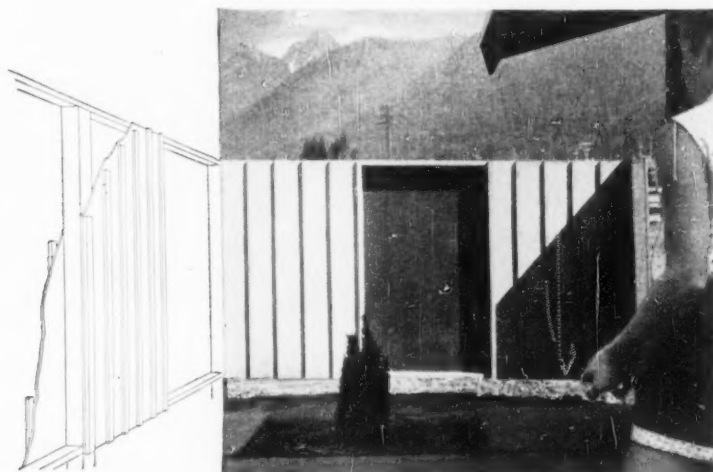


## Fir plywood screens let you live outdoors

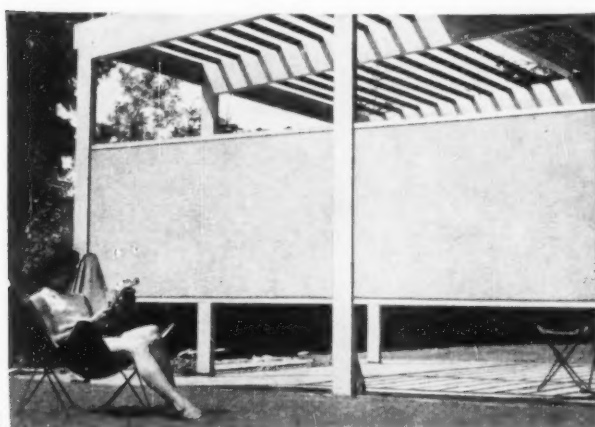


Full advantage of large panels of fir plywood is taken in this screen wall. A single panel of solid white highlights the general finish of creosote-base stain. Panels are attached to a simple frame of 2 x 3's capped with 2 x 6 inch planks.

There's intimate privacy without confinement in screened outdoor areas. Living takes on a new freedom when conventional rooms are extended into the garden areas. Douglas fir plywood, with its large, unbroken surfaces, offers simplified construction and limitless design possibilities. Bonded with completely waterproof glue, it will stand up to all weathers. Your lumber dealer has complete information and stocks.



This simply-built fence cuts off the middle distance, without obscuring the mountain panorama beyond. Panels are alternated on inside and outside, and battens are attached to the face. Posts are 4 x 4, with 2 x 4 rails.



Horizontal placement of these panels conforms with long, low lines of the home. Panels on this screen are attached to both sides of light framing, to give a solid, permanent appearance. Such additions cost little, but add a lot to value, appearance and utility.

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the  
console

look



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**RANGE**

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Their Doukhobor parents won't send them to school,



Peter Sherbinin weeps on his arm as visit ends.

so the government locks up these youngsters for eight years

behind a steel-mesh fence



Irene Elasoﬀ hides her tears as parents leave.

without father or mother. Here's the little-known story of



Mrs. Jenny Podovnikoff kisses son through fence.

## The lost children of British Columbia

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Canada's strangest children's residence is the New Denver Dormitory, hidden away on a lake surrounded by mountains two hundred and sixty air miles northeast of Vancouver. Within its walls, for the past four years, an unusual experiment has been in progress.

The subjects of the experiment are a hundred children between seven and fifteen. The children were taken from their parents and brought here by RCMP officers. They remain at the Dormitory until they are fifteen. They are not permitted to go home. They are discouraged from speaking Russian, the tongue most familiar to them. They receive no holidays and they are not allowed to visit people in New Denver. Five days a week they attend classes in the town public school. But the rest of their time

is ordinarily spent within the wire enclosure that surrounds the Dormitory or in the fields adjacent to it.

The occupants of the New Denver Dormitory are the school-aged children of the Sons of Freedom, the extremist faction of the Doukhobors. The children are the victims of a conflict between fanatical religious convictions and the laws that make school attendance compulsory.

The Sons of Freedom refuse to send their children to school because their faith forbids it. "We'd sooner die," they say. The government insists that they obey the law and give their children an education. "No exceptions can be made," says B. C. Attorney-General R. W. Bonner. "I myself would be in trouble if I didn't send my children to school."

Continued over page

The lost children of British Columbia continued

Here's how one small child reacted when taken forcibly from her parents and sent to live in New Denver Dormitory



Police had to fight parents to get this little girl, shown being escorted to Dormitory by welfare worker.



Sister whom she hasn't seen for a year greets child in Dormitory. The children stay until they're fifteen.



Child gives way to tears at separation from parents. Police often have to search homes for the children.

The Sons of Freedom, who number about three thousand, live scattered in a dozen villages within a two-hundred-mile radius of New Denver. They are the nonconformist group of the Doukhobors. In addition to their general aversion to our schools, the Freedomites refuse to recognize the flag, sing the national anthem, or to register births, marriages and deaths. They have resisted efforts to make them obey the law by dynamiting bridges and railways, burning homes and schools and parading nude. Unlike the Freedomites, the remaining ten thousand Doukhobors are law-abiding citizens living peacefully in the four western provinces.

No one in British Columbia, not even the provincial government which sponsors it, is happy about the New Denver Dormitory. Taking children away from their parents is, in the words

of Attorney-General Bonner, "a last resort."

The Dormitory was established in 1953 because the Sons of Freedom were flagrantly defying the law. Under the B.C. Public School Act, and the school acts of every province, every child between seven and fifteen must attend school.

Provincial authorities have tried to get Freedomites to send their children voluntarily to school. They ran school buses to some of the Freedomite villages. They issued invitations, then warnings. All these efforts failed. "It would be going against our religion to send our children to your schools," says William Moojelsky, secretary and spokesman for the Sons of Freedom. "They teach nationalism, patriotism, militarism and belittle religion. This type of education can lead to only one thing—death on the battlefield."

This persistent defiance of the law is met with

in due process of the law. Cases of persistent truancy are brought before the local magistrate by police, a child-welfare representative or a school-attendance officer. If non-attendance at school is proven, the magistrate can send a child to New Denver for a month unless the parent agrees to enroll him in a local classroom. At the end of the month, another hearing is held. If the parents still refuse to send the children to school, the youngsters are committed to the New Denver Dormitory. This is done under the B.C. Child Protection Act, which enables the province to assume control of children who are "habitually truant" from school. They become wards of the provincial superintendent of welfare. Similar legislation exists in other Canadian provinces, but only B.C. has the unique and apparently almost insoluble problem of the Sons of Freedom.



Tearful women wave good-bye to other parents who have resisted School Act and been sentenced to jail.



Bleak dormitory where older children live is "unattractive and institutional," says writer Kait. But adjoining annex for younger children is bright and cheerful. The youngsters get no holidays at home.

with 100 other Doukhobor children



Home is a converted sanitarium. Tears dried, child inspects it. The matrons say most children are happy.

Since 1953 the population of the Dormitory has steadily increased as the result of police raids in such Freedomite strongholds as Krestova, Shoreacres, Slovan Valley, Glade and Grand Forks. The parents hide their school-age children in basements, attics, barns and snowbanks. The police find the raids distasteful. Col. F. J. Mead, former deputy commissioner of the RCMP, told me, "The men are fathers themselves—they don't like going into homes and removing children from their families."

The biggest raid took place in Krestova early on Jan. 18, 1955, when most of the village was asleep. Seventy officers rounded up forty children. At the Evdokimoff home, twelve-year-old Johnny ran out of the back door, half-clad, pursued through the snow by two policemen. He escaped. Later, his father found him under a tree, shivering and crying. He carried him to a neighbor's home where the police picked him up.

In the Kooznetsoff home, the children were in bed when the police arrived. The mother asked them to wait outside. She explained to the children what was happening. Then the parents and children knelt in prayer. "This was our last minute together," says Liza Kooznetsoff. According to Mrs. Helen Konkin, eight police suddenly appeared in her yard. "Hide me! Hide me!" pleaded her seven-year-old son Freddy. She put him in a sack under a bench in the kitchen. When the searchers poked the sack with a stick, the child let out a shriek, and was led away sobbing. During a later raid on the Moojelsky home in Shoreacres, Mrs. Moojelsky disrobed in protest and then fainted. By the time she had recovered, her eleven-year-old daughter had been taken away in the police car.

The Doukhobors claim that in some raids police have manhandled grandfathers and grandmothers, called the women "whores," abused the children and dragged them

continued on page 100

How parents see their children—  
under the eyes of police guards ▶



The lost children of British Columbia continued

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continued on page 100

How parents see their children—  
under the eyes of police guards ▶



er Katz,  
at home.

1, 1957

# Rudolph stumbles on love

His penchant for bringing things home—

like Aunt Mildred's pet duck and a strange girl's baby—kept his master Martin in hot water. But

it also brought romance, and a future Martin thought he'd lost



"You haven't the brains, dear boy," Sir Rudolph said. Martin saw his career expiring.

The brass plate on the highly polished door at the far end of the corridor announced, simply, *Sir Rudolph Besington-Waters*, as if the addition of degrees, fellowships, honors, or for that matter any sort of description after the name, were superfluous—which it was. Sir Rudolph had reached that stage in his majestic career when he had only to scribble five words on a slip of paper, adding R. B-W. at the bottom, to send St. Asaph's Hospital, Hammersmith, London, into a state of the willies.

Walking toward Sir Rudolph's door, in a white staff-doctor's coat, Martin Kennaway was telling himself that he was thirty-two years old, six years qualified, a member of the Royal College of Physicians and a Senior Registrar of St. Asaph's—and not, as he was feeling, a fifteen-year-old schoolboy with a bad attack of acne about to be rebuked by his headmaster.

The fearsome door closed behind him—and Sir Rudolph smiled. The flower that had bloomed in Martin's stomach folded its leaden petals, but did not entirely disappear because it was well known that amiability in Sir Rudolph could be, sometimes, no more than a crafty, two-faced manoeuvre intended to weaken by inspiring false confidence.

"Ah, Martin!" Sir Rudolph's voice was effortlessly imperious. "That agranulocytosis in Sister Harker's ward dead yet? No! Stap me! Sit down, dear boy. Do you think you're ever going to make a specialist?"

Martin muttered warily, "I hope so, Sir Rudolph."

"Hmm . . . Do you? . . . Pity . . . I have reached the conclusion that you're not."

The petals of Martin's abdominal flower opened again, with a nasty snap, as do those of certain species of fly-eating orchid. He clenched his teeth.

"I'm afraid you haven't the brains, dear boy," Sir Rudolph was saying. "Furthermore you have too much heart, and a constitutional incapacity to bite the ankle of the man above you on the ladder. You belong in general practice, Martin; no doubt about it."

With his mind's eye Martin watched six years of hard work for small pay go gurgling down the drain of futility. Thinking at the same time that **continued on page 64**

By Kem Bennett

ILLUSTRATED BY EMETT





Martin watched apprehensively as Rudolph padded muddily into the room with one of the prize ducks in his chops. "Get out! Both of you!" commanded Aunt Mildred.



Blair Fraser interviews a Chinese farmer. We're wrong, he says, if we think such people will rise against the Reds.

## ... BLAIR FRASER REPORTS FROM CHINA

Here are his blunt views on four questions vital to the West:

Would the Chinese forsake communism for Chiang Kai-shek?

Given a chance, would they rise against their Red rulers?

Do they feel an urge to be independent of Russia?

Would recognizing Red China make her our friend?

**His answer in each case is NO**

**T**here are two schools of wishful thinking about Communist China.

HONG KONG

One is the Formosa fantasy that China's millions, captives of a Red tyranny, will rise and cast off their chains if Chiang Kai-shek makes a successful landing on the mainland. Nobody out here believes this except a few visiting U. S. senators and, perhaps, the Chinese exiles who hand it out, but it still appears to influence American foreign policy.

The other school, intellectually more respectable, thinks China can be won over to our side by the opposite treatment. If the West will recognize the Peking government and seat it in the United Nations, if normal trade is restored and normal intercourse resumed, if, in short, we give the Chinese any choice, they will forsake the Russians as the Yugoslavs did and come back to the free world. So runs the argument, and it is accepted by many people in Britain and more in India.

Inside Red China, the transient visitor finds no evidence to support either of these comforting theories.

As he emerges at Hong Kong he meets China experts, both real and spurious, who remind him of what he knows too well already: that in this vast country a three-week tripper sees very

little, and the little is mostly chosen for him by official guides. If he talks to five Chinese farmers he has interviewed .000001 percent of the rural population—through a government interpreter. When he interviews workers they are speaking in the presence of the boss. The English-speaking Chinese is a marked man and knows it, and if he is not a Communist he has good reason to be cautious in talking to strangers.

There are two rejoinders to these home truths. One, the restrictions are much the same in other Communist countries but the reporter's impressions are different. Not only in half-free Poland but in the Soviet Union too he gets a feeling that people are troubled, that the events of the past year have been a great shock. Not so in China. There the impression is one of self-confidence, a national pride all the deeper for not being boastful, and a matter-of-course acceptance of the government even by the few who admit they don't like it.

The second answer is that the Hong Kong experts are blindfold too. Their sources of information are the Chinese press (like all controlled media it can sometimes be very revealing), the refugees who still come out of China from time to time, and **continued on page 81**

A MACLEAN'S ALBUM

## *How the fabulous Mr. Notman*



Notman never left his studio to make this "outdoor" photo. But how did he stop the action?

## *achieved the impossible*

The complicated action photos in this album are eighty years old. How could they be made at a time when flashbulbs weren't known and exposures required forty seconds?

Last November, Maclean's marked the hundredth anniversary of William Notman, whose magnificent selection of rare photographs it had helped to resurrect from a Montreal basement and reposit at McGill University. Readers were especially intrigued by Notman's ingenious "composite" pictures, which, in the light of conditions in the 1870s, seemed impossible to produce. Here are more composites—plus the secret of how they were made. To find how he did it see the following six pages →



A youthful Antonio, ready to give his pound of flesh, poses for composite of Merchant of Venice.



Portia rests accusing finger on one of Notman's posing stands — a favorite photographic device.



Nerissa, Portia's maid disguised as clerk, needs twin stands to keep her steady for time exposure.

## Newly discovered photos reveal Notman's secrets



CONTINUED

The photographs on this page have never before been published or even shown publicly. Hidden away for eighty-five years in William Notman's photographic archives, they came to light when Maclean's assisted McGill University in acquiring and cataloguing the massive Montreal collection of the famous portrait and landscape photographer. They provide many sprightly and surprising examples of the intricate and painstaking methods by which Notman was able to produce his famous composite photographs. These individual pictures were made for a children's produc-

tion of *The Merchant of Venice*. First his artist drew a rough diagram of the finished photograph. Then Notman posed the child actors in costume, making sure the light fell on them properly. He then pasted the cut-out photographs of each child on the artist's diagram. After backgrounds were drawn in, he re-photographed the whole and made further prints from a master negative. This particular composite was made in 1872, when Notman was still experimenting with the form. But much more complicated ones were to follow as the pictures on the next pages show. ➔



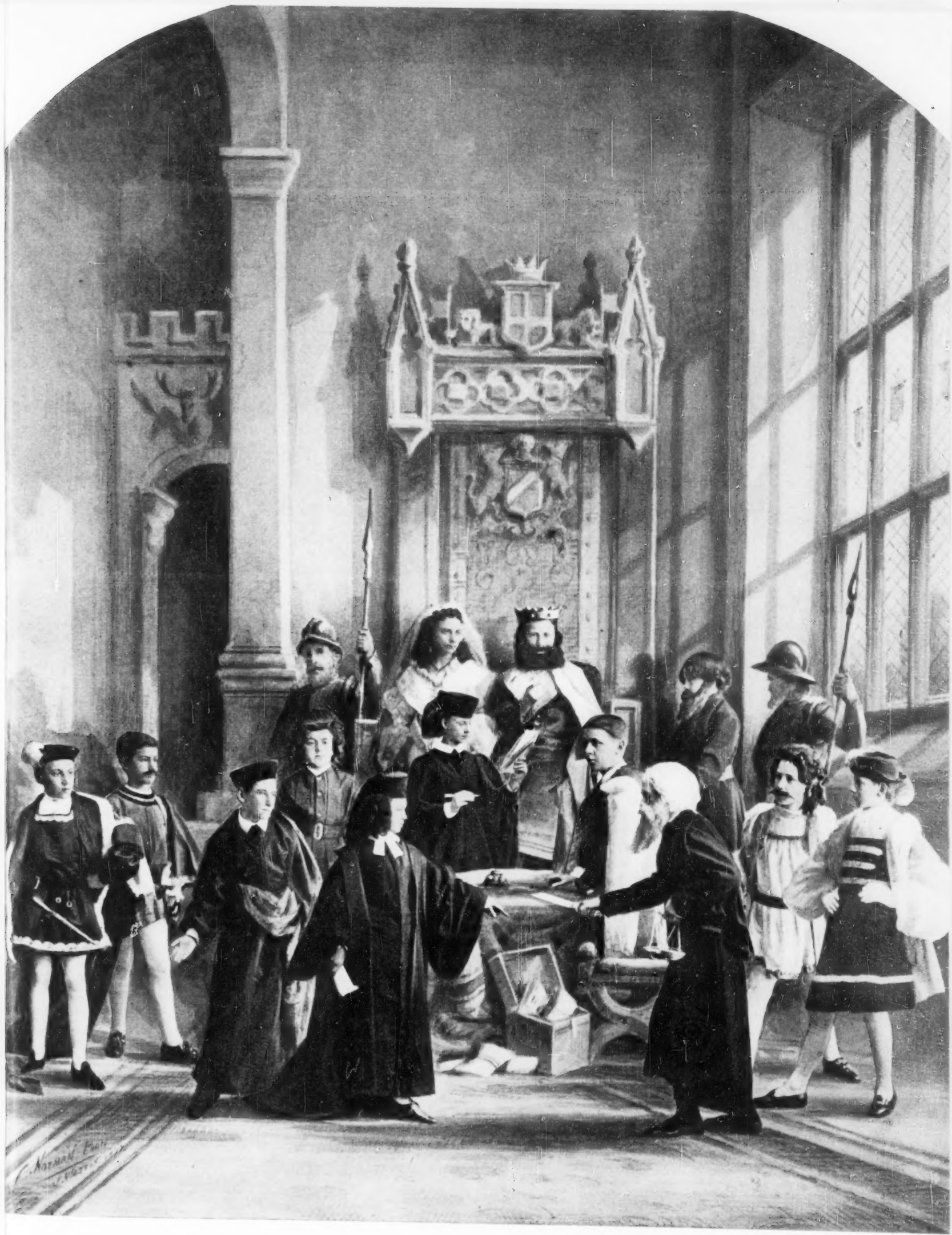
Shylock poses in Notman's studio. Photographer had to make sure all light fell from the right.



Bassanio leans on stand. A wide variety of clubs commissioned these group portraits from Notman.



Gratiano, arms akimbo, also needs twin supports so that photo, (pasted up, opposite) will be sharp.





In one of last composites, made in 1889, Notman was able to introduce action and spontaneity.

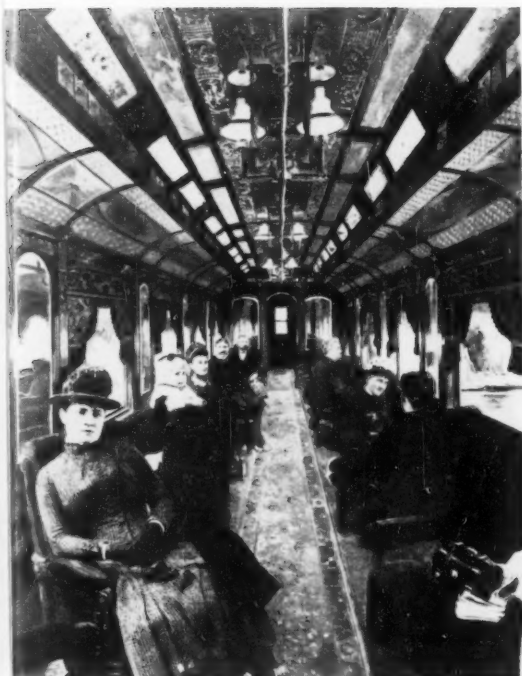


Earl of Dufferin, then governor-general, appeared in this composite in year 1878.



CONTINUED





This early, and rather awkward composite used interior of a Grand Trunk railway car.



A wedding in the Molson family in 1878 produced this tricky stunt in perspective.



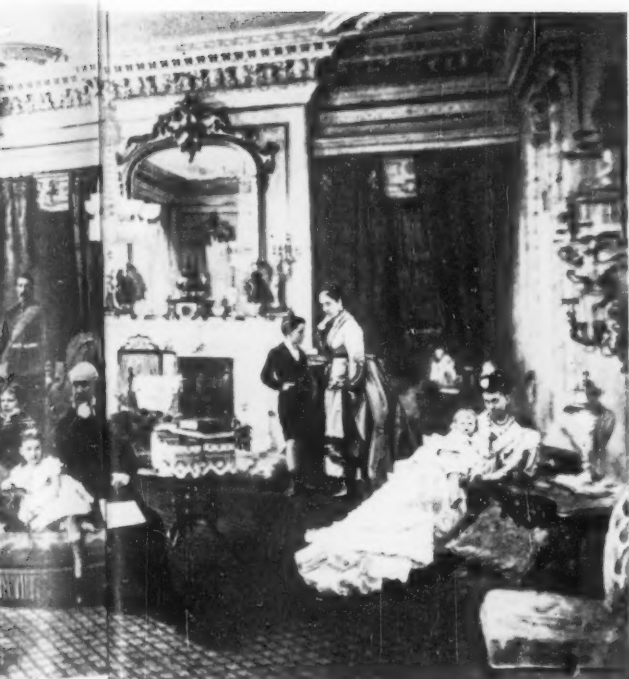
Gentlemen sailors took exaggerated poses for this nautical composite made in 1881.

## *They look real, but these photos are phony*

In William Notman's studio it was sometimes hard to figure out where photography left off and invention began. Once Notman got the bit between his teeth and began to explore the potentialities of the composite photograph, there was no holding him. Even the simplest of these paste-ups needed care-

ful planning: the light had to shine on each individual figure as if it came from a single source. (It was natural light; there was no electricity.) The figures had to conform to the laws of perspective, growing progressively smaller as they faded into the background. Having licked these problems,

Notman went on to study the principles of motion. Football players and tobogganists had to "freeze" into action poses in the studio while Notman made his pictures. The results, as the varied composites on these pages show, were often remarkably effective. For even more spectacular results, [turn page.](#) ➤



In 1871 Andrew Allan, shipping magnate and banker, commissioned this family composite.



North American football was invented in 1874, the year in which Notman made this memorable composite of Harvard vs. McGill. This re-created the third game of the series in Montreal. First two were played in Boston.



Painted composite was given to McGill by Geoffrey Notman, photographer's grandson, now president of Canadair. Foreground: Isabel Dobell, museum curator.

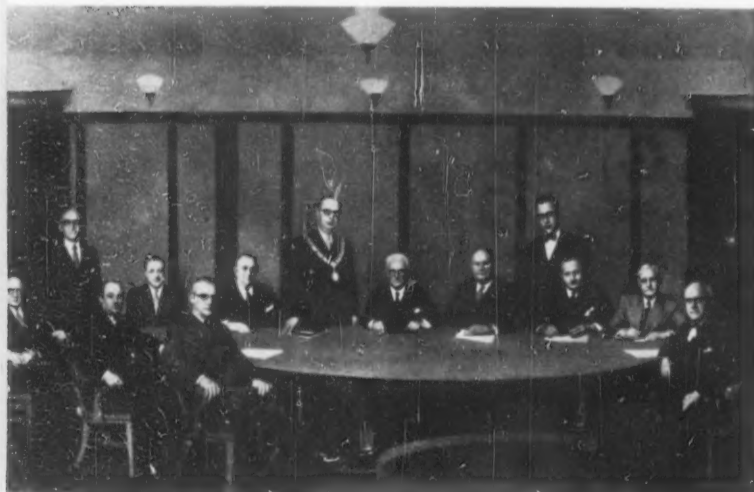
## A photograph that masqueraded as a painting



CONTINUED

This magnificent picture of a skating carnival in Montreal's Victoria Rink, made in 1870, looks like an oil painting but actually it's a composite photograph. Here, William Notman again used his technique of photographing each costumed figure in an action pose in his studio—and then pasting the cut-out figures on a painted background according to a prearranged design. But to this picture he introduced a new element: color. His stable of artists, including some distinguished Academy members, had already succeeded in revolutionizing the technique of painting over photographs. Notman miniatures in color were indistinguishable from real painted miniatures, and commanded fancy prices. It was Henry Sandham, Notman's top artist, who used the same technique to transform the Victoria Rink composite into a glittering canvas. Composites went out of style when more modern photographic equipment appeared, but the device is still used occasionally. A modern example, produced by Notman's heirs, is shown below. For more garish adaptations, see *In the Editors' Confidence*, p. 12.

Modern composite was made by son Charles in 1948, using his father's technique. It shows town council of Outremont.



Prince Arthur (above left) appears in this composite of a skating carnival. The cream of Montreal society attended and later re-created the event by posing separately for Notman. Guests shown above included the famous Anglican prelate.



Bishop Ashton Oxenden, and Mrs. Garnet Wolseley, wife of the Riel Rebellion  
campaigner who became British commander-in-chief. She is at prince's right.  
One of Notman's daughters appears at extreme left (long hair, back to camera).



MADCAP DENISE admits, "I have a bad temper sometimes," and often wrangles with directors. Here she impatiently dresses for the opening of *An Italian Straw Hat*.

## The fiery first lady of our French theatre

With explosive Gallic temperament, plus beauty and talent, Denise Pelletier is

Quebec's best-known actress. But to thousands she's better known as a homely housewife—Cecile Plouffe of TV

# BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL ZAROV

**Speeding along** a lonely road near her home in St. Marc-sur-le-Richelieu two years ago, a Montreal actress named Denise Pelletier was forced to the ditch by a heavy black car that swung across her path. It was three o'clock in the morning, and not long before a girl had been assaulted near this spot. Frozen with fear, the actress watched three hulking youths in leather windbreakers swagger toward her. The leader flung open her door, turned a blinding light on her face, and slammed the door shut. "Let her go," he ordered his companions. "It's Cecile Plouffe."

Thirty-one-year-old Miss Pelletier has spent fourteen years on the stage, portraying seductive mistresses, sophisticated matrons, innocent young girls and bitter old maids, but Montrealers see her every week as Cecile, the middle-aged married daughter of Roger Lemelin's television series, *The Plouffe Family*, and that's the role her fans remember. They may applaud her, as they did last winter, as the avaricious wife in Théâtre du Nouveau Monde's exciting production of the Molière comedy, *Le Malade Imaginaire* (The Imaginary Invalid). They may cheer her, as they did this spring, as the Duchess in *An Italian Straw Hat*. They have thrilled to her magnificent performances as St. Joan (in English) and Athalie (in French). But when all's said and done, like the youths on the road to the Eastern Townships that frightening night two years ago, they continue to identify her with a homely, stingy, frustrated, puritanical working-class wife named Cecile.

"Sometimes," says attractive, unmarried Denise Pelletier, recently chosen Quebec Queen of the Wine Festival and one of Canada's ten best-dressed women for 1957, "it's more than I can stand."

Last summer, for instance, she was less than delighted when a busload of Quebec tourists, screaming, "It's Cecile Plouffe," drew level with her open-top car on the French Riviera and an old woman almost fell out of the window yelling, "Hello, Cecile! How's the baby?"

Charge Miss Pelletier with being out of character on stage, however, and she sees red. When

Ken Johnstone, the English translator of the show, recently remarked that a certain Friday night performance was more Pelletier than Plouffe, he was treated to a public dressing-down in the Ritz Carlton that made his ears tingle.

"You hate me! You have always hated me! I never want to speak to you again!" Denise denounced him with flashing eyes, heaving bosom, ringing voice and no small portion of the fire and imagination that have led one director to refer to her as "a little volcano, compressed from the inside." (A week later, they were good friends again.)

Fire and imagination have made Denise Pelletier, from the time she was seventeen, an actress worth watching.

In *Tit-Coq*, her performance as Germaine, the spinster cousin of Marie-Ange, was so powerful that some people insist that the author of the play, Gratien Gelinas, rewrote the part to suit her talents. Gelinas denies that there was any re-writing, but says, "Denise is probably the most powerful of our actresses, in the sense of her own personality. She gave the role of Germaine a sense of bitterness and boiling frustration that I could never have expected from anyone else."

Jean-Louis Roux, who played opposite her in the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde production of *L'Echange*, says: "*Elle a brûlé les planches!*" (She burned up the stage!). But occasionally directors have found to their sorrow that Miss Pelletier burns up the stage in a way that isn't in the script.

Jean-Paul Fugère, who directed the Lemelin series during its first year on television, recalls a dramatic climax in *Plouffe Family* affairs when Onesime Menard, the bus driver, is presumed dead and the news is brought home to his wife, Cecile. Fugère believed the scene should be played in a certain fashion. Denise insisted on playing it her own way.

"Her portrayal of Cecile's grief was shattering," Fugère admits, "although I still think it would have been better my way, and flouting my direction tended to demoralize the rest of the cast." He and Miss **continued on page 44**



**PLAIN DENISE** with Uncle Gideon in her best-known role—Cecile Plouffe.



**REGAL DENISE** rehearses as Duchess in Théâtre du Nouveau Monde production of *An Italian Straw Hat* for director Jean Gascon (left). She's famous for glamorous gowns and hates being typed as mousy Cecile Plouffe.



## How can the Maritimes get in on the boom?

Man for man they're the smartest Canadians.

Paradoxically, they're the worst off. Here are the chief problems of our most troubled provinces and what's being done to solve them

By **ERIC HUTTON**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RONNY JAQUES



The sea is still backbone of Maritime economy, but the days of glory ended with sail. Here boys harvest seaweed.

After eight years in Confederation our tenth province, Newfoundland, is going to find out whether it has been worth it, or whether the island would have done just as well on its own. A royal commission of two chief justices, John McNair of New Brunswick and Sir Albert Walsh of Newfoundland, and a University of British Columbia economist, John Deutsch, will conduct a year-long enquiry to determine whether the "financial consequences of becoming a province" have brought Newfoundland's living standard to the level of other provinces. If not, what should the federal government do about it?

As far as most Newfoundlanders are concerned right now, their picture seems perfectly clear: they haven't done as well as they expected and they're not doing as well as the other Atlantic provinces. On the other hand, as far as the other Atlantic provinces are concerned, even if Newfoundland's situation *did* compare with their own it would still be pretty bad when compared with the rest of Canada. For while nine out of ten Canadians are happily aware that the country is enjoying the most buoyant prosperity of its history, the tenth, who lives in the Maritimes, has somber evidence that the Canadian boom becomes a whisper by the time it reaches any of the Atlantic provinces.

The extent to which Maritime economy lags can be told in simple figures:

- ✦ The average Maritime income is thirty-seven percent under the nation's average (without Newfoundland it would be a mere thirty-three percent under). Yet Maritimers pay more for many things they eat, wear and use than other Canadians.
- ✦ Maritimers make up a little more than ten percent of the population, yet they

continued on page 52





Coal mine at Glace Bay once employed 1,400; now 400 work there. Pit ponies are on annual vacation above ground.



If you'd rather ride  
in a soft seat  
than walk  
on the hard ground,  
read this.

IT COULD CHANGE YOUR MIND

Why  
have  
we  
lost  
the joy  
of walking?

Early man, a hunter, walked an average of twenty miles a day, according to an estimate by Robert Briffault, the anthropologist, in his epic, *The Mothers*; this distance, traveled over rough country, is still well within the daily capacities of Rocky Mountain guides and trappers. Yet in September 1955 the Gallup Poll surveyed the physical habits of Canadians and concluded that during that autumn month the average citizen walked a fraction less than two miles a day. The survey covered women as well as men. Women with their housework and shopping probably outwalked men, who are tied to desks and machines.

A similar enquiry into the day-by-day routine of people in the United States,

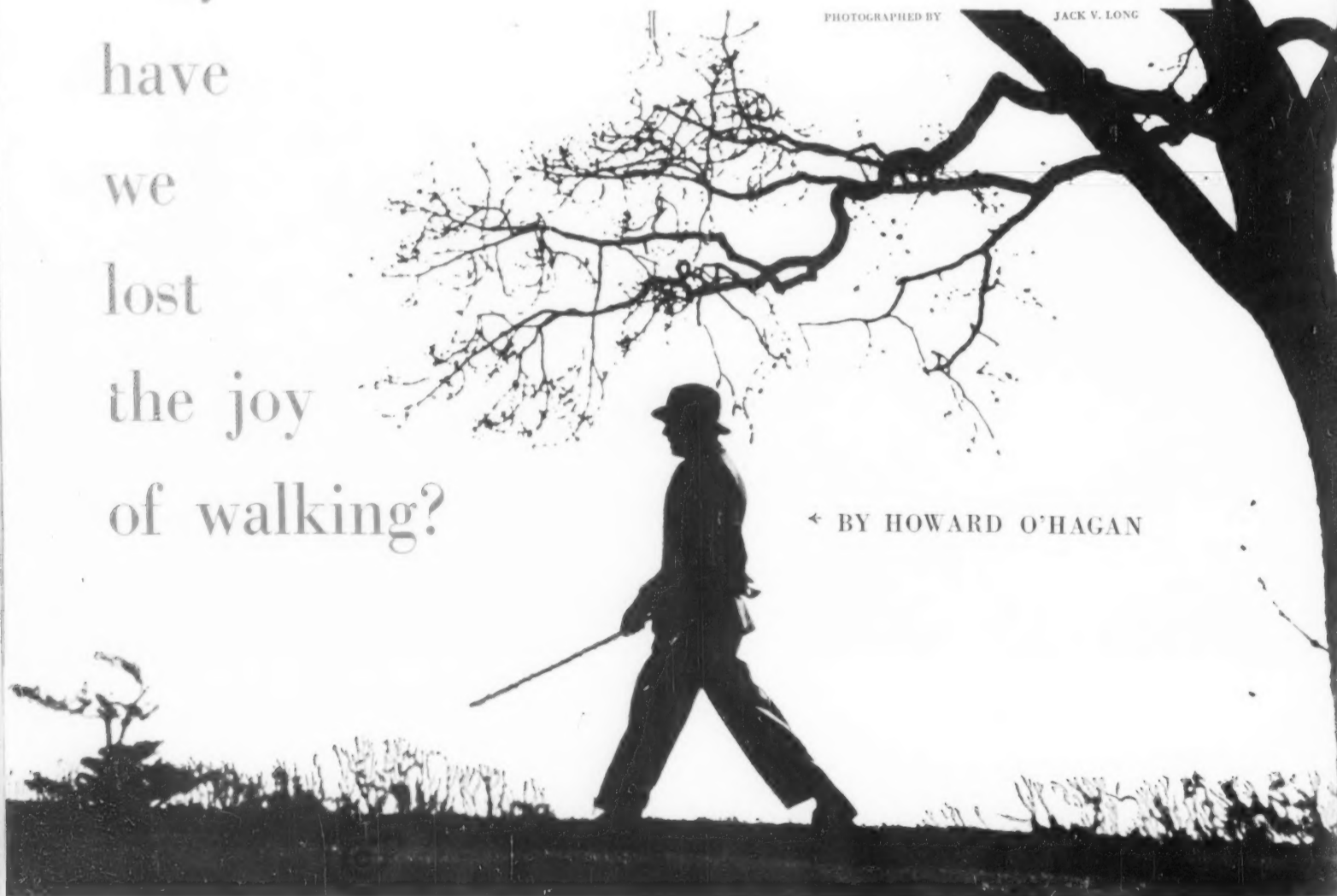
where the motorcar is in equal if not greater use, would doubtless reveal a similar picture of an immobilized humanity. The results would be widely different in other parts of the world—in Europe, Africa, Asia, Central and South America—where walking is an accepted way of life and people do not, at a given signal, clamber aboard a motorcar.

But north of the Rio Grande—except for a few remaining frontier districts—walking is not only avoided, as though it were God's punishment to man in this place below, but is even looked down upon. Canadians and Americans are truly sedentary—a word from the Latin *sedere*, "to sit." A walk to a Canadian means the few steps requir-

continued on page 58

PHOTOGRAPHED BY

JACK V. LONG



← BY HOWARD O'HAGAN

Five generations  
of kids have fingered it.  
Klondike girls  
have sung and danced to it.  
It has pushed back  
our frontiers by dog sled  
and parachute.  
Here's the romantic story  
of Heintzman's



Four Heintzmans with a Heintzman—Bradford (left), Herman, George and William. Great-granddad Theodore built his first in a Toronto kitchen a century ago. The family has since made an average of a thousand a year.

## The piano with the all-Canadian tone

By McKenzie Porter

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL ROCKETT

**F**rom the beginning of this century until the middle Twenties the piano was as essential to the furnishing of a well-ordered parlor as the brass fire-dogs, the aspidistra and the picture of the Prince of Wales. Since the middle Twenties, however, one Canadian piano manufacturer after another has been forced out of business by gramophones, radios and television. Out of twenty-eight piano builders who were operating in Canada in 1922—the peak year for piano sales throughout the world—only seven survive.

The oldest and most familiar of these is Heintzman and Company, whose stores are known to citizens of nine major Canadian cities. The third- and fourth-generation Heintzmans still operate a west Toronto piano factory established nearly a hundred years ago by the founder.

He was Theodore August Heintzman, a German immigrant and veteran craftsman who established the company in the 1860s on the proceeds of a single piano he built in a Toronto kitchen. In temperament and technique Heintzman was similar to his compatriot and former work mate, Heinrich Engelhard Steinweg, who changed his name and founded the famous U. S. piano-manufacturing company of Steinway and Sons. When they set up their separate establishments, Steinway in New York and Heintzman in Toronto, they operated along parallel lines.

Both concentrated on the higher-priced piano market. Both refused to cut production costs by speed-up methods and the use of second-best materials. Both won customers by subtle rather than aggressive forms of salesmanship. Each made himself famous by building super-pianos for the concert platform. And each sired a dynasty to perpetuate his name and his precepts.

Today Heintzman's has six Canadian competitors. Among them the seven produced six thousand Canadian pianos last year, of which Heintzman's share was one thousand.

Although the Canadian Mason and Risch exceeds Heintzman's over-all piano production Heintzman's does not regard any compatriot manufacturers as serious rivals in concert grands. This distinction belongs to Steinway's, which competes in Canada for Heintzman's upper-bracket market. Prices of Heintzman pianos range from about eight hundred dollars for a miniature upright to about five thousand for a concert grand. Comparable Steinway models are a little more expensive because they have a twenty-two-and-a-half-percent import duty. In spite of this Steinway's gives Heintzman's a hot run in grand-piano sales. But Heintzman's is not unduly nervous.

Before the company was thirty years old the famous Heintzman con- continued on page 88



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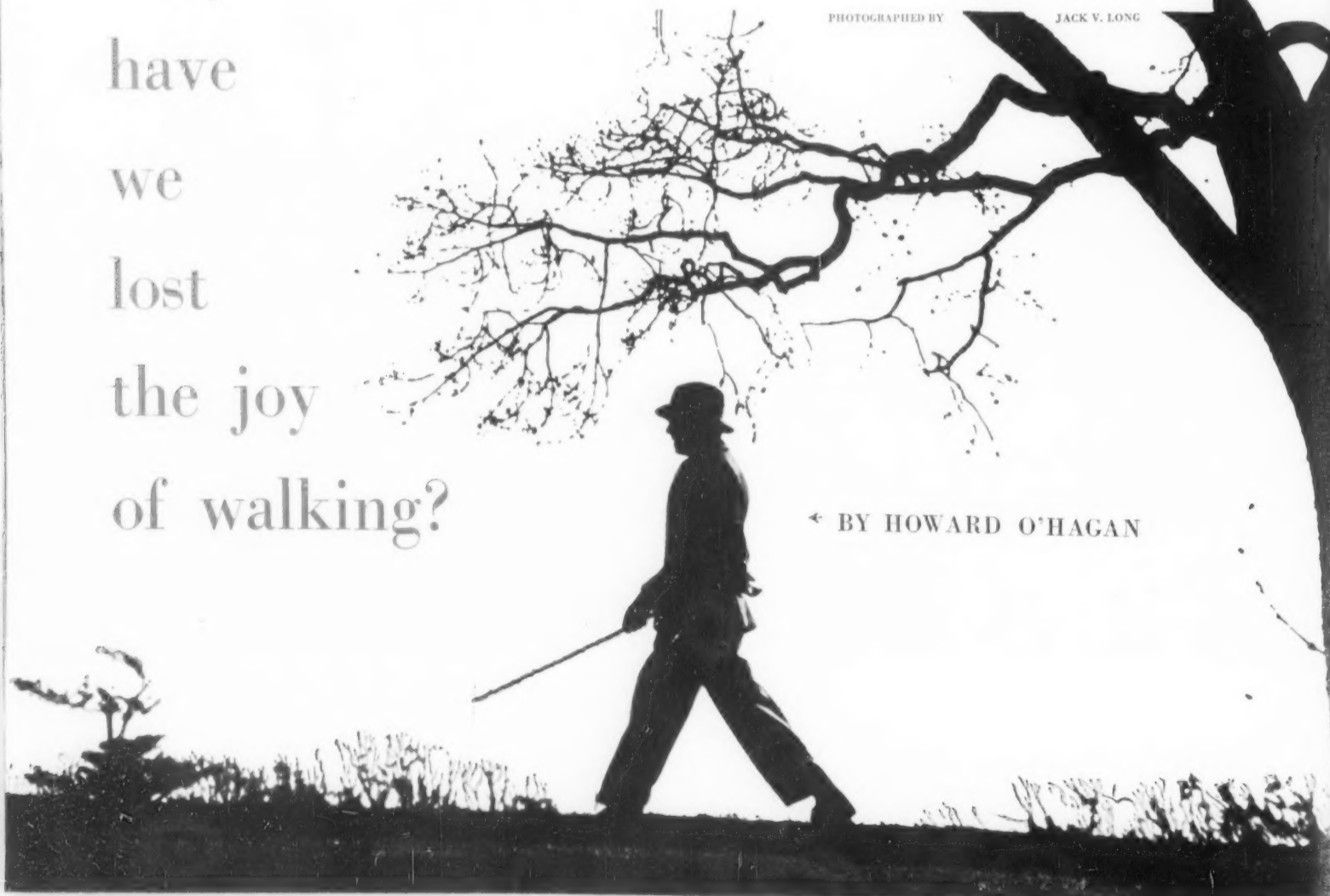
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continued on page 58

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continued on page 88

#### "IT HAPPENED TO ME"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

**HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY?** If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

## MY BIRTH AND DEATH AS A NAZI

*We begin with the child as soon as he is three years old. As soon as he begins to think, he gets a little flag put in his hand. Then follows the school, the Hitler Youth, the S.A. (storm troopers) and military training. We don't let him go! And when all this is past, then comes the Labor Front and takes him up again and does not let him go until the grave, whether he likes it or not.*

DR. ROBERT LEY,  
LEADER OF THE NAZI LABOR FRONT

**F**or exactly half of my thirty-two years I lived under the rule of dictators. I spent eleven and a half under Hitler and four and a half under Stalin.

If today I were a stubborn fanatic, it would not be surprising. All my education and all that confronted me during my formative years was designed to turn me into a mental automation, living by a narrow set of rules others implanted in me. My brainwashing and mind-conditioning began early. I was born in pre-Hitler Germany, but joined the Nazi movement soon after Hitler seized power on Jan. 30, 1933. From then on I ran true to form: I delighted in singing the rousing songs of the Brownshirts, looked upon every propaganda slogan as a revelation of eternal truth, and endorsed without thinking everything the "God-sent" leaders in Berlin did. I was as good a young Nazi as they used to come.

Today the world around me considers me a normal human being again. During the more than five years I have lived in this country nobody has accused me of still having Nazi leanings, and a surprisingly small number of people have ever suspected that I might have had a Nazi past. I take

this to be a certificate of complete recovery.

Some Canadians have told me that the immigration authorities would never have admitted me into Canada, had they found the slightest traces of Nazism on me. Things are not quite as simple as that. A screening can only separate the dangerous from the harmless cases, but Nazism is a state of mind—step by step it grows, and only gradually it dies again.

This explains why the two events that first affiliated and later cut me off from the Hitler movement did not have any real significance at all. Resolving to line up with the Brownshirts was no bigger a decision for me than it is for a Canadian boy to make up his mind about wanting a bicycle.

One day, early in 1933, I came home from school and asked my parents' permission to join the *Jungvolk*, that part of the Hitler Youth to which boys of up to fourteen belonged.

"What do you want to do that for?" asked my parents, who at that time were still very suspicious of the new regime.

"It's such fun," I told them. "They play such lovely games, and almost all of my classmates are in it already." After a few weeks my parents gave in. I was nine years old.

My first open break with the Führer took place in 1944, about eleven years later. The army unit to which I belonged had been cut off from the rest of the German troops, and with a group of ten soldiers I was hiding in a dense Byelorussian forest to avoid being captured by the Russians, who—we had been warned—shot everybody they caught.

I was nineteen, the youngest in our group. A man of about forty, in civilian life a schoolteacher, continued on page 74

I was as good

a young Nazi →

as they used to come.

I worshiped Hitler,

played at "killing" and

knew Germans were superior.

Now my greatest wonder

is that

I really believed it

BY KLAUS E. NEUMANN

good  
Nazi →  
me.  
tler,  
and  
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that  
ed it



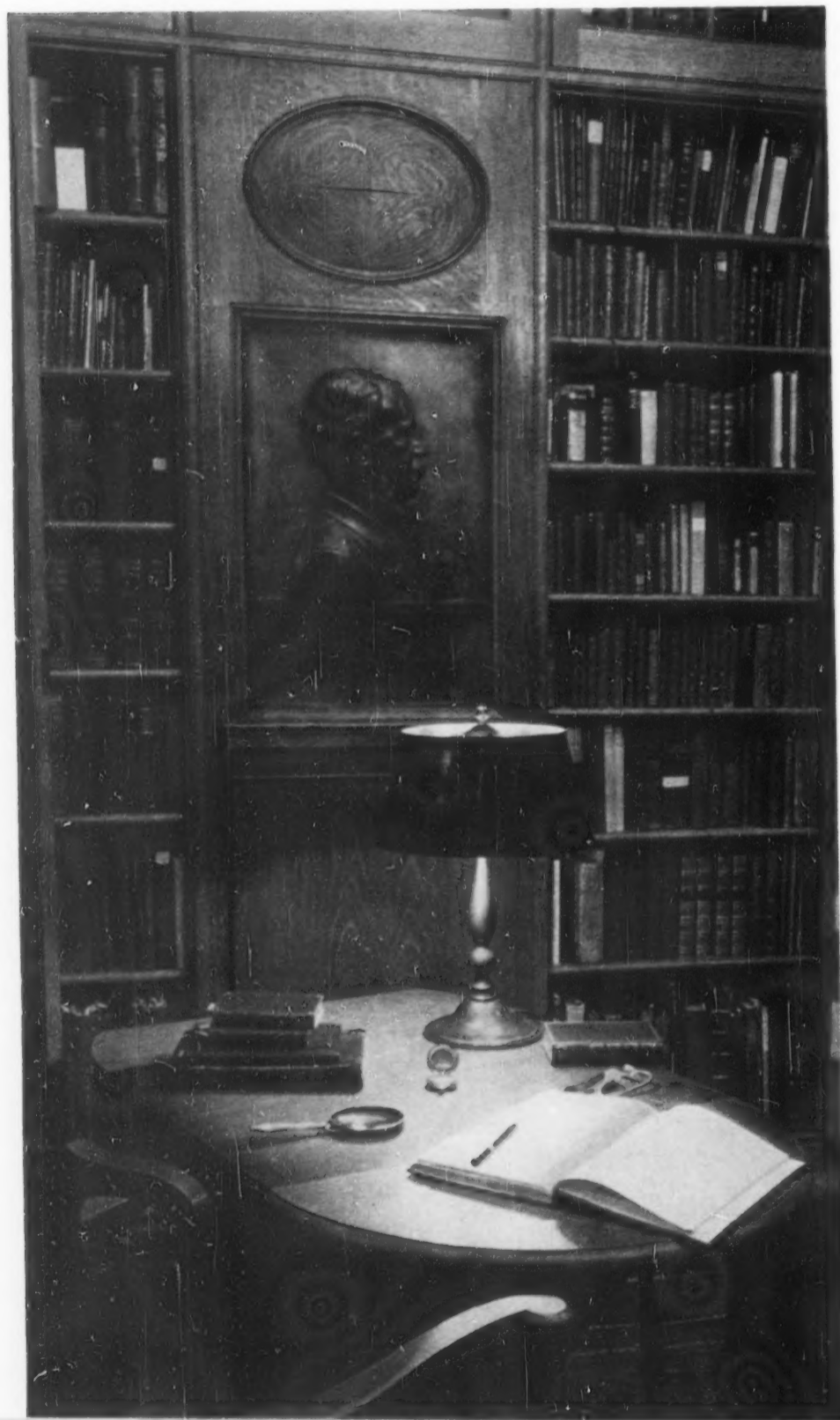
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
WALTER CURTIN

# The sage advice of

Sir William Osler was the greatest physician of his day. As a writer and thinker he may



For no other reason than that they are full of a shimmering wisdom rarely met today, Maclean's herewith presents a diverse sampling from the writings of one of the most extraordinary Canadians who ever lived. Their author is, of course, himself immortal. He is Sir William Osler, remembered by all students and practitioners of medicine as a teacher, remembered by others as a great name. But it is as a writer—not only on medical subjects but on everything touching human thought and behavior and the eternal mysteries of living and dying—that Osler may have left his highest monument.

His greatest love, next to people, was the written word: books on medicine, any good book—he felt alive in them the mind of the author and the hand of the craftsman. Before he died, he wrote: "I like to think of my books in an alcove of a fireproof library in some institution that I love; at the back of the alcove an open fireplace and a few easy chairs, and on the mantelpiece an urn with my ashes, through which my astral self could peek at the books I have loved, and enjoy the delight with which kindred souls still in the flesh would handle them." He began his medical career at McGill University and, in answer to his own wishes, his collection is installed there in the Osler Library. Behind his portrait on a bronze plaque, and surrounded by books, are also his ashes.

If Osler, recognized as the leading physician of his time, had not devoted his life to medicine, he might have won a comparable place as a writer and philosopher. The writings he produced as a doctor and teacher, usually while pressed for time, and always for some particular practical occasion, have often the universal quality of literature. Since his death in 1919 they have been read, re-read and quoted. He lived in a verbose period; but while nearly all the outpourings of that day have fallen into oblivion, his unpretentious essays and talks have kept the imperishable freshness of classics.

*"Live for the day only, and for*

# of a legendary doctor

may have been even greater. Witness these words—as arresting today as in his own lifetime

**I have a message** that may be helpful . . . It is the oldest and the freshest, the simplest and the most useful, so simple indeed it is that some of you may turn away disappointed . . . I wish to point out a path in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err; not a system to be worked out painfully only to be discarded, not a formal scheme, simply a habit as easy—or as hard!—to adopt as any other habit, good or bad.

It is the practice of living for the day only, and for the day's work, *Life in day-tight compartments* . . .

The workers in Christ's vineyard were hired by the day; only for this day are we to ask for our daily bread, and we are expressly bidden to take no thought for the morrow. To the modern world these commands have an oriental savor, counsels of perfection akin to certain of the Beatitudes, stimuli to aspiration, not to action. I am prepared on the contrary to urge the literal acceptance of the advice . . . in the modernist spirit, as a way of life, a habit, a strong enchantment, at once against the mysticism of the East and the pessimism that too easily besets us.

## ON SHUTTING OUT YESTERDAY

Shut out the yesterdays, which have lighted fools the way to dusty death, and have no concern for you personally, that is, consciously. They are there, all right, working daily in us, but so are our livers and stomachs. And the past, in its unconscious action on our lives, should bother us as little as they do . . . To die daily, after the manner of St. Paul, ensures the resurrection of a new man, who makes each day the epitome of a life.

## ON THE FALLACY OF TOMORROW

The load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, carried today makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past. No dreams, no visions, no delicious fantasies, no castles in the air, with which, as the old song so truly says, "Hearts are broken, heads are turned."

The future is today—there is no tomorrow!

The day of a man's salvation is *now*—the life of the present, of today, lived earnestly, intently, without a forward-looking thought, is the only insurance for the future. Let the limit of your horizon be a twenty-four-hour circle . . . Look heavenward if you wish, but never to the horizon—that way danger lies. Truth is not there, happiness is not there, certainty is not there; but the falsehoods, the frauds, the quackeries, the *ignes fatui* which have deceived each generation—all beckon from the horizon, and lure the men not content to look for the truth and happiness that tumble out at their feet.

## ON MORNINGS

What are the morning sensations?—for they control the day. Some of us are congenitally unhappy during the early hours; but the young man who feels on awakening that life is a burden or a bore has been neglecting his machine . . . Or he has been too much with Lady Nicotine, or fooling with Bacchus, or, worst of all, with the younger Aphrodite—all "messengers of strong prevailment in unhardened youth." To have a sweet outlook on life you must have a clean body . . . The one cannot be sweet and clean without the other, and you must realize, with Rabbi ben Ezra, the great truth that flesh and soul are mutually helpful . . . With a fresh sweet body you can start aright without those feelings of inertia that so often, as Goethe says, make the morning's lazy leisure usher in a useless day.

## ON THE USE OF THE MIND

Control of the mind as a working machine, the adaptation of it in habit, so that its action becomes almost as automatic as walking, is the end of education—and yet how rarely reached! It can be accomplished with deliberation and repose, never with hurry and worry . . . A few hours out of the sixteen will suffice, only let them be hours of daily dedication—in routine, in order and in system, and day by day you will gain in power over the mental mechanism, just as the child does over the spinal marrow in walking.

continued on page 92

*"To have a sweet  
outlook on life you must  
have a clean body"*

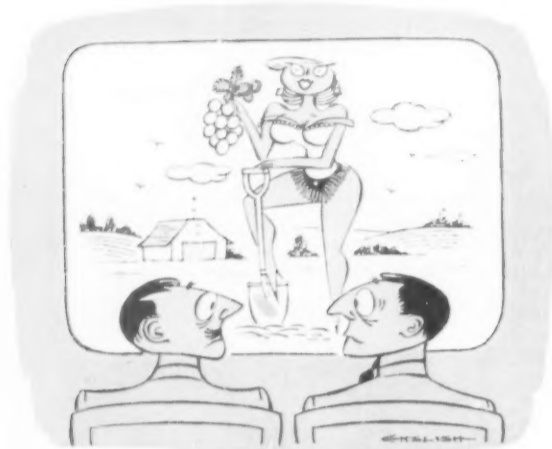
*"Begin the day  
with Christ and His prayer—  
you need no other"*

*"Let no day pass  
without contact with the  
best literature of the world"*

*the day's work... Shut off the future as tightly as the past"*

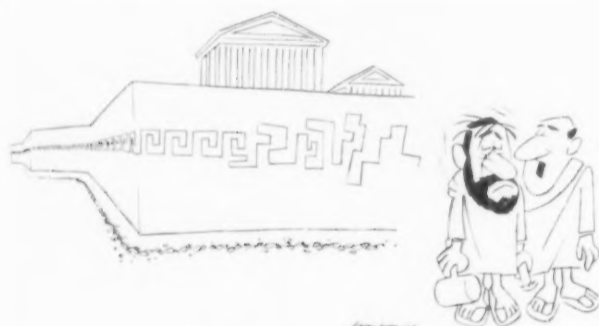
# Sweet & sour

Movies I could go for BY PARKE CUMMINGS

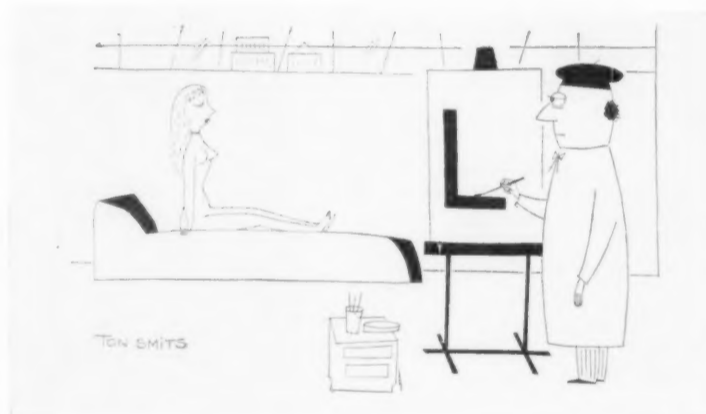


## Way back stage

On the eve of the opening of the Jet Revue, the actors and producers learn they must scare up fifty grand to go on with the show. Their dilemma is solved, however, when they throw in the sponge, pay off their backers at seven cents on the dollar, and return to their former trades. The rest of the picture, showing the cast at such occupations as potato-raising, stenography, bell-hopping and fender repairing, makes a swell educational film.



"I think you need a vacation."



"Portrait sketch?"



## Wouldn't you like a color snapshot like this of your best girl?

*New indoor-outdoor Kodacolor Film gives the most glorious color snapshots ever. And they're as easy to take as black-and-whites!*

You can take color snapshots just as warm and appealing as this—this very weekend!

You can capture the glory of these spring-time days outdoors, the happy times at home with family and friends.

With new Kodacolor Film, you get prints that are vibrant with color—color so brilliant,

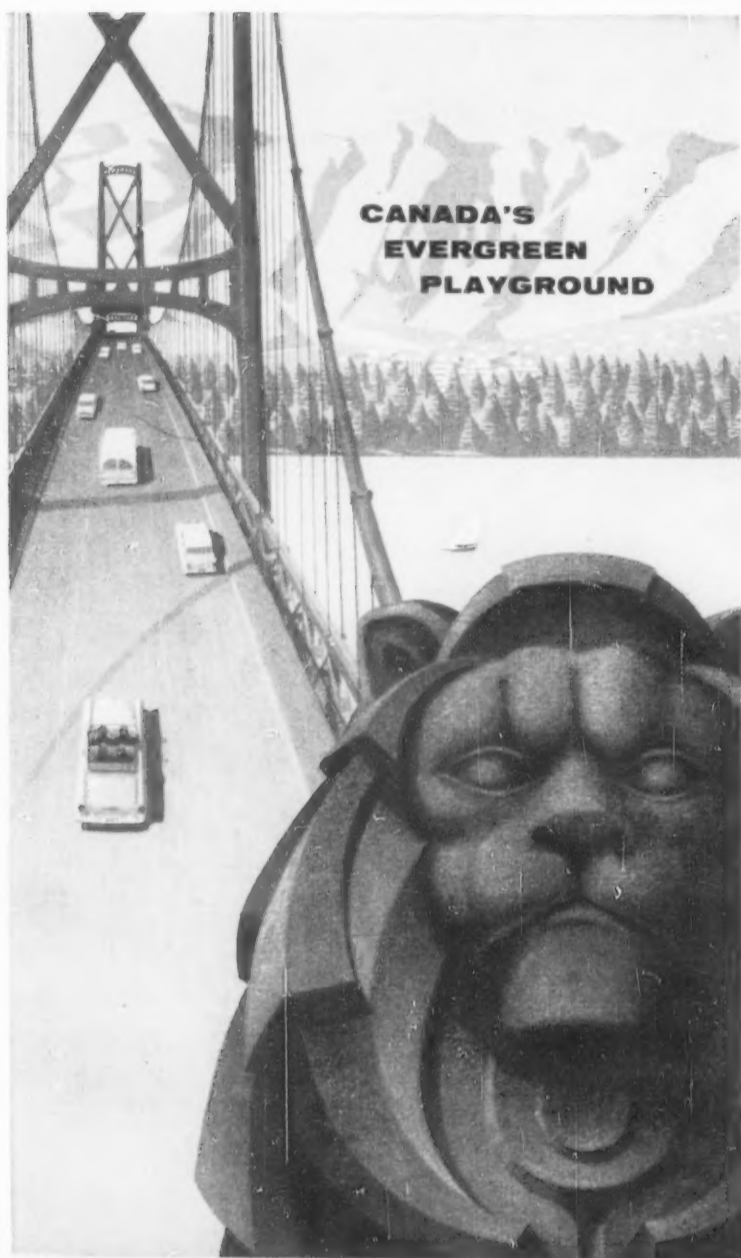
so lifelike, you'll find it hard to believe that your camera caught it. And it's almost unbelievably simple—just as easy as shooting in black-and-white.

You use this *new* kind of Kodacolor in any popular-size snapshot camera. And you use the same roll with sunlight or flash. One type of film, indoors *and* out.

Best girls grow up so very fast—you really should try marvelous new Kodacolor Film *soon*. Your Kodak dealer will look after the processing for you.



CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED . . . Toronto 9, Ontario



# VANCOUVER ON-THE-PACIFIC

It's mild here and green all year. It's for holidays and honeymoons. It's for vacations and conventions. It's the place you'll remember and talk about for years. Hotels - motels - plenty of places to stay. Come by bus, car, plane or train. But come soon - and often!

## GREATER VANCOUVER TOURIST ASSOCIATION

VISITOR & CONVENTION BUREAU, 596 W. GEORGIA ST., VANCOUVER, CANADA  
Send me free full colour folder that tells all about Vancouver-on-the-Pacific!



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address \_\_\_\_\_  
town or city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ province \_\_\_\_\_

## Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

### BEST BET

#### Designing Woman:

Lauren Bacall, as an ultra-ritzy fashion designer addicted to nibbling the ears of her beloved, marries a rugged sports columnist (Gregory Peck) in this high-spirited Hollywood comedy, and the clash between their worlds is often quite amusing. A shapely Broadway star (Dolores Gray) is the Other Woman. One objection, however: some of the presumed merriment is at the expense of a floundering punch-drunk boxer, a questionable target for satire.



**Battle Hymn:** The true story of an American warrior-parson (portrayed by Rock Hudson) who accidentally bombed an orphanage in Germany and repentantly built one in Korea. Rating: fair.

**The Green Man:** Alastair Sim, one of the funniest men on the screen, depicts an unctuous professional assassin in a British crook comedy. There are chuckles in it, but on the whole it compares weakly with such predecessors as *The Ladykillers* and *The Lavender Hill Mob*.

**Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison:** A beautiful but utterly sanctified nun (Deborah Kerr) and a tough but high-minded Marine sergeant (Robert Mitchum) are the sole inhabitants of a tiny South Pacific island until the Japanese arrive. Synthetic though it may sound in outline, it's a good movie under John Huston's tasteful direction.

**The Magnificent Seven:** Writer-director Akira Kurosawa, who made the memorable *Rashomon*, supplies renewed proof that he is among the most skillful film-makers anywhere. A Japanese action drama (with English subtitles) about seven mercenaries who defend a village against bandits in the sixteenth century.

**Men in War:** One of Uncle Sam's infantry platoons agonizingly tries to fight its way out of an encircling enemy trap in Korea. A fair war yarn, with Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.

**Paris Does Strange Things:** A tedious, overdrawn romantic farce from France. It dims the lustre of the hitherto admirable Jean Renoir, who wrote and directed it, and it earns no new laurels for its stars, Ingrid Bergman and Mel Ferrer. Rating: poor.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Anastasia:** Mystery drama. Good.

**The Barretts of Wimpole Street:** Romantic drama. Fair.

**The Big Land:** Western. Fair.

**The Brave One:** Mexico drama. Good.

**Bundle of Joy:** Comedy. Fair.

**Crime of Passion:** Sexy drama. Fair.

**Drango:** South-in-1865 drama. Good.

**Fear Strikes Out:** Drama. Good.

**4 Girls in Town:** Comedy-drama. Fair.

**Friendly Persuasion:** Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

**Full of Life:** Comedy. Good.

**Girl in Black Stockings:** Crime. Fair.

**Goodbye, My Lady:** Drama. Good.

**Great American Pastime:** Comedy. Fair.

**The Great Man:** Drama. Excellent.

**Gunfight at the OK Corral:** Western. Good.

**Guns of Fort Petticoat:** Western. Fair.

**The Happy Road:** Comedy. Good.

**Hot Summer Night:** Crime drama. Fair.

**House of Secrets:** Crime drama. Fair.

**The Incredible Shrinking Man:** Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.

**The Iron Petticoat:** Comedy. Poor.

**It's Great to Be Young:** British school comedy. Fair.

**Kelly and Me:** Show-biz drama. Fair.

**The Killing:** Crime drama. Excellent.

**Loser Takes All:** Comedy. Fair.

**Mister Cory:** Drama. Good.

**The Night Runner:** Drama. Fair.

**Oh, Men! Oh, Women!:** Comedy. Fair.

**The Quiet Gun:** Western. Fair.

**The Rainmaker:** Comedy-drama. Good.

**Shadow on the Window:** Crime. Fair.

**The Silent World:** Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

**Slander:** Drama. Good.

**Smiley:** Australia comedy-drama. Good.

**The Spanish Gardener:** Drama. Good.

**Spring Reunion:** Comedy-drama. Fair.

**Storm Centre:** Drama. Fair.

**The Tattered Dress:** Drama. Fair.

**Ten Thousand Bedrooms:** Comedy. Good.

**3 Brave Men:** Drama. Fair.

**Top Secret Affair:** Comedy. Fair.

**Toward the Unknown:** Air drama. Good.

**The Wings of Eagles:** Drama. Poor.

**The Wrong Man:** Drama. Good.



## SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET



# A is for

### Agriculture

Farmers grow few things without oil. Not just oil and gasoline that make cars, trucks and tractors go. Shell research makes possible other farming aids—fertilizers, pesticides, ingredients for animal medicines. Oil helps the farmer farm, helps bring better foods to your table.

### Accelerator

One accelerator feeds your car engine with gasoline—Shell with TCP\*, we hope. Another, Shell's new 3-million-volt accelerator, shoots electrons into plastics, rubber, fuels, lubricants. From such atomic tests Shell researchers gather knowledge that will serve all of us in the Age of the Atom. \*Trade-Mark.



### Airplane



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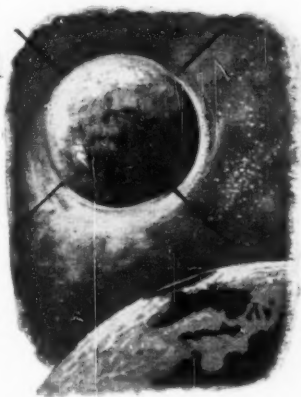
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## The fiery first lady of our French theatre

Continued from page 29

**In Tit-Coq she held out for pulchritude and portrayed a spinster with eye-catching curves**

Pelletier didn't speak for the rest of the season. The feud ended when they both found themselves on the same plane, bound for France, and Denise was so excited at the thought of seeing Paris for the first time that she forgot to stay angry.

Guy Beaulne, the present director of the Plouffes, has run into temperamental outbursts on several occasions. A recent script, for instance, called for Cecile to surprise a burglar in her brother Guillaume's clothing store. Beaulne directed Denise to wrestle with the intruder. Miss Pelletier refused. "A woman to wrestle with a man on the floor and sit on top of him? It's crazy!" she exploded. "It's ugly, it's disgraceful, it's vulgar, and it isn't even in Cecile's nature—she's afraid of everything. Cecile! I won't do it!" No one was surprised when the scene was done her way, the burglar being shoved around by an irate Cecile in a strictly vertical fashion.

"I have a bad temper sometimes," Denise admits.

Some producers, who agree with her, flatly refuse to discuss any past dealings on the grounds that she's extremely talented and they hope to use her again, one of these days. When that time comes, they want her to be on speaking terms with them.

Gratien Gelin, who directed her in his own production of *Tit-Coq*, affirms that what's between a director and an actor is like what goes on in the confessional—a secret. "Denise is a thoroughbred, and she needs a tight rein," is all he'll say.

Actually, Gelin and Pelletier got on well together. The only exhibition of fireworks in *Tit-Coq* occurred during rehearsal, when Pelletier discovered that Gelin expected her to flatten down her bosom to look more like the frustrated spinster, Germaine. She hit the roof.

"If you wanted a flat girl, you should have got a flat girl, not me!" she shouted. "You should have got . . . (there, friends chuckle, she suggested an actress known more for stage technique than pulchritude). She's fifty, and she has nothing! This play may run a year! I'm going to flatten myself for a year? I won't do it!"

When the first-night curtain went up on *Tit-Coq*, Germaine was one frustrated spinster with curves in the right places.

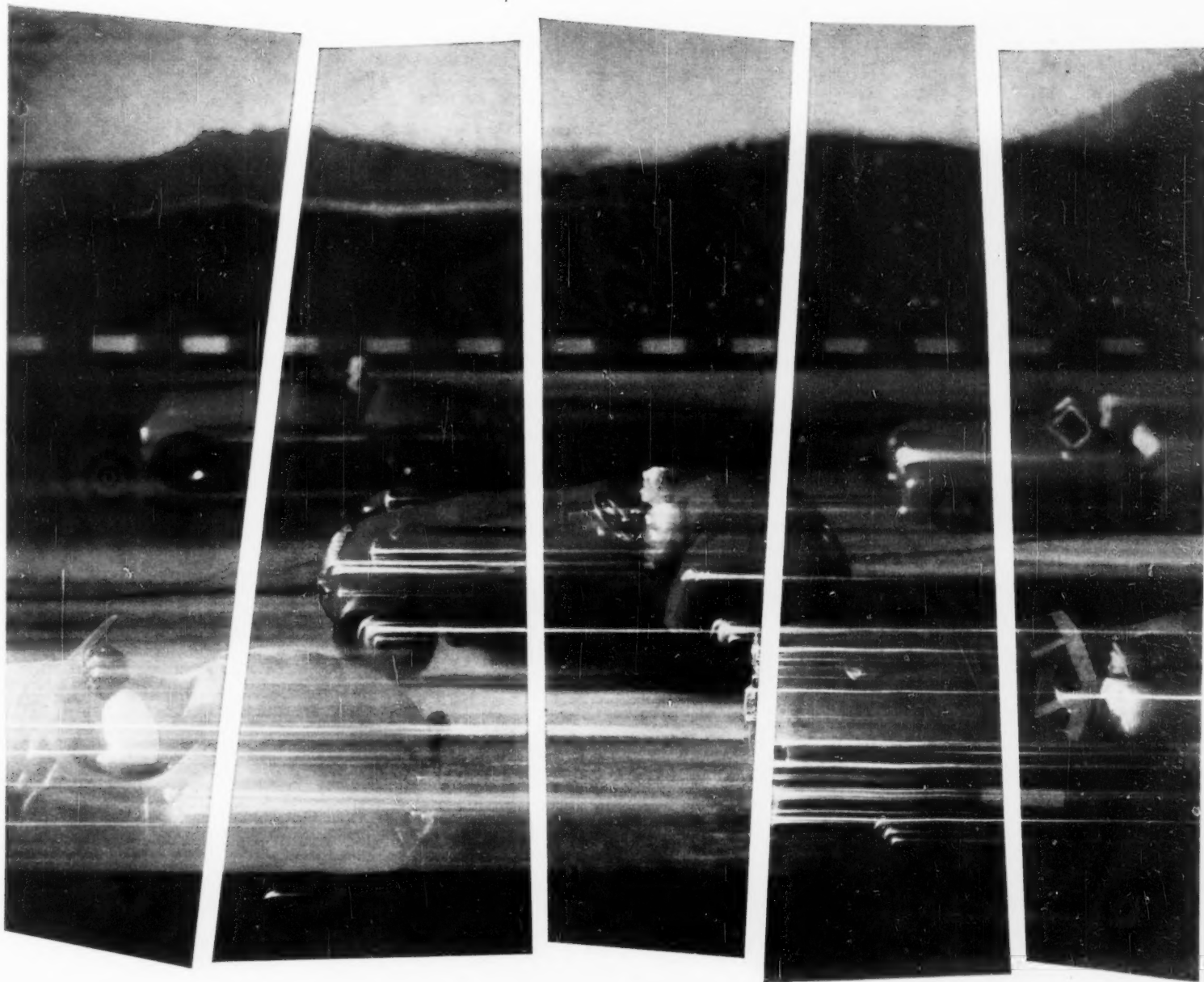
One of the few directors who's never had any incidents with Denise is Jean-Louis Roux, co-founder of *Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde* and himself an accomplished actor married into a family of actresses.

"To understand Denise," Roux says, "you must understand first of all that she is a woman. She has great intuition, and she is not always logical. Once you hear that in mind, you can get anything you want from her on the stage."

Most directors, by now, are resigned to the fact that Miss Pelletier often arrives late. Some of them swear she sits stubbornly in restaurants for the sheer pleasure of holding things up. When Roux directed her in *The Night of January 16th* a few years ago, he surmounted the difficulty by calling her half an hour before he needed her. That way, she was always on time.

These days, it's no wonder if Denise is sometimes late, for things are humming in theatrical circles and Montreal actresses never had it so good. Three French-language legitimate theatres (*Théâtre Anjou*, *Théâtre Club*, and *Théâtre du Nouveau Monde*) are in constant activity. Molière's comedy, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, played for fifty-four performances this winter to packed houses. Because of the language barrier, which discourages the importing of American programs like the *Ed Sullivan Show* and *Studio One*, Montreal tele-





## how to split a second

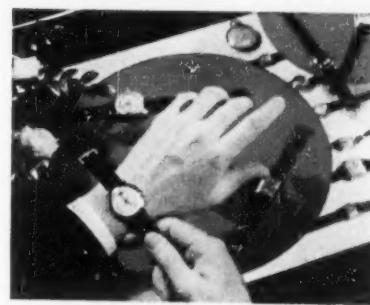
Simply say 1-2-3-4-5! If you rattle it off fast enough, you'll come pretty close to splitting a second into five parts.

But if precise time hangs in the balance—as it so often does for doctors, technicians, engineers and sportsmen—you'd be better off to trust a jeweled-lever Swiss chronograph. It splits seconds into five equal parts—or ten—with *inhuman* accuracy. And then goes merrily on to measure speed, sound, distance!

Making time serve all masters is the 300-

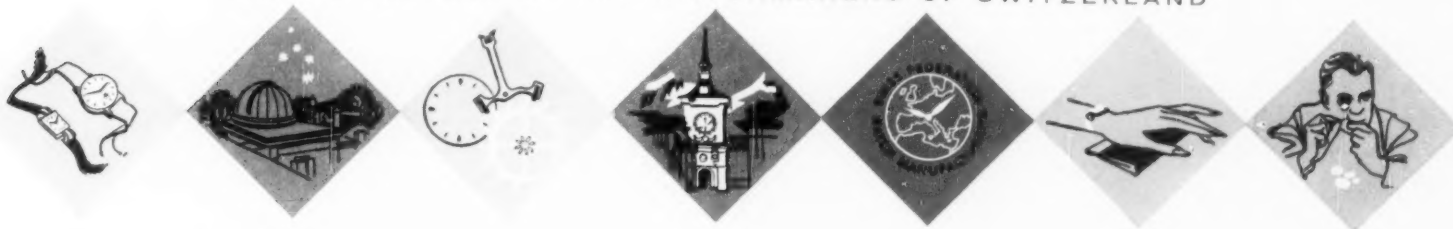
year-old art of the Swiss watchmaker. Result: An unbroken parade of developments in time. Watches that resist water and jarring shock, that wind themselves and buzz alarms. The world's smallest watch. Its thinnest.

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TIME IS THE ART OF THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





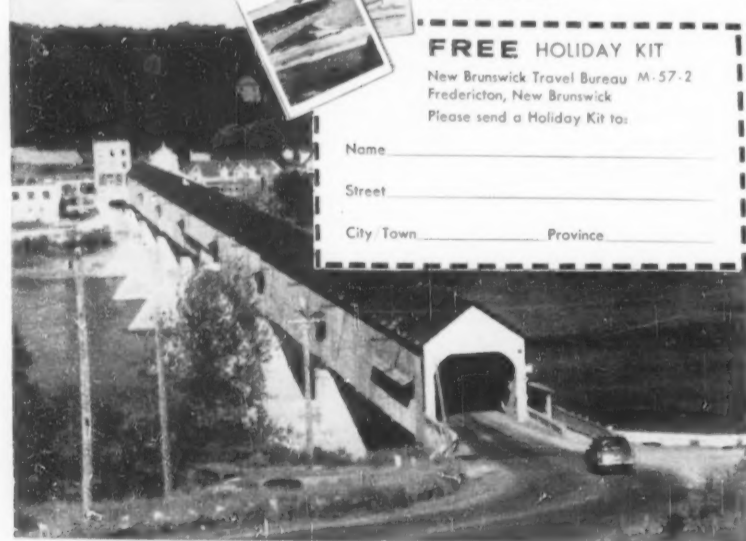
Gateway to Fundy Park, showcase for Canada's "Picture Province" by the sea

## New Brunswick

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vision studios depend largely on native talent, and six or seven shows along the line of The Plouffe Family are currently scheduled on the French network. Radio, too, makes its demands.

Denise Pelletier is kept hopping from one engagement to the next, from one rehearsal to another, every day except Sunday. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday she rehearses for the French version of Les Plouffes on Wednesday night. Thursday morning and Friday she rehearses again for the English show on Friday night, over the Dominion network. Thursday afternoons are booked for radio talks on Quebec customs. Six nights a week, and usually for a matinee on Saturday, she is on the stage of the Gesu Theatre, downtown, in An Italian Straw Hat.

Trying to write a story about an actress on this kind of merry-go-round is next to impossible, as I discovered recently after six days in Montreal on Miss Pelletier's trail, and another day as guest in her country home in St. Marc-sur-le-Richelieu. At the end of the week it emerged we had been alone together for a total of two hours and twenty-five minutes. The rest of the time had dribbled away trying to locate Miss Pelletier's friends for interviews and discovering they too had crowded schedules like her own.

My aimless activities during the first three days of my stay, laid out in the form of a diary, run something like this: **Tuesday.** Arrive in Montreal, check in at Windsor Hotel and locate Miss Pelletier in Canadian Legion Hall, Bishop Street, rehearsing current episode in Plouffe Family affairs: stag party for Stan

Labrie on eve of wedding to Rita Tonnelle . . . Observe cast with curiosities: Mama worldlier, Papa younger, Guillaume stouter, Cecile (Denise Pelletier) in slacks, sweater and ski boots) much more sophisticated looking. Young man in turtleneck sweater, with strange accent, revealed as elderly Uncle Gidern before make-up. Beaulne calls cast in order. Ovide and Napoleon converse in French from script with animated gestures. Cecile flies to Mama and buries head in lap. (Discover three days later, during English version, that dialogue concerns coffins, which terrify nervous Cecile.) Male Plouffes parade room singing unknown song with unintelligible words—mock funeral procession for mischievous Stan Labrie.

Return to hotel and compose long list of questions for pre-arranged afternoon interview with Miss Pelletier in Club 400, downtown restaurant lately adopted by theatrical crowd as pleasant but expensive home away from home. At Club 400, Miss Pelletier orders strange drink called floater, consisting of brandy on Vichy water, and settles down to interview. Discover she is only daughter of notary Albert Pelletier, noted Montreal critic and founder of magazine, Les Idées. Brother is actor Gilles Pelletier, currently on stage in comic version of The Three Musketeers; mother is an accomplished musician.

Interview interrupted by business manager of Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, just passing by, who has brief business to conduct with actress.

Interview resumed. Note that Denise has been with TNM "almost from its inception," has appeared in eight or nine



As Mother Vicaire in the TV showing of The Cradle Song.



As Mother of the Bride in Celi-mare le Bien-Aimé on stage.

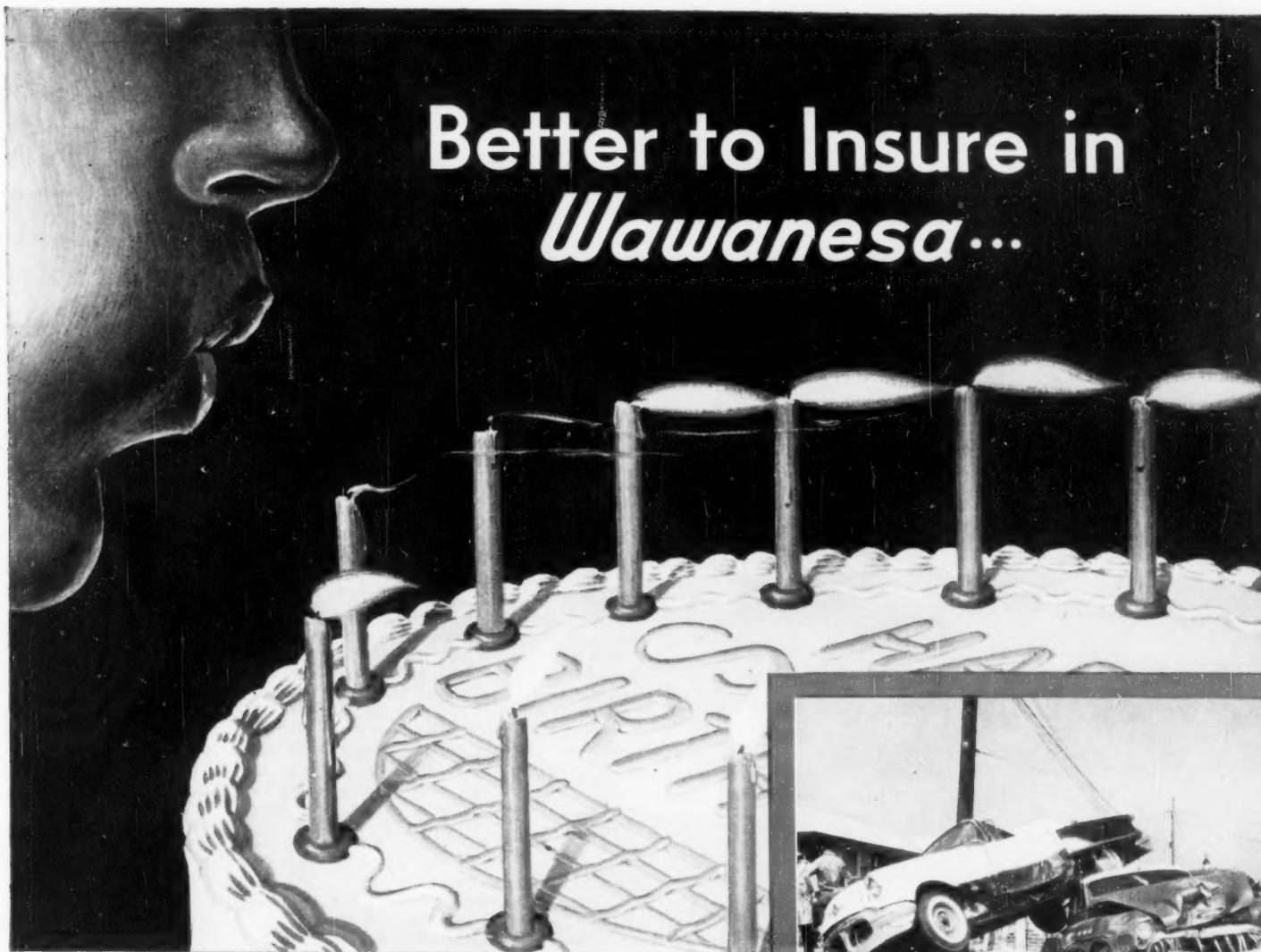
#### Four faces that show Denise's varied talent



As the Madwoman of Chailiot in Her Majesty's Theatre.



As the Biblical queen Athalie in Montreal Drama Festival.



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## Singing star or TV mother — it's the same Denise

In a revue she wows the French with stage-struck Sophia Toque.

On TV she tugs heartstrings as slow but loving Cecile Plouffe.

plays since then, and prefers live audiences to television cameras. Unlike most actresses, she has never kept a scrapbook and cannot reel off her successes.

Interview interrupted by voluble young man in brown suit, who discourses for ten minutes in French and finally departs, still talking. Conversation translated as pertaining to a pier built on government property in front of Miss Pelletier's country home, resulting in hundreds of summer visitors who drive out, bathe, observe actress bathing, and tell each other, "That's Cecile Plouffe." Young man believes something can be done to fence off pier. If not, she intends to build a swimming pool in her backyard where she and friends can swim in peace. "After my work it is my privacy that matters most of all to me," she says.

Interview continues with discovery Miss Pelletier is just back from Christmas holiday in Mexico with actress friend Denise St. Pierre. In Acapulco, a high diver publicly dedicated his act to her—very flattering. In Mexico City she bought toreador pants, an embroidered blouse and a leather-studded stole. Mexico is wonderful.

Miss Pelletier glances at watch, murmurs, "I'm late," and dashes off. Interview obviously at an end. Return to hotel, and phone friend Denise St. Pierre, who is not in, and actress Marjolaine Hebert (second friend) who is also out. Drop in at Press Club for nightcap and hope for better tomorrow.

**Wednesday.** Pick up phone at 8.30 a.m. and discover Jean-Paul Fugère is rehearsing all day at CBC; Marjolaine Hebert (star of Pantomime Quiz) is off to rehearsal; Denise St. Pierre out; Jean Gascon, director Imaginary Invalid, sick in hospital.

Repair to CBC studio 43, where it emerges that Director Beaulne has adamant policy of no visitors. On way out, pass Jean Duceppe (Stan Labrie) who says he and Denise Pelletier studied together under Sita Riddez. Whenever one was playing at a local theatre, the Arcade, the other went along to lead the applause.

Back to hotel, where telephone calls reveal Sita Riddez out, Denise St. Pierre in rehearsal, Marjolaine Hebert still rehearsing. Jean-Paul Fugère still out. Everybody else in cast of the Plouffes,

so order dinner sent up to room and watch the show on television for first time in French.

Consider leaving town on night train. Decide to give it another day.

**Thursday:** Phone Roger Lemelin, author of Plouffe Family, and am rewarded with original thoughts on Denise Pelletier, as follows: "Denise is very dear to my heart. She is difficult to understand. She builds a wall around herself. She is not selfish, but she has her work, and after that comes her private life. She is a woman of great talent who entered the theatre to protect her personality. The man who will succeed with her is the man who can tame her. At the same time she is afraid of powerful personalities, such as mine. She knows I understand her."

The quote from Lemelin is all that went into my diary for Thursday. The rest of the day was a total loss. I spent it trying to see people who were too busy to be seen and to find people who couldn't be found.

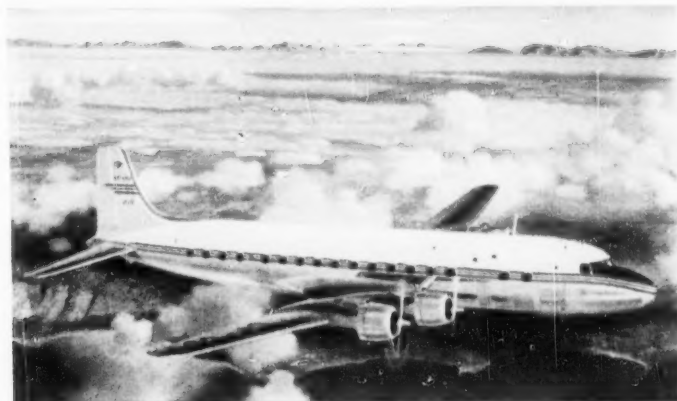
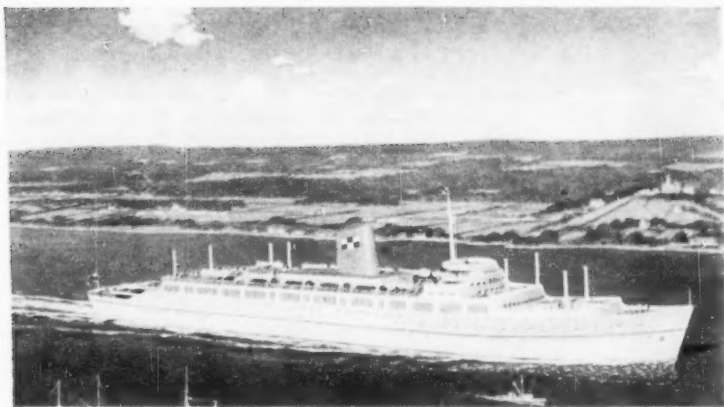
Friday was just about as bad as Thursday but on Saturday my luck changed, and I realized I'd be writing a story on Denise after all. First, in Club 400 of course, I finally caught up with Marjolaine Hebert and Jean Duceppe, and after a long session with them, and with some other friends of Denise, I drove with Denise herself to St. Marc-sur-le-Richelieu to be her week-end guest.

Marjolaine Hebert and Jean Duceppe told me Denise is generous, sentimental, impulsive, kindhearted and trigger-tempered. Once, when a policeman refused to let her make a left turn on St. Catherine Street, she deliberately threatened to run him down! ("He just said, 'It's a good thing we all love you so much.' He didn't even give her a ticket!" marvels Jean.)

When Marjolaine was undergoing plastic surgery as the result of an automobile accident, her friend Denise phoned the hospital and sobbed, "I don't want them to change your lovely face. I like it just the way it is."

"Denise a le cœur sur la main," Marjolaine says, which translates roughly into the statement that Miss Pelletier would give you the shirt off her back.

When a dog of indeterminate color and breed took a liking to her one day



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as she emerged from a CBC rehearsal, she took it home, fed it, washed it, and permitted it to follow her around town for days, much to her friends' amusement. Only when it persisted in crying all night did she finally give it away to a farmer. When a second dog, Moulki, was run over at St. Marc, she couldn't face the fact of its death for weeks. When friends asked how Moulki was, she told them it was fine. It was almost a month before she admitted the dog had been killed.

Jean Duceppe, as Stan Labrie on the Plouffe show, sees Denise week in and week out, but his most amusing memories of her come from their early days together, touring Quebec. He says, "Things were always happening to Denise. I remember once in St. Joseph de Beauce she was sitting in a rocking chair and she rocked it right offstage into the audience. She told them, 'I'm sorry. It was an accident,' climbed back onstage, and started rocking again."

On one occasion when she was left dead on centre stage by a murderer a weighted curtain descended on her neck with such force that it stunned her. Audiences saw the supposed corpse, tears streaming from her eyes, screaming, "Help! Help!" while flustered stagehands frantically attempted to raise the curtain again.

Duceppe says, "Denise has always had trouble controlling her laughter if anything is funny. Everybody knows about her tendency to laugh. Some directors have never forgiven her for it. Once she got the part of Mary Magdalene in a religious play on the sole condition that she wouldn't laugh. We were playing in Thetford Mines. I remember, and she had this line, 'Let me put the perfume on Your feet.' It came out, 'Let me put my feet on Your perfume.' I had to carry her offstage, she was laughing so hard."

After ten years playing with such renowned companies as Montreal Repertory, Les Compagnons, L'Equipe and Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, Miss Pelletier has finally learned to control her laughter. But not, apparently, her impulses. She bought her two-hundred-year-old house on the Richelieu River

on a sudden whim on a Sunday afternoon two years ago.

As she explained it late Saturday night, driving me out to St. Marc, "I was just driving past with my friend Micheline LeBourgne and there was this old house, and I love old houses, so I went in and bought it."

Miss Pelletier's house is the love of her life, although she admits she doesn't know if it's paid for yet. Her business manager takes care of such things. Here at St. Marc, in a setting of yellow painted walls, white muslin curtains, lamps made of inverted flowerpots, and copper pots on big stone fireplaces, she is free to entertain her friends with wicked imitations of Miriam Hopkins making an entrance or singer Vic Damone doing his specialty number, You Can't Take That Away from Me. Here she can browse through her thick cookbook by Curnonsky, Prince of Gastronomes, for mouth-watering tidbits like gourmet toast and marinated mushrooms, or concoct Pelletier originals from odds and ends left in the icebox by her housekeeper.

Best of all, out here at St. Marc she can argue for hours with a friend like journalist Henriette Duliani. Is or isn't the heroine of Graham Greene's novel, The End of the Affair, a saint? ("Of course she is! A woman who sacrificed like that? She's a saint, I tell you!") Is Madeleine Renaud of the famous Barrault company losing her voice, or did she have laryngitis on a recent show? ("It was laryngitis, I tell you! She was fine next night!") Is the popular Parisian chanteuse who recently came to town really just "une fille du concierge" or is she better born? ("Oh well, if that's the way you feel, we will never agree!")

Sometimes an argument is carried on with such mutual fire and conviction that Denise and her guests have stopped speaking to each other by bedtime. This doesn't worry anybody too much. Most of Miss Pelletier's friends know from experience that if she's mad tonight she'll be over it by tomorrow, or next week, or maybe not until next month. In any case, one can expect an overflow of Gallic temperament from someone who is generally acknowledged to be the Tallulah Bankhead of French Canada. ★

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By Simpkins



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### How can the Maritimes get in on the boom?

Continued from page 30

### "When a Maritimer counts his share of ten years of prosperity in Canada he feels shortchanged"

earn only enough to make them liable for four cents of Canada's income-tax dollar.

It's not a case of old-fashioned depression striking in the midst of plenty, either. Employment in the Maritimes has long been at or near the "no labor surplus" level. Maritime statistics, when not compared with the rest of Canada's, are even fairly respectable. It's just that this part of the country hasn't been getting rich along with the rest of Canada.

It's a situation, too, about which the rest of Canada is increasingly aware. The Newfoundland Royal Commission is only another spotlight of a number turned recently on the economics of Canada's "far east." The most recent was the 1957 federal-government budget, which made two specific overtures to the Maritimes. The budget raised from twenty percent to thirty percent an existing subsidy on outbound rail traffic. It also offered a plan whereby the federal government would build and operate power plants and supply New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with power at cost.

Another spotlight on the Maritimes was the launching of the program of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, a grass-roots, self-help organization dedicated to the motto "let's quit blaming the Other Fellow for our troubles" and to the task of tracing and plugging the chinks and blank spaces in Maritime economy.

A few weeks later appeared the preliminary report of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, commonly called the Gordon Report. This dealt with many aspects of Maritime economy, and a forecast of what Newfoundland will demand of the federal government. In its brief to the Gordon Commission the island government spoke of "a great deficiency of roads, hospitals, schools, sewage and sanitation works and other public utilities."

But to Maritimers one paragraph in the Gordon Report virtually monopolized interest: "If it should turn out that there is not the necessary combination of resources in sufficient quantities to permit a substantial rise in living standards in the Atlantic region, generous assistance should be given to those people who might wish to move to other parts of Canada where there may be greater opportunities."

Then, amid much head-shaking and hand-wringing over the poverty of the Maritimes, the region made fresh headlines. This time it rather delighted the Maritimers' dry sense of humor: the federal government announced that the Canada Council to finance and foster Canadian arts could be launched immediately because a hundred million dollars was available from the duties on the estates of Sir James Dunn and Isaac W. Killam. Maritimers everywhere did not miss the opportunity of commenting: "It required the savings of two poor Maritimers to give Canada culture."

Maritimers have never had reason to be modest about the contribution the region has made in brains and leadership to the nation. They will readily point out that proportionately twice as many natives of the Atlantic provinces find their way into the Canadian Who's Who as do

people born in other provinces. One historian maintains that the Maritimes are "the Canadian Scotland, exporting talent which achieves a disproportionate share of important positions in Canadian and United States political, educational and industrial life." The United Church of Canada depends heavily on the Maritimes for its ministers because, as one church official puts it, "Maritime families still consider it an honor to have a son in the church, while even devout families elsewhere try to steer their sons to more profitable callings."

So, regardless of how well-intentioned was the Gordon Report's suggestion that some Maritimers might be better off elsewhere, it was greeted with indignation in the Atlantic provinces. George Nowlan, a Nova Scotia MP, made a sharp reply in the Commons: "If they take us away there's going to be no foundation stock left—where would Canada get its leaders?" Back home, though, exasperation was tempered with laughter when a crusty New Brunswick farmer growled in a radio interview: "I don't know what all the fuss is about—Maritimers are *always* willing to go up to Canada and straighten things out for them."

### Steamships were a death blow

But most Maritimers would be willing to pass up some credit for a little more cash. When he counts his share of ten years of unprecedented prosperity in Canada he feels he has been shortchanged. He might even concede (a) that the Maritimes lack some of the natural resources that have boomed other areas, (b) that he has no intention, anyway, of chasing dollars as frenziedly as, say, his Ontario counterpart, and (c) that the average Maritime income has nearly doubled in real value during his lifetime and would look pretty good if the statisticians didn't insist on comparing it with the rest of Canada.

In any case, Maritimers don't attribute their troubles primarily to recent events. When they're being diplomatic they say their economy has been a problem "for three generations" or for "nearly a hundred years." When they're not, they arrive at the same date by saying bluntly, "ever since Confederation." They remember that when the new nation first took stock of its people's affairs, New Brunswick's per-capita payroll in manufacturing industries was higher than both Ontario and Quebec; and that little Prince Edward Island had exactly the same rate of industrial employment as Ontario.

What are the Maritimes' principal complaints? Recently the government of New Brunswick drew up a list of the major factors affecting the region through the years. They include:

- ✦ The coming of the steamship to destroy the Maritimes' proud, prosperous industry of building wooden sailing ships.
- ✦ The development of mass production and mass marketing which favored industries in dense population areas.
- ✦ Tariffs which offset the Maritimes' advantages of closeness to export markets.
- ✦ The opening of the Panama Canal which put Pacific Coast lumber into competition with Maritime lumber in Europe.

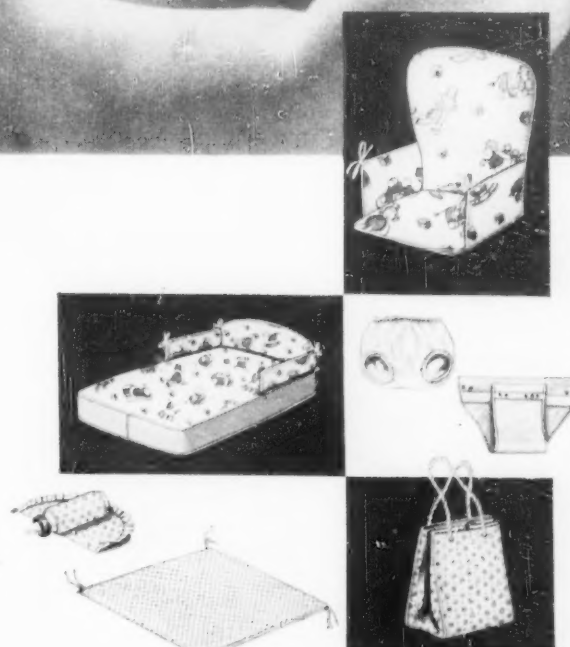
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and in the Atlantic seaboard markets.

In recent years, though, three complaints have loomed largest in the minds of Maritimers. One concerns the railway-freight-rate structure that puts the Maritimer at a disadvantage in buying from or selling to the rest of Canada. Another is the suspicion, as some express it, that the Maritimes are being penalized "to control the boom we haven't got." The third is resentment that the federal government failed to establish war industries in the Maritimes.

It is true that the government's reasons

for concentrating war industries in central Canada may seem logical. Nevertheless when Maritimers saw big factories being built or subsidized in Quebec and Ontario by the federal government and later sold at a big discount to their operators to become the foundation of great industrial prosperity, they were understandably bitter at their own empty-handedness.

How far an inheritance of ex-war industries could have gone toward solving the Maritimes' economic problems is debatable. The region has some deep-rooted disadvantages: a comparatively small

percentage of first-rate farmland; a primary industry, coal, that is struggling for survival against receding coal seams and encroaching competition from fuel oil and natural gas; a highway system that is inferior and in places rudimentary compared with the paved networks that have contributed to prosperity elsewhere in Canada.

But the Atlantic provinces have assets, too. Among them are an efficient and highly productive forest-products industry that is being managed on self-perpetuating principles; a fishing industry

that is making more products, and more money, than ever before in history, and a mineral potential that Maritimers are convinced has an enormously prosperous future. They believe, though, that Maritime economy is hindered by being treated as if it shared Canada's boom.

For example, Maritimers say that lower incomes and native caution kept their consumer credit buying within bounds while the rest of Canada went on a "buy now, pay later" spree that Prime Minister St. Laurent called "cashing in on bearskins before we have shot the bears." The credit crackdown by the Bank of Canada, which recently resulted affected frugal Maritime borrowers as well as inflation-happy Upper Canadians. Premier Robert Stanfield of Nova Scotia complained dryly that Maritime farms and industries were being refused operating loans "because of a policy determined in Upper Canada that is in no way related to conditions here . . . curbs that the Bank of Canada put on credit were designed to arrest inflationary tendencies that were the result of a staggering economic boom—elsewhere. Industry here is not now—and has not been since Confederation—in any danger of growing too fast."

#### Do they run their own lives?

Most Maritimers join in the complaint that they have received skimpy benefit from the premium-sized Canadian dollar, but they suffer its disadvantages. It has cost them much of the export trade that once made the Maritimes prosperous, for one thing. It has lost business for Atlantic seaports because, other things being equal, it is cheaper for traders to ship through U.S. ports and pay charges in U.S. dollars.

Maritimers resent particularly having their lives run by "policy determined in Upper Canada." They point out that since the government's Industrial Development Bank, organized to lend money to sound businesses unable to get help elsewhere, opened a branch in Halifax it has been making three times more loans to Maritimers than when applications were handled by a staff working out of Montreal.

Even minor manifestations of absentee control can exasperate a Maritimer. On a CNR train running between Halifax and Montreal a passenger ordered what the menu called its "luncheon special," salmon salad. It turned out to be canned British Columbia salmon. The passenger eyed it with distaste. "This train runs through some of the world's greatest salmon country," he muttered. "But some man in a Montreal office decides that canned stuff from three thousand miles away is something special to a Maritimer."

But the Maritimer is not without his special streak of optimism. Depending on where the traveler happens to be, he will currently hear much of one of the four giant construction schemes for which Maritimers hold high hopes:

✦ A stone causeway to bridge nine miles of ocean, eighty to ninety feet deep, and link Prince Edward Island by road and rail to the mainland.

✦ A gigantic tidal power plant at Passamaquoddy on the Bay of Fundy that would produce one million horsepower of electricity to be shared equally by New Brunswick and Maine.

✦ A ship canal across the isthmus that joins Nova Scotia to the continent. The Chignecto Canal, first proposed by the French more than three hundred years ago and on the verge of being started a dozen times since, would bring Saint John five hundred sea miles nearer Montreal and in effect make the Bay of Fundy part of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

✦ A giant international seaport and in-

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dustrial metropolis on the Bay d'Espoir, a deep, sheltered ice-free inlet in southern Newfoundland that is being spoken of as the eastern terminus of the seaway, where lake vessels could stack cargoes in summer for winter trans-shipment, and where Newfoundland power and raw materials would be fabricated into many products.

The tidal power project, familiarly called 'Quoddy, and the Prince Edward Island causeway are in the realm of near-future possibilities. Canada has put up \$300,000, and the United States \$3,000,000, for a new survey of Quoddy's potentialities, and the governments have asked the surveying engineers to hurry their report. A few weeks ago Hon. George C. Marler, minister of transport, said the causeway "deserved serious consideration."

The other two projects are more dreams-that-might-come-true. But, as one Maritimer put it, "we like to have something to dream about while we work away at the grass roots." And at present the people of all four Atlantic provinces are engaged in a broad grass-roots program to cure their peculiar ills. The movement, known as "operation bootstraps" or more formally the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, was started less than two years ago with one director, one secretary, an over-all budget of \$26,000, the support of most Maritime businessmen and of some politicians. It has taken root and flourished.

APEC's objective is to find the answers to the myriad economic problems of the four provinces. APEC wants to be able to advise on questions as small as, "Is there room for another hot-dog stand on the Cabot Trail?" and as big as, "Are conditions good for a multi-million steel mill in New Brunswick?"

APEC's researches have already led along some strange routes. Like the journey taken by a certain one-pound package of frozen codfish. The fish was caught by Grand Manan Island fishermen in New Brunswick waters and sold to a processing plant on the Nova Scotia shore of the Bay of Fundy. There it was filleted, frozen and shipped, as forty-five percent of Maritime fish is shipped, to the U.S. A Boston broker sold the frozen fish to a company that sells food freezers and frozen foods to householders as a "package deal." Part of the Boston fish purchase was shipped to Montreal to be distributed to Canadian customers — including those in the Maritimes.

#### Mountain of cheap potatoes

That wandering fish is by no means exceptional in Maritime marketing, which is replete with paradoxes. In Fredericton, capital of New Brunswick and the heart of the Saint John River apple region, grocers do a brisk trade in British Columbia apples.

Maritime growers ship tons of fresh blueberries to the United States, and Maritimers buy them back, frozen, at double the price. Natural cheese is sold to processing plants outside the provinces and bought back at a high markup in the form of processed packaged "cheese foods." Maritimers dig literally mountains of high-grade, low-priced potatoes, then pay greatly inflated prices for potatoes imported from competitors in the United States. French-fried and frozen in a plant near Montreal and stored in Toronto warehouses until ordered by grocers in the Maritimes.

"At first glance it's easy to decide that somebody must be to blame," says Watson Jamer, manager of the Ford Motor Co. of Canada for the Maritimes and one of the founders of APEC. "But when you try to pinpoint the blame it turns out that we just don't have the concen-

tration of customers to justify more than our meagre facilities for receiving, grading, processing, packaging, storing and marketing our own farm and sea products.

"If we had one city with as large a concentration of the consumer population as, say, Toronto has in Ontario or Vancouver in British Columbia, then we could attract both the capital to finance plants and equipment and the experienced manpower to operate them."

Lack of local capital to help finance a more efficient Maritime economy

arouses some bitterness among the provinces' planners. Clarence Gillis, Cape Breton MP, blames Ontario and Quebec financiers for ignoring the Maritimes. "The curtain is pulled at Montreal and there's no thinking east of Montreal," he said recently. "That's where Canada ends as far as risk capital for industrial development is concerned."

There are reasons for this reluctance, of course.

Not long ago a Montreal industrialist with interests in five companies, one of which has a branch in Halifax, was asked

why he didn't open branches of his other companies in the Maritimes. "Simple," he answered. "With your spread-out population it takes four distributors to sell the volume one distributor handles in Ontario or Quebec."

The extent to which Maritime population is "spread out" can be gathered from the picture in the most populous Maritime province: Nova Scotia's 700,000 people are divided among nearly as many cities, towns, villages, hamlets and populated crossroads as Ontario's five and a half million. This scattered settlement



A native Canadian design painted by Arthur Price for the pulp and paper industry. In an art form known as scrimshaw, a nineteenth century whaler has carved his memories on a horn cup.

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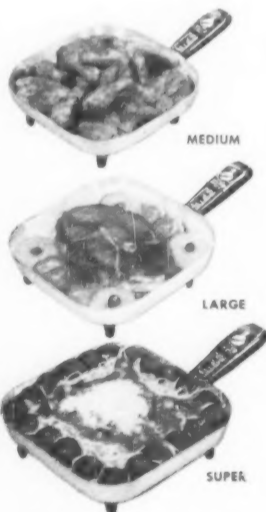
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helps to create a vicious circle. The lack of concentrated population discourages industry; the lack of industry discourages concentrated population.

Maritimers whose job it is to lure industries to the region have become accustomed to that and a number of other standard objections—high freight rates, mediocre road networks, high cost of electricity, lack of top-skilled technicians. Occasionally a disadvantage is cited that they haven't encountered before. Not long ago a prospect who had looked over the Halifax area as the possible site of a plant gave as the final reason for his adverse decision: "I couldn't ask my company's executives to live in a place that offers so little night life and excitement."

Some cynic has said that if the freight-rate question didn't exist the Maritimers would have had to invent it. That's unfair because freight rates are an unpleasant reality to Maritimers. For thirty years federal and provincial governments and various interested bodies have tried to soften the penalty of doing business a long rail haul away from the nation's principal markets.

One bold proposal (quite seriously put forward by assorted sponsors) is to treat freight rates like postage rates—a uniform charge throughout Canada regardless of distance. Up to now, though, the authorities have settled for piecemeal measures: a twenty-percent cut in freight charges within the Atlantic region; subsidies on feed shipments from the west, on agricultural lime needed by many Maritime farms, on coal shipments. These measures may not solve the problems, but they're not trivial gestures. Last year freight-rate subsidies, which the government prefers to call "subventions," amounted to more than \$23,000,000.

Another approach to "prosperity despite freight rates" is to manufacture suitable articles, high in value in proportion to weight and bulk, to keep the freight content of their cost low when they are offered for sale in outside markets. Products that have tackled the freight-rate bogey with conspicuous success include candy, brushes and high-quality shoes. Other products that APEC officials maintain can be produced successfully in the Maritimes are plastics, clothing, electronic equipment.

On the other hand, Maritimers themselves complain that the phrase "freight rates" has been used to cover a multitude of unwarranted overcharges by merchants. "Our grandfathers, fathers and now we keep hearing that 'freight rates' refrain," said one Maritimer. "If you ask why a shirt costs a dollar and a half more than the identical article in Montreal, the answer is 'freight rates.' Why does frozen orange juice sell for a quarter a tin here and sixteen cents in Toronto? 'freight rates.' A couple of cents in freight certainly grows muscles before it gets on the store shelves. We have a saying down here that 'all freight travels first class to the Maritimes.'"

Certain small industries do flourish in the Maritimes, provided they stay small. Pursuing the idea that clothing manufacture would be an appropriate business for Maritimers, APEC investigators made an interesting and little-known discovery: dozens of small outfits were operating busily and prosperously in the production of clothing, prosperously enough, at any rate, to support two or three workmen and a proprietor who doubled as shop foreman and trebled as traveling salesman. Typical procedure was for the proprietor to go off on two or three selling trips a year, taking just enough orders to keep his small shop busy until his next trip.

One result of this method is that many a Maritime retailer is never called on by

these manufacturer-salesmen, and in fact do not know such local industries exist. When a typical small manufacturer was asked why he did not try to expand, for example by hiring a full-time salesman and concentrating on production, he explained:

"If I hire a salesman, soon he will be selling more pants and workshirts than I and my men can make. So I'll have to hire more men and teach them to work my way. This shop I own will become too small and I'll have to get a bigger place and rent this. Today I'm neither a landlord nor a tenant; if I expand I'll be both. Next, the extra workmen will make more clothes than one salesman can sell, so I'll have to hire another and my inventory will pile up until his orders catch up. I'll have to worry about freight rates and drafts, invoices and commissions and insurance. Soon I will be no longer running a business; my business will be running me. No thanks..."

### They have to import pilots

There is, however, no general lack of enterprise in the Maritimes. There are, for example, larger oil companies in Canada than Irving Oil Co. Limited, but no bigger individual oil man than K. C. Irving. There are at least three larger airlines in Canada than Maritime Central Airways, but no bigger individual airline owner than Carl Burke, founder and boss of Maritime Central, an airline that grew so fast from a one-plane feeder service in Prince Edward Island that, although the majority of his eighty-three pilots are Canadians, he has had to reach out into nine other countries to find trained men to man his planes.

Some Maritimers have shown that enterprise can overcome the "sell cheap,

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buy dear" cycle that has plagued the Maritimes. For years the farmers of Carleton County, N.B., shipped peas to Maine to be processed into frozen peas. But today the McCain brothers of East Florenceville are freezing a big share of the county's crop in their modern freezing plant.

This year a start is expected to be made on a million-dollar freezing plant, fostered by APEC research, in the Saint John suburb of Lancaster. It is hoped that the plant will become a nucleus for a cluster of food-processing plants and packaging factories to improve the distribution of Maritime-grown produce and keep "markup money" in the region.

In 1955 the Atlantic provinces bought nearly two million pounds of poultry from other provinces, and some Christmas turkeys from as far away as California. But a new figure showed in the statistics: half a million pounds of poultry had been shipped into Ontario and Quebec. Only a few years before the Maritimes' "poultry industry" had consisted largely of unattractive birds raised in small flocks by farm wives as a sideline. Today many families in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia are raising flocks numbering in the hundreds of thousands. Many other forms of efficient diversified farming have come to the valley where once apples were supreme. Recently a veteran Annapolis farmer complained bitterly to a provincial agricultural representative: "I remember the wonderful days when a man sprayed his orchard in the spring, harvested and sold his apples in the fall and curled all winter. Now the new generation wants us all to work every day in the year."

The Maritimes' fishing industry is described by provincial authorities (and even by some men in the industry) as "a

bright spot in the economy." Cooked and frozen fish sticks have boosted fish consumption and the industry is confident of added stimulus to sales by two innovations: cooked, frozen and individually packaged servings of fish and chips, and the use of antibiotics to keep fish fresh long enough to reach millions of potential new customers.

Many Maritimers feel, though, that individual "bright spots" are not enough to lift living standards anywhere near those of the rest of Canada. They feel that major operations, literally, are needed. That is why they never tire of discussing gigantic projects like Quoddy, the Chignecto canal, Newfoundland's super-seaport and the Prince Edward Island causeway.

Islanders would welcome that causeway almost as much for the cheaper power it might bring them, over the new overland route from New Brunswick, as for the convenience of being able to drive cars, trucks and trains without a ferry interlude. The island, with its scattered population served by power generated by imported fuels, has one of the highest power rates in North America.

But islanders ponder one knotty problem that the causeway will bring: who will pay for the new roads that increased traffic will require? Among the things that kept P.E.I. out of Confederation six years after her sister Maritimes had joined was the question of transportation. Islanders considered an internal railway as essential as a train ferry to the mainland. They got it. But today the passenger trains are gone, freight trains run two to three days a week, and Premier Alex Matheson predicts that by 1973, P.E.I.'s centennial year as a Canadian province, "all the rails will be rusted." Meanwhile car and truck traffic runs on roads built out of a small province's budget.

The reason for the demise of P.E.I.'s passenger trains, as described by Premier Matheson, was a saga of frustration: "A farmer living twenty miles out of Charlottetown wanted to come into the city on a winter's day to do business. He'd have to leave home before daylight to drive the average of three miles to catch the 8.20 train. This would get him into Charlottetown at eleven, and he'd find the people he had to see were beginning to think of lunch. If he waited until after lunch to do business, that didn't give him much time because he had to get his train at 3 p.m. to get him back home long after his suppers, tired out and with nothing accomplished. That was why the trains had to go: they didn't serve the people."

It should be made clear, though, that if none of the projects dear to Maritimers are realized they will continue to make the best of things. The Gordon Report took that characteristic of the Maritimer into account when it suggested that perhaps many of them would be better off in other provinces:

"Many people in the Atlantic region would not exchange on any terms their more peaceful way of life and the comparative ease and quiet that goes with it for the noise and the bustle and the tenseness one associates with living in large metropolitan areas like Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver."

A young Saint John businessman nodded amen to that paragraph and added: "In Montreal I have to run for buses. In Toronto I don't even try running because I know the door will close in my face. In Saint John I walk to my bus, and the driver waits. That to me is the difference between the Maritimes and Upper Canada. When the time comes that I have to run for Saint John buses, I'll move out. I might as well be making the extra money, then." ★



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 11, 1957

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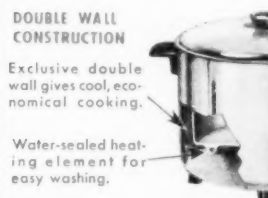
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## Why have we lost the joy of walking?

Continued from page 32

ed to shift from one sitting position to another—from the soft chair in the living room to the soft seat in the automobile outside. If he lacks a car, he will often stand for fifteen minutes under a bus sign to go a distance he might have walked in half the time. More than mere laziness is involved in this mass inertia, in the reluctance to plant firm foot on city pavement or to stretch one's legs up a country lane. This is not to say that no Canadian walks unless he has to. Some of them, a diminishing breed, still do, and so have not forgotten the shape of the shadow cast before them by the sun. They stroll on city streets. In the country they walk to enjoy the feel of turf beneath their boot soles and to partake in the wonder of a world that grows below them as they climb a hill.

Their preference for walking is not always easy to explain to those who habitually drive or are driven. In the city I like to go for a walk before turning in. Away from the downtown section, it's seldom that I meet another person afoot. To the sound of my step, dogs bark. Yet when cars pass with a swish of tires or blare of horn, the dogs are silent. It is the rarely heard footfall down the dimly lit street that disturbs them.

Not long ago when I was walking at night in Victoria, B.C., a police car pulled up beside me. The constable asked me where I was going. I answered that I was out for the exercise. He regarded me carefully, then said, "Oh, I see. Walking, eh?" His tone disparaged walking—no fit diversion for a grown man.

The brief encounter reminded me of another, years before. I was walking under a back-pack down the Athabasca to my home town of Jasper, Alta. I had left Brazeau Lake that morning and, after crossing Pohoktan Pass, planned to spend the night in the ranger's cabin at Athabasca Falls, a day's travel of about sixty miles. This was before the motor road connecting Jasper with Lake Louise and Banff had been cut through the Athabasca valley.

Shortly after noon, above Sunwapta Falls, I met a party of Banff outfitters heading south. The man in the lead, tall and travel-worn, wearing red shirt, buckskin vest, batwing chaps and riding gaiters with spurs, reined in his big roan. When he learned that I was hiking in from Brazeau Lake, not for pay or personal gain but, as he phrased it, "just for the taste of the sweat" on my lips, he gazed down at me thoughtfully, wagged his head and said, "Man, you must be crazy!"

He rode on, secure in his eminence. Like the policeman who accosted me in Victoria, he looked askance at walking, but from a slightly different angle. The policeman seemed to consider that a walk along the street at night was frivolous, a waste of time. In contrast, the rider on the Athabasca would have been harder put to give his reason, not because he was necessarily less articulate, but because the reasons were not so consciously felt. To his mind walking, especially under a pack, subtly demeaned a man.

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SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

Now! A new medicated formulation called CLEARASIL, developed especially for pimples. In scientific clinical tests, CLEARASIL, with its remarkable drying action, brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

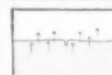
### CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. **PENETRATES PIMPLES** . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. **ISOLATES PIMPLES** . . . antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. **'DRIES' PIMPLES** . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'dries' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that encourage pimples.

**ENDS EMBARRASSMENT** immediately because skin-color hides pimples while it works. Dries up pimples where greasy creams and ointments fail. Must work for you as it did in clinical tests or money back.

**'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS:** CLEARASIL's famous penetrating, medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath! Allows them to 'float out' with normal washing . . . So don't suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads a day longer. Get CLEARASIL today, only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size \$1.19).



Canada's Largest-Selling Pimple Medication

**SPECIAL OFFER:** Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL. Mail to CLEARASIL, Dept. BBE, 429, St. Jean Baptiste St., Montreal. Offer expires June 30, 1957.

Back-packing, he might have said, was no more than "scabbing on a horse." A man could hardly sink further below his proper estate, which was, of course, astride. The Spanish word for "gentleman," *caballero*, has its root in the Latin *caballus*, "a horse," as has the French title of *chevalier* and the English "chivalry." In feudal times horsemanship denoted a man's class. The upper classes rode, the poorer walked, or at best sat on the rump of a burro. Metaphorically and in fact, the man on horseback was above the man on foot.

The red-shirted rider on the Athabasca could not have walked far had he wanted to. Mounted, his high-heeled gaiters and his heavy batwing chaps protected him. The high heel would not easily slip through the stirrup to hang him up if his horse bucked, and the chaps gave him good purchase on his saddle leather—together they made walking an awkward and cumbersome exercise. Indeed, they marked his emancipation from walking and from the dull and menial tasks associated with those who walked—the slaves, the serfs, the peasants. The adjective "pedestrian" has come to mean the dull, the humdrum or the commonplace.

Modern woman, though she may not know it, is also the victim of this bias against all that is "pedestrian." Her high heels are no more adapted for walking than are those of the cowboy's boot or gaiter. Although they push her pelvis out of place and afflict her with corns and bunions, she suffers them for fashion's sake. Deprived of her natural swinging gait, on her foreshortened foot, she cannot walk far or fast; she stabs the pavement at each step with a stilt-like heel, as if in anger at the earth that bears her up, while man stands by to admire and acclaim her progress as a thing of beauty.

More forthrightly, the Chinese used to bind the feet of their high-born baby girls. Later, in the Middle Ages, the Venetians introduced the *zoccoli*. These were elaborate slippers, raised on tiny stilts sometimes as high as eighteen inches. On them, like her Chinese sister with bound feet, the lady could barely totter from place to place. Unable to walk, much less work in the fields, or to stray far from home, at least in theory, she offered uneasy testimony to her husband's affluence and to the virtue of his household.

Similarly, the modern woman's high heels by implication limit her mobility and set her high in the social scale. The cowboy's gaiter, though it impedes his walking, shows that he is more mobile than his social inferior, the man afoot.

These days, of course, the motorcar and not the horse or style of heel, sets the standard of mobility. The more expensive the car, the further its driver is removed from the mundane necessity of walking. The pedestrian, glimpsed through the windshield, is no more than an encumbrance to the highway. But man's essential physical dignity, setting him above the beasts, is that he alone among them walks upright, lifting his forehead to the sun.

Millennia ago, with a crude stone implement in his hand, he walked out of the shadows to conquer and populate the world. Behind his somber brow were visions, and in his hand, swinging free because he was erect, the slow-growing power that would change and shape the place he walked and make those visions real. Man walked across six continents, and the act of walking became a part of his religion and philosophy.

The Book of Genesis says, "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day . . ." God was not borne along above the

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ground. He walked upon it. Moses walked up the mountain in Sinai to meet his God and walked back down with the Ten Commandments.

The distance between Nazareth and Bethlehem is one hundred and twenty miles and Joseph and Mary, according to one Biblical authority, were a week on the way, an average of seventeen miles a day, this though Mary was "great with child." Jesus Himself was stout of limb, a walker and climber of hills, going from town to town in Judaea and traveling the rugged country of Galilee with the message of man's hope.

Military history, as well as Biblical history, is a convincing chronicle of how far and fast men can travel on foot. In World War II Russian troops marched in tattered footwear two thousand miles from Stalingrad to the Elbe.

Historians have claimed that Saxon King Harold lost the Battle of Hastings to William the Conqueror in 1066 because his men had marched two hundred miles in the preceding ten days. Last summer six volunteers set out over part of the same route to prove that it could be done. They wore chain mail and carried battle-axes and walked the required twenty miles in a day. One was asked if he could keep it up for another nine days. He said, "Yes, but I wouldn't be fit to fight any battle when I got there."

To Harold's plowboys and yeomen a march of two hundred miles in ten days would not have been excessive. In the frontier years of North America it was mere routine. In October 1808, John Coulter, a trapper, was seized by the Blackfeet on the headwaters of the Missouri, near the present town of Zeman, Montana. The Indians stripped him of his clothes and moccasins and turned him loose. For six miles Coulter outran his pursuers. Then he swam the Missouri river and, stark naked and barefoot, walked two hundred miles over the mountains to a fort on the lower Yellowstone, traversing in freezing weather a large part of today's Montana. It took him eight days.

In those days men often measured their walks not in hundreds, but in thousands of miles. One, John Pritchard, listed in the records of the Hudson's Bay Company, is an example. In October 1814 his canoe was "taken with the ice" at Abitibi while he was traveling from Montreal with a message for the governor of the Red River settlement. Pritchard tied on snowshoes and tramped two thousand miles, hauling his provisions on a sled, with the temperature below zero.

Perhaps a more remarkable overland journey is that of Robert Campbell, also of the HBC. According to the journal of Sir George Simpson, then governor of the company, Campbell left the White River tributary to the Yukon on the Alaskan boundary on September 6, 1852. He reached Crow Wing on the head of the Mississippi on March 13, 1853. In his journey, most of it by snowshoe, he had traveled from the watershed of the Bering Sea to that of the Gulf of Mexico, crossing those of the Arctic and Hudson Bay en route, covering 16 degrees of latitude and 46 of longitude, a total distance of about three thousand miles in a little over six months.

Such walks may sound heroic today, yet under proper conditions a walk of a hundred miles or more need entail no hardship for a man who is physically able. In September 1925 I hiked from Jasper to Lake Louise with Douglas Bulgin of Winnipeg. The route we took was not the direct one of the present-day highway and on it we covered more than two hundred miles through mountain country, some of it without a trail, and lost half a day in making a raft and crossing the North Saskatchewan river. We reached Lake Louise after eight days in better shape than at the beginning of the journey. Unlike Saxon King Harold's soldiers, we were not wearing chain mail. Instead, we set out under fifty-five-pound packs. This walk from Jasper to Lake Louise was no exceptional feat. It was a casual outing, a way of living for a while close to the mountains.

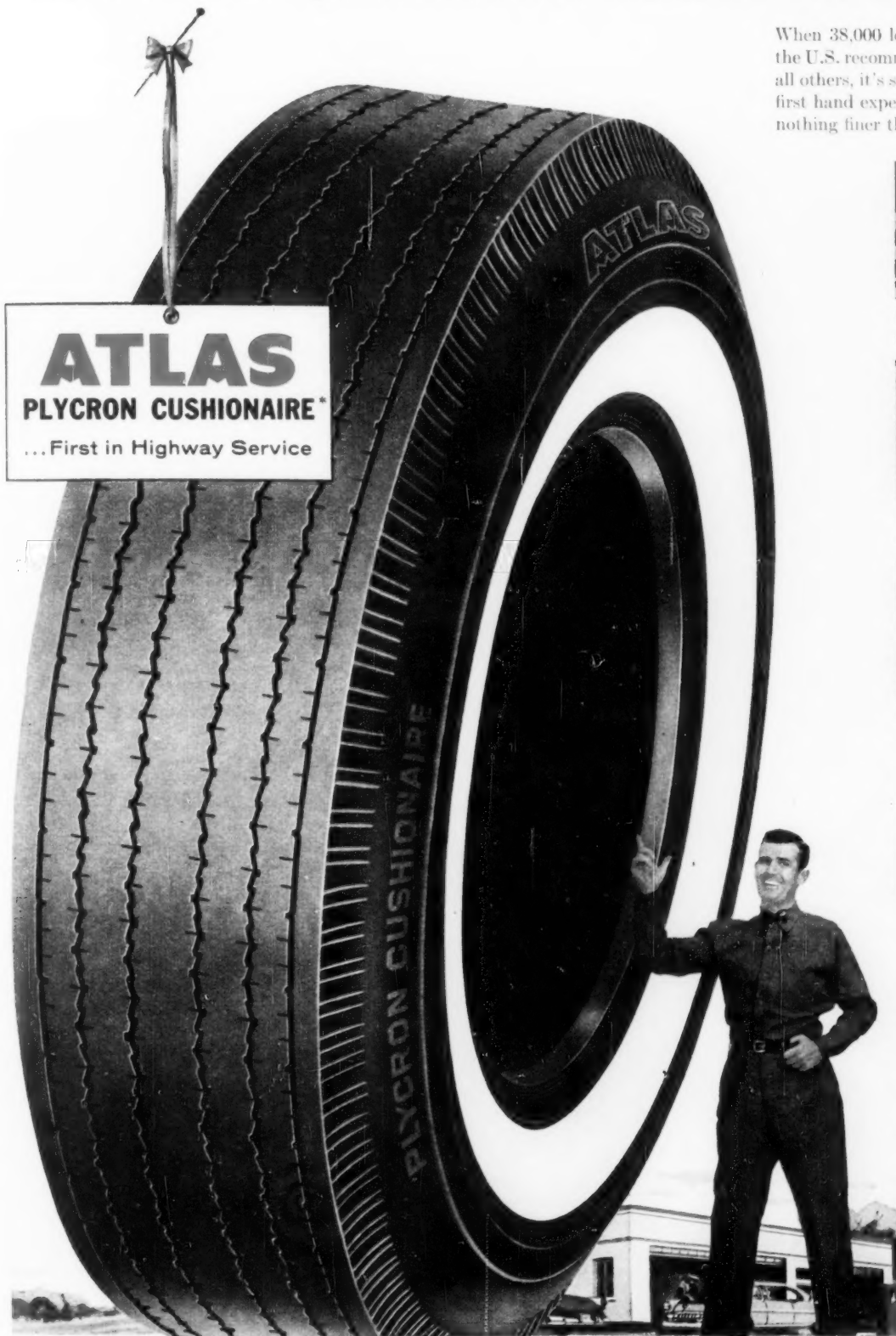
Since then I have often sat on a high shoulder and watched below me the cars on the highway leading south from Jasper. They resemble black beetles, each pursued by the one behind it. Encased in his glass bubble mounted on a steel frame, the driver and those with him see little of the mountains. They have no time. They are impatient to be home again and tell of the places they have been.

Mountains are loneliness and mystery. To them from early days man has gone to dream his dreams and seek his God. He has gone, not in a machine, the frozen labor of other men, and certainly not in haste, but humbly and on foot. The reward the mountains give him is in the effort they exact from him.

The motorist, who rarely walks a mile from the highway, knows none of this. The mountains to him are so many miles of road between motels and his journey through them only a flight from one familiarity to another. Driving the same car that in the city takes him from

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William Blake, the English poet, wrote:

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;  
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This is a practice long ago adopted in some cities of South America. In Buenos Aires, for example, no cars are permitted on Calle Florida, its main shopping centre, between four and eight o'clock in the afternoon. It is then as though a truce had been declared in the daily strife, while crowds leave the sidewalks and mingle on the pavement, or stroll leisurely by shop windows and café doors. The hurly-burly of late afternoon in a North American city is shattering by contrast.

Whether they wish it or not, it seems that modern man and woman must come to terms with their feet again and put them back to the use for which they were intended. The experience should be at once refreshing and enlightening.

Walking offers physical well-being and its rhythm induces peace of mind. It increases the perceptions because the walker is close to the landscape which to the speeding motorist is only a blur. The walker is an aware man if only because he must watch where to set his foot and in a degree returns to his childhood, when every step was an adventure.

To walk alone is to assess one's self. To walk with another is to get to know him. Life has no greater challenge for man than these two: to learn to walk alone and to be able to match his stride with that of his fellow. ★



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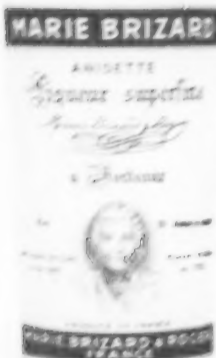
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Rudolph stumbles on love continued from page 3

"Can't think why you want to be a specialist," said the surgeon. "It's all ulcers and taxes"

he was being suitably poked-faced about it in the manner of an English gentleman, he was outraged when Sir Rudolph chuckled throatily. "Don't look as if you'd much given an emetic, lad! In spite of what all you young fellows think, general practice is not the equivalent of trenchment in the salt mines."

Martin said nothing, dignity insisted that he say nothing.

"And kindly stop glaring at me," Sir Rudolph added as if he were talking to a belligerent patient. "I am a physician, not an ink-murderer. Now listen."

A QUARTER of an hour later Martin walked away from the door, back down the long corridor, toward a more humiliated and far less expensively furnished part of St. Asaph's Hospital—which, incidentally, had thirteen hundred and thirty beds and sat across several London back streets like a great architectural cork.

Martin's thoughts and emotions were, naturally, in a flaming muddle, and he was futilely reflecting that an hour or two on the couch of one of his psychiatric colleagues was what he needed. However, he had not the time to spare. His head had been cut off. Unlike most excruciations, Sir Rudolph had been gracious enough to pick it up off the floor and to give him an instrument with which to sew the thing on again before life became extinct. But the instrument had to be used quickly.

Martin informed various people that he had been given the day off—mentioning, of course, that it had been R. B.W. himself who had implored him to take it. He went home to his flat, a large drawing room consisting of the ground floor of a house off Kensington High Street that had once belonged to a Victorian tycoon who had made his pile in trumpery industries for the troops in the Zulu Wars. A smaller, less expensive place would have suited Martin better, but this was Rudolph.

Rudolph, in this case, was a dog. Rudolph's father had been a St. Bernard and his mother a retriever. Physically, Rudolph took after Dad and needed exercise in quantity in which to express himself. In fact, Rudolph was both the nose and the love of Martin's life, and the first thing Martin did when he got home was to thump him in the ribs with his clenched fist—the only caress Rudolph appeared to notice—and open for him a tin of the cat food to which he was addicted.

Martin then changed into his best, most formal suit—a dark-grey worsted that had cost him a month's pay a year ago but which did things for his ego. He went back to his car, taking Rudolph with him, and drove off in the direction of Haslemere in Sussex, about forty miles from London. While he drove, Sir Rudolph's authoritarian voice echoed in his ears, competing with Dog Rudolph's snoring from the back seat.

"Old friend of mine," Sir Rudolph had explained. "Practice in Haslemere. Looking for a junior partner to replace someone who kicked the bucket. On my say-so he'll probably take you. Better strike

while the iron is hot, Martin. Go down this morning. I'll get Charles Porlock on the blower and tell him to expect you." And then, a few moments later, irritably, "Will you stop looking at me like an injured spaniel? I have just put before you as large and savory a dish of professional nourishment as ever a young doctor laid eyes on. Haslemere! Think, boy! Smack in the middle of the stockbroker belt. . . . Rolls-Royces thicker on the ground than fleas on a Chinese conscript! You'll make yourself a ton of hoodle, and have plenty of proper doctoring to do. You'll be able to marry before you're an octogenarian. You'll be able to live in the country and call your soul your own. Can't think why all you young fellows are so set on being specialists; nothing in it but ulcers and income tax."

It was all very well, Martin decided while he watched a filling-station attendant pour gallons of expensive gasoline into the digestive system of his elderly car, but ditching the cherished ambition of six long years in the space of an hour or two took some doing. To hell with the stockbroker belt. Rolls-Royces and tons of hoodle; he wanted to be a consultant neurologist. Furthermore, what the devil did Sir Rudolph, Bessington-Axe-Murderer-Waters mean by casting aspersions on his intellect? "I'm afraid you haven't the brains, dear boy." The cold-blooded presumption, to say that of him, Martin Kennaway, brightest hope of St. Asaph's and holder of the J. Dugdale Purfleet Medal for Clinical Diagnosis!

In his fury he scowled at the filling-station attendant, who recoiled, looking injured, and gave him short change to teach him manners. He then drove on, inwardly boiling, to Haslemere, where he pulled up in front of a well-preserved house of the Queen Anne period whose front door was painted that gentle green color to be found on a pound note. Dog Rudolph was blotto in the back, so Martin left him in the car, got out and pressed the front doorbell button.

DR. CHARLES ARTHUR PORLOCK turned out to be an elongated elderly man with a wing collar and expensive old-fashioned clothes. Although a little thin-lipped and sharp-eyed, he was, however, as smooth as a fluid flywheel and obviously had his bedside manner polished like an old brass plate. "How do you do, Dr. Kennaway," he said in his comfortably furnished study. "Please sit down. How is Sir Rudolph? Will you take a glass of sherry before lunch?"

"Sir Rudolph," Martin replied gravely, "is well, and active, as usual. Thank you, sir, I should like a glass of sherry."

Half an hour later he knew everything. He was also full of sherry and feeling better every minute. There was no doubt that Sir Rudolph's consolation prize looked better upon closer inspection. During a gap in the conversation he mentally recapitulated Dr. Porlock's information. . . . Practice: large, getting larger, with far more private (paying) patients than National Health (not-so-paying) patients. Partners: Dr. Porlock

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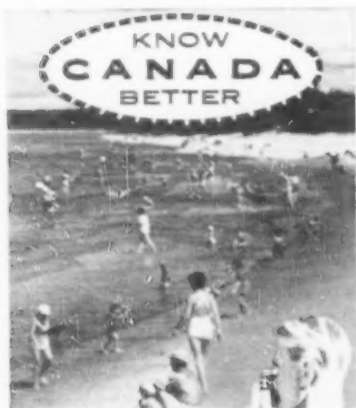
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INSIDE THE RIM OF ADVENTURE!

and one other, both old, getting older. Salary during trial period: generous. Share of the profits, once taken into partnership: satisfactory, becoming downright toothful after a year or two. House: convenient, well-equipped, reputedly comfortable. And so on. Ah! Well! Perhaps old R. B. W., bless him, had been right after all; perhaps his bent *did* lie in general practice.

"A glass of sherry, Dr. Kennaway?" "Yes," Martin said euphorically. "Since I have no livers to cut out this afternoon, ha ha, I think I will, Dr. Porlock. Thank you."

Dr. Porlock did not laugh. He merely poured sherry into Martin's glass with one hand while he pulled the trigger with the other. "Ahem! By the way, just a sordid detail... er... the price we have set upon the house is twelve thousand pounds."

Martin inhaled too deeply on his cigarette and coughed. He rose from his chair and raised his glass of wine to the light. He paced thoughtfully up and down the room twice, and then sat down again as if his legs had been chopped off at the knees.

Dr. Porlock was looking concerned. "A little more than you were expecting?" "Yes," Martin admitted. "A little more."

OUTSIDE, an hour later, having failed to do justice to the lunch Dr. Porlock's housekeeper had provided, Martin morosely opened a tin of Dog Rudolph's iron rations which he kept in the car for emergencies. Since Rudolph's appetite was awe-inspiring, the emergencies were frequent.

After Rudolph had eaten, Martin climbed into his car and started the engine. Fury was still white-hot in his innards. Two encounters with the guillotine in one day, he felt, were more than a man should be asked to sustain. Hopes down, hopes up, visions of wealth, hopes up higher, hopes shattered! Aloud, quietly, but with bitter intensity, he said, "Damn Sir Rudolph Bessington-Waters!" A pulse beat in his temple. He thought of Dr. Porlock and gritted his teeth. Twelve—TWELVE—thousand pounds! For a house worth at the outside six! Malpractice! Chicanery! Daylight robbery! Plunder, pillage, sack and spoliation! The sale of practices had been illegal for ten years, since the passing of the National Health Act. But old Charles Porlock had found a way around—oh yes, trust old Charles Porlock, the emaciated Crippen. He should have known; one glance at the man should have told him! Arrh!

At the end of the street a sign said LONDON in one direction and PETWORTH in the other. Martin caught sight of it and frowned, fury subsiding as something more availing entered his mind. Petworth... Luggamere House.

Aunt Mildred. Aunt Mildred lived graciously not five miles from Petworth in one of England's smaller palaces which she had inherited from her defunct husband who had had noodle enough to make a Texas oilman suck his teeth. Hmm. Twelve thousand. Fifteen hundred a year salary for the first year. Porlock had said, then a guaranteed two thousand, rising to four in three years' time, arithmetic was painful to Martin but he could do it, if pushed. He put his car gently into gear.

Luggamere House was protected by wrought-iron gates so intricately expensive that they resembled crochet work. They stood open. Martin drove bravely through, around the great sweep of the drive, and pulled up gently by the front door, taking the greatest care not to mar the glory of Aunt Mildred's gravel



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which appeared to have been laid, pebble by pebble, by a legion of undergardeners. He got out of the car. Rudolph stuck his huge snout through the open window. Martin hesitated. He looked his dog in the eye. "Rudolph," he said, "I know you have been cooped up for an hour or two. I sympathize with your desire to sniff around. However, this is Aunt Mildred's house. Rudolph. Remember? I'll let you out, pal, but if you put one wrong foot you're for the sausage factory." He opened the door. Rudolph leaped to the ground as lightly as a side of beef falling. "There, there," Martin said, thumping Rudolph in the ribs and consequently making a noise like a war drum, "Good dog, I shan't be long."

SO YOU want to borrow four thousand pounds?" Aunt Mildred queried, striding over the floor of one of her drawing rooms in a way that had always got on Martin's nerves. She was a very stout, short, energetic woman with the manner of a bigoted lay preacher and a face like an earthenware jug.

"Yes, Aunt." "I take it you intend to try to borrow the remainder on a mortgage. That'll cost you... Hmmm..." She scribbled briefly on a pad by the telephone. "That'll cost you six hundred a year, at least," Martin nodded—the thought was agonizing but inevitable. "Paying me back," Aunt Mildred continued, "over ten years, say, and if I am generous enough to forego my interest, will add another four hundred. That makes a clear thousand a year outgoings before you start to live. Can you bear it?"

"I think so," Martin said painfully. "Not the first year, Aunt, but from the second onward, if you'd be prepared to wait. Anyway, I'd like to try."

Aunt Mildred shook her head abruptly. "No."

"No?" "No, Martin, it's not worth it. It would be selling yourself for a mess of pottage, whatever that may mean. You don't belong in a fashionable practice. You are going to be one of our leading specialists. I insist. I am expecting to see you knighted before I die."

"Yes," Martin said sadly. "That's kind of you, Aunt. But the trouble is that Sir Rudolph doesn't think I have the qualities to make a consultant. He could be wrong, but he's the man who matters. I'm in his team, you see. To get into another one I should have to elbow out some other poor devil and spend years climbing up the ladder again. I don't believe you realize how fierce the competition is. Everybody wants to specialize, and without being some bigwig's blue-eyed boy you don't stand a cat's chance. I could go on trying until my beard tickled my knees and never get there."

Aunt Mildred made a peculiar noise with her nose, indicating impatience and disbelief. "Poppycock!"

Martin shrugged.

"Don't shrug at me, Martin!"

Martin started to say something terse, if not rude. He was prevented, because at that moment Rudolph padded into the room, spreading mud and moisture over the Aubusson carpet. He was carrying one of Aunt Mildred's thoroughbred Mandarin ducks in his monstrous chops. The ducks lived on an ornamental lake behind the house and were tame. This one had evidently imagined that Rudolph was about to give it a bun.

Rudolph laid the duck at Martin's feet—a love gift. It was tongue-tied and apprehensive, to say the least, but did not appear to be damaged. In dead silence it made for the open door. Martin seized Rudolph by the collar before he could re-



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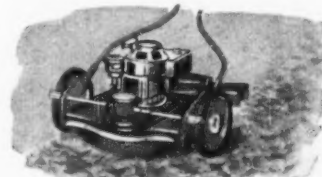
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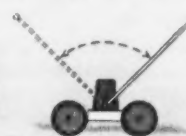
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trieve the bird and gave him a sweeping backhand over the ear, hurting his hand severely.

Aunt Mildred started to scream. "Take that monstrous dog out of my house! Do you hear me, Martin!" She picked up a porcelain ash tray made in Dresden in the shape of a cabbage leaf, threw it at Rudolph, missed, and watched ten pounds' worth of art shatter in the fireplace. "Get out! Both of you! Don't ever bring that abominable animal into my house again. Do you hear me, Martin?"

"Yes, Aunt. We're going. I . . ."

"And let's have no more nonsense about private practice," Aunt Mildred interrupted, raising her voice even higher. "You can tell Sir Rudolph that his judgment is faulty. Do you hear me, Martin? The man's mad, and I don't mind if you tell him I said so. Take that creature AWAY!"

MARTIN reached London in time for tea. Instead of going to a teashop he went to the back door of his local pub and bought a bottle of Scotch out-of-hours. He took the whisky home and

settled down to drink it, and think.

About his future there seemed to remain no doubt. Consultant in neurology? Having looked Sir Rudolph's expensive gift horse in the face? Ha! His laugh was bitter. Explaining to Sir Rudolph Bessington-Waters that one did not possess twelve thousand pounds would be both embarrassing and futile; the old ape's attitude to money, like that of many who could never remember having had none, was frothy. In Sir Rudolph's mind, he would have HAD HIS CHANCE.

And since partnership with Porlock

was out, there remained only general practice by arrangement with the National Health authorities. They would have plenty of practices vacant, but not one of them would be in Haslemere—not in the stockbroker belt, oh dear no. In Lancashire, perhaps; in a grey city where it rained continuously and where the inhabitants' idea of a good meal was cold cow's udder and vinegar. Or in Durham, say, in a mining village where the wind howled through the soot-stained streets like a banshee with an advertising contract from a refrigerator company . . .

Have another drink, Kennaway. Thank you, Martin said to himself. I think I will.

Rudolph, on whom he had eased his bad temper during the drive home, was out. He had slunk away while Martin was garaging the car. Now Martin heard him scratching for admittance at the front door. "You can wait, you great oaf," he bellowed. "And don't forget I haven't paid your license!"

Rudolph continued to scratch and, presently, Martin became aware of another, less familiar noise. He got morosely to his feet and walked out into the hall.

This time Rudolph had brought him a baby.

LIKE the duck, it was apprehensive. Unlike the duck, its vocal chords were not paralyzed by shock. It lay on the mat where Rudolph had deposited it, and bawled.

Martin stared at it. He closed his eyes. He put his hands over his ears and for some time stood very, very still. In the end the citadel of deafness he had created for himself was breached by a loud female voice, high-pitched with indignation. It came from a granite-faced old doll with a large shopping basket who was standing at the bottom of the steps. "Why'n't you pick it up, you big coward? Poor little thing! Don't just stand there with yer fingers in yer ears!"

Martin picked up the baby. It was very young and its blue, tear-filled eyes gazed at him with the most profound and melancholy wisdom. Martin could stand their pitiful accusation for no more than a few seconds. He looked away at the woman on the pavement. "Is it yours?"

"Mine! At my age! Why, you saucy monkey! What do you think I am?"

"Noisy," Martin said, going down the steps and away from the venom of her outrage. Rudolph followed, tail wagging, grinning from ear to ear, smugly convinced that this time he had hit the jackpot. Not a duck, a baby! Simple—once you thought of it . . .

Martin had barely covered thirty yards when he heard the sound of heavily applied brakes and a car door opening. There came a feminine squeal and the patter of feet. He turned to see a deliciously good-looking fair girl in her twenties rushing at him, arms outstretched. At the curb there was a police car, and a fat policeman getting out of it with ponderous self-importance.

The girl snatched the baby from him, pressed its dirty little wet face to her cheek and started crooning to it in German. Martin spoke a little German and he gathered that the baby's name was Johannes.

The policeman was with them. "All right now, ma'am?"

"I don't know!" the girl wailed in English. "How can I know? He may be hurt. He may have internal injuries! Oh, Johannes, my darling, my pet, are you all right?"

Martin said, "I . . . er . . . I think he's all right. I'm a doctor. There's no sign of injury. Besides, Rudolph has a very soft mouth."



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The girl's attention turned abruptly to Rudolph, who was still wagging his tail, but now a little less exuberantly. "That dog!" she shrieked. "That awful man-eating, vicious beast! Shoot it! Shoot it, officer before it eats some more babies."

"Look," Martin said uncomfortably. "I'm sorry, of course, but Rudolph didn't eat your baby. He retrieved him. His mother was a retriever. He is constantly retrieving things. You can't shoot the poor animal just for obeying an instinct."

The policeman decided that it was his turn. "That," he said, "will probably be a matter for the magistrate to decide, sir. In the meanwhile I strongly urge you to keep the animal under better control."

"Yes," Martin said. "I will, I promise." At that moment the radio in the police car muttered urgently. The man in the back seat jerked off his headphones and wound down a window. "George! Quick! Smash-and-grab in Kensington High! Get a move on!"

Two seconds later the policeman—and the police car—had gone.

Martin looked at the girl with the baby. He had Rudolph safely by the collar and a little of the high emotion of the occasion had had time to drain away. A detached, man-of-the-world part of him, having had a good look, muttered internally. "Goodness me, what a dish!" A less detached and very contrite part of him said aloud, "Rudolph is a great fool. I can't apologize enough. However he didn't mean to hurt Johannes. I promise. He's the gentlest and stupidest dog in London, besides being the biggest."

"Yes," the girl said. She was crying. "Please don't cry. It's all over now. Look, my flat's only ten houses away. Bring Johannes and I'll look him over to make quite sure he isn't hurt. I'll give you a cup of tea, too—or some whisky, if it would help." He took her by the arm. She allowed herself to be led in the direction of his flat.

Martin locked Rudolph, upon whom by this time it had dawned that he had not won the jackpot, into the bathroom where the only thing he could retrieve was the soap. He then sat the girl down in an armchair by the fire and gave her a stiff Scotch, taking Johannes from her in exchange. He examined Johannes carefully, finding no sign of injury whatsoever, and then laid the baby on the divan, tucking a rug round him. Johannes started to suck his thumb with great contentment. "Coochy, coochy, coochy," Martin said dutifully, and turned. The girl was still crying. "Please, will you stop crying," he said in a more authoritative tone than he had used before. "Johannes is as right as rain. I've locked Rudolph in the bathroom and there is absolutely nothing to worry about."

"I am not crying about Johannes," the girl said. "I am crying now about me, because I have nowhere to go."

**J**OHANNES had been bathed and fed and put to bed in a crib improvised from a drawer in the spare room. Martin and the girl, who was called Lilli, were eating scrambled eggs and bread and butter out of soup plates in front of the sitting-room fire.

"Then Hugh was killed in a car crash," Lilli was saying. "It did not help that I had no money and was expecting a baby. I can tell you," Martin patted her hand. "I got a job as a sort of housemother in a school for little boys in Hampstead," she went on. "It was nice, but soon I got too fat with Johannes and had to leave. I had Johannes in St. Asaph's Hospital..."

"My hospital," Martin said with his mouth full.

"How so... I never saw you?"

"I am not an obstetrician. St. Asaph's

is a monstrous great warren anyway; you could lose yourself in it for a week."

"Oh, I see... Well, after I left the hospital I could not work because of Johannes, so I started to write songs—I wanted only to save money enough to go back to Austria—but nobody would buy them. They said they were like Strauss and that he was corny. Soon I had no money for the rent. Mrs. Eggar, my landlady, let me stay for a month but then, this afternoon, she locked the door of my room and said she would not let me in again until I had a paper from the Aus-

trian legation to say I would be repatriated. I was so stupid, you know: I had not even known that you could be repatriated without money. I started to walk to the legation but Johannes became very heavy, and we sat on the grass in the park for a rest. It was then that Rudolph came and took him away."

"Poor Lilli," Martin said. "There, there. It's all right now. Rudolph! God give me strength! Do you know what he did only this afternoon..."

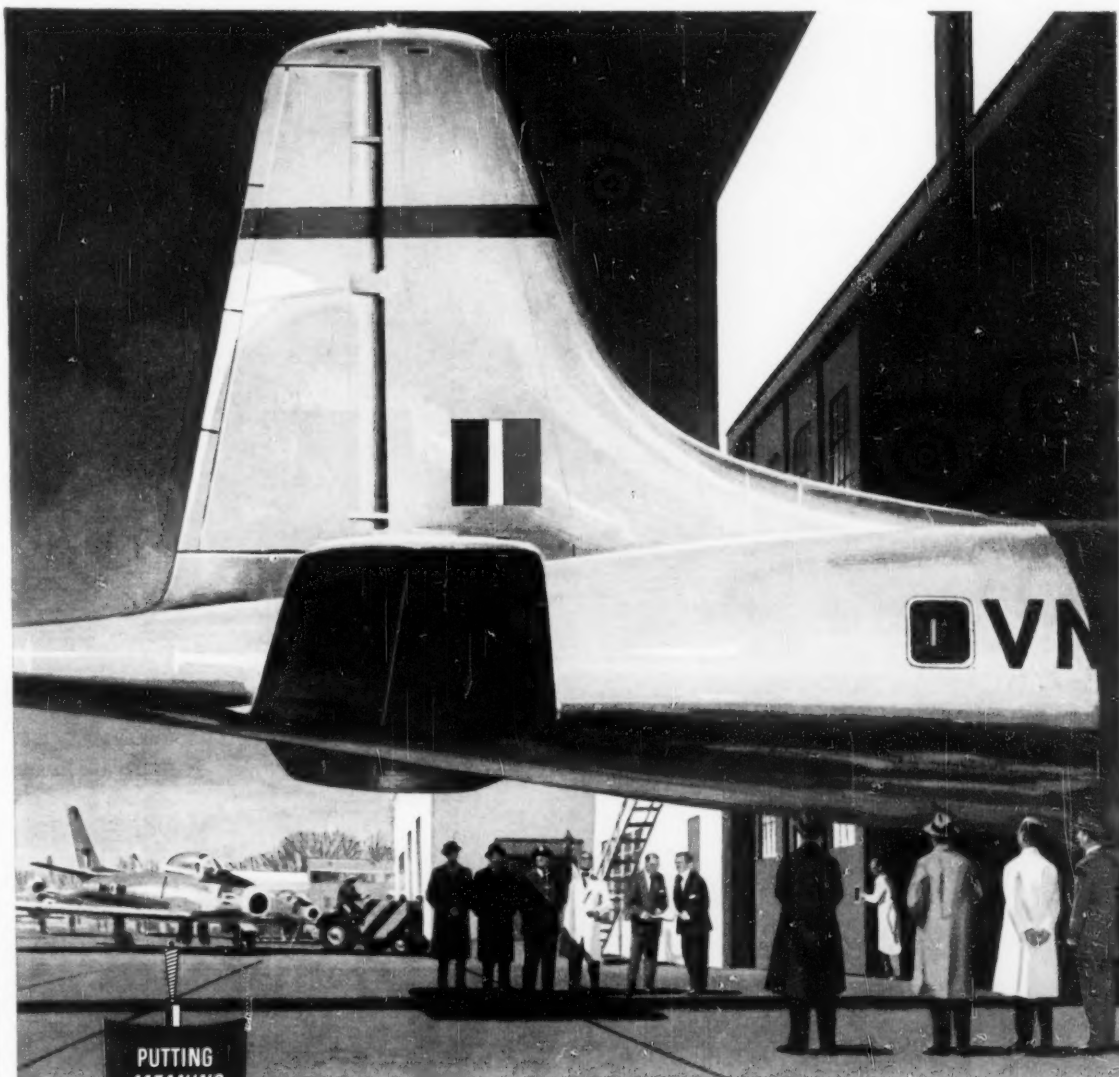
But Lilli had her story to finish. "Of course, I was again so foolish. I just stood

and screamed. I am sure if I had asked Rudolph to give Johannes back to me he would, but I was quite paralyzed, you see, and by the time I was able to move he had gone among the bushes."

"He is accustomed to give his victims a thorough licking to make sure they're sanitary before presenting them to me," Martin explained.

"Ah, so... He is very big."

"He is," said Martin. "He is a great deal too much dog! He costs me thirty bob a week in cat food, believe it or not. I ought to cut his throat."



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"Cat food! Such a dog?" she said. "He ought to be psychoanalyzed—with a cleaver."

"Don't be angry with him, please. I have forgiven him."

"Hmm," Martin muttered. "Do you know what he did this afternoon? . . . Well, I have an Aunt Mildred; she's a tiresome woman, but she has enough scratch to buy an atom bomb . . ."

THE following day was Saturday and, for Martin, a holiday. After breakfast Lilli set off to go to the Austrian legation. Martin bathed, shaved, dressed, with care and slowly because his head had a considerable post-alcoholic fragility, and then settled down in the sitting room with The Times crossword on his knees. At half past ten he remembered a bottle of Bass's ale which he had buried in the shoe-cleaning box for just such an occasion as this and went to fetch it, peeping in at Johannes on the way. Johannes was asleep.

The beer laved his throat with cool deliciousness. He leaned back in his chair, ignoring the crossword puzzle, and realized that he was no longer feeling battered by brute fate. On the contrary, deep down, vaguely in the same place that the lead-petaled flower had bloomed during his interview with Sir Rudolph, he thought he could identify the stirrings of an embryo contentment. He wondered why.

At half past eleven the doorbell rang. It was Aunt Mildred. Martin smiled at her with a sickly hypocritical enthusiasm.

"Good morning, Martin. I'm glad to have caught you. I had meant to leave a note if you had been at the hospital."

"Did you, Aunt?" Martin said warily. "I have the day off—every second Saturday. Won't you come in?"

Aunt Mildred had lent him the furniture with which to furnish the flat, and in the sitting room she glanced round proprietorially in a way that Martin resented. "Did you want to see me about something, Aunt?" His voice was cool.

"I lost control of myself yesterday," she said harshly. "I apologize."

"Oh, that's all right," Martin smiled at her. "I hope the duck has recovered."

"It doesn't appear to have taken any harm . . . I take it you still wish to go into partnership with this man in Haslemere?"

"Ye-es," Martin said.

"I've made enquiries. The practice is lucrative. If there is no hope of your specializing, you had better have it. I shall not lend you the money; I shall give it to you. Save death duties. Ha-ha."

"Aunt!" Martin strove for words. "I . . . I . . ."

"Don't thank me, Martin. Blood ties are blood ties, after all. Now I must be off. I am presiding at the annual general meeting of The Defense of the Unmarried Mother League at twelve o'clock." Aunt Mildred frowned. "I could swear I hear a baby crying."

Martin closed his eyes. It seemed to him that there was a smell in the air, a sort of soggy, metallic scent like the promise of a thunderstorm. He knew what it was—approaching catastrophe. It was becoming familiar.

It was futile to think of lying to Aunt Mildred.

"You do," he said sorrowfully. "I had better go and stun it, or something."

She followed him into the spare room. So did Rudolph, who sat looking at Johannes as if he had made the baby himself with a construction kit. Martin lifted Johannes from his improvised cradle and gave him a finger to suck. Silence crept back to the room on tiptoe.

Aunt Mildred's frown had not gone. "That," she barked, "is a very unhygienic thing to do. As a doctor you should be aware of the danger of microbes."

Martin took his finger out. Johannes howled. "Whose is it?" Aunt Mildred wanted to know, shrieking above the tumult of Johannes' indignation.

From the doorway behind them Lilli said, "It is mine. Please excuse me, he is being fed on demand. It is more modern."

Aunt Mildred went into the sitting room. Martin gave Johannes to Lilli. His mind was clear—as if he were in a fever. "She won't believe us, Lilli," he said. "She'll insist that Johannes has my chin and that will be that. I think it's hardly worth trying to explain. Anyway, give me a quarter of an hour, and when you come in take your cue from what I am saying."

"Oh, Martin, it is not your Aunt Mildred! Oh, I am sorry! What can I do. Tell me, please, what I can do!"

"Nothing," Martin said. "It is my doom. I am becoming injured. Compared with yesterday this is like being tapped on the head with a teaspoon. Hadn't you better give Johannes his lunch before he goes pop?" He went into the sitting room.

Aunt Mildred was staring out of the window. "Well?" she said sorrowfully.

Martin took the plunge. "The baby belongs to Lilli. It has nothing to do with me."

"Then why are you living in sin with

### Case dismissed

You do not have to look so grim. Because you hear me say: "It's him." Let me assure you, as I live, I know IS takes the nominative. I know the grammar, know the cases; But I can't bear the smirking faces Of multitudes who glare at me When I correctly say: "It's he."

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

the girl? Or have you married behind my back?"

"We are not living in sin!" Martin said thickly. "Rudolph retrieved Johannes. He pinched the baby from Lilli while she was sitting in the park and brought him to me. After I had given him back to her I discovered that she was homeless. She's staying with me until she can be repatriated to Austria."

"If you must lie, Martin, you should do so in a less complicated manner."

"I'm not lying! You know perfectly well that Rudolph would try to retrieve a tiger shark if he got the chance. What about your duck?"

"I have no doubt that that was what gave you the idea for this astonishing web of fabrication," Aunt Mildred said calmly. She turned. "Now I have to go to my meeting. With this knowledge in my mind I don't know how I shall be able to face the committee of The Defense of the Unmarried Mother League. I shall not speak to you again, Martin, unless and until you have married the poor creature. And the matter of the money for the Haslemere partnership will also have to remain in abeyance until then. I'm sorry. How very much you take after your father. Good-by."

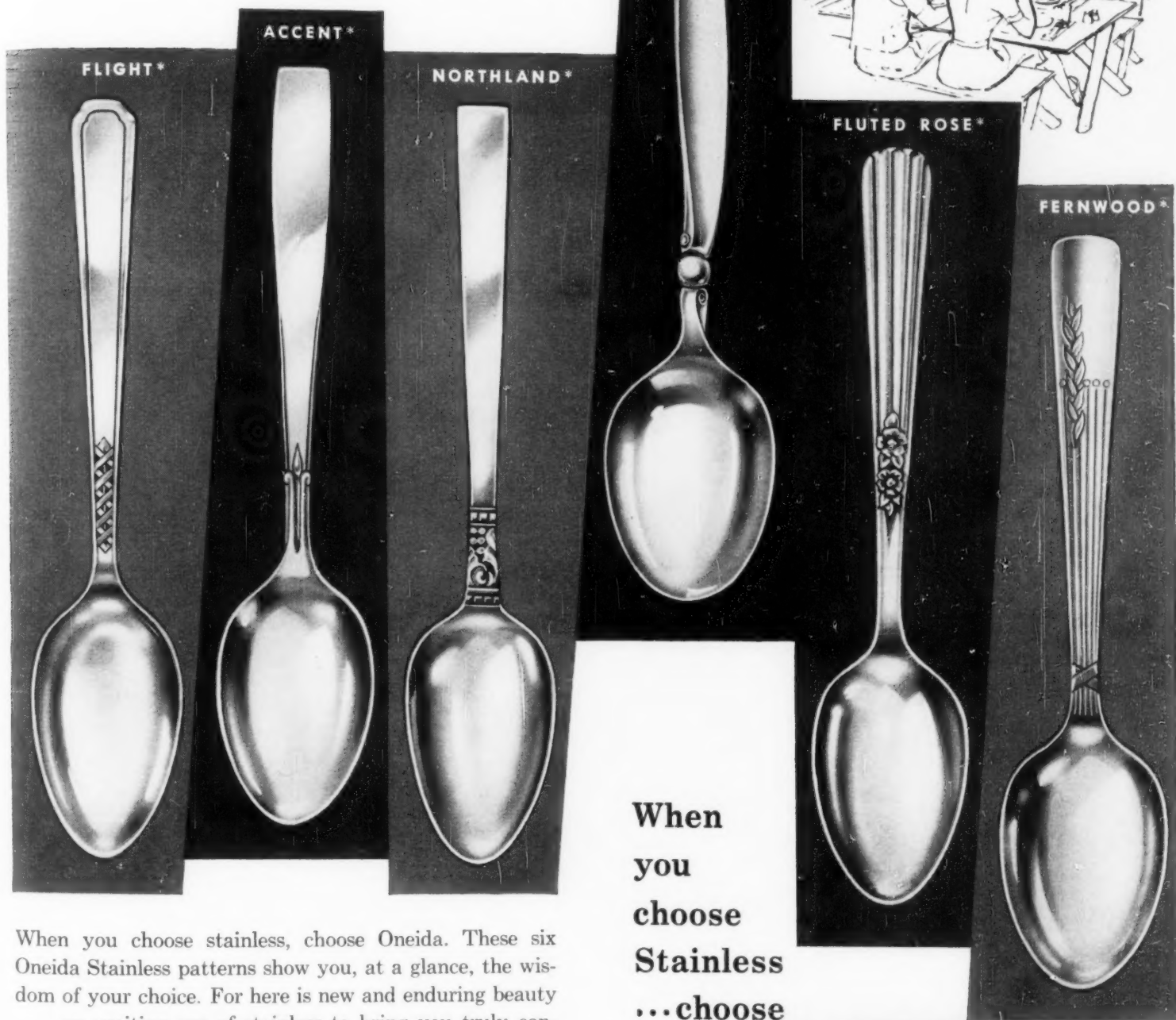
Lilli came to the door of the sitting room when she heard the front door close behind Aunt Mildred. "What happened?"

Martin stopped counting under his breath. He smiled. "She did not believe me."

"Oh, Martin, how terrible! Was she very angry?"

"She pretended to be shocked and heartbroken," Martin said. "I suspect that in fact she was enjoying every minute of it. I am not to be spoken to again unless

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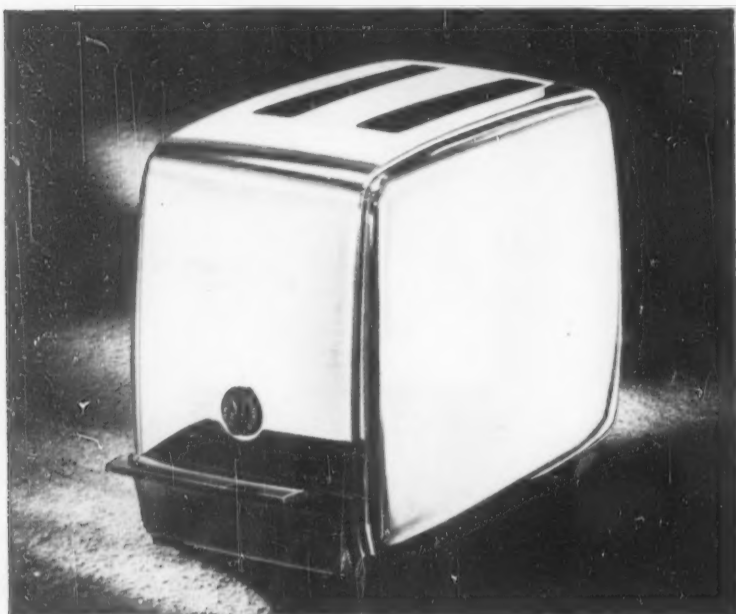
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and until I have married you. Furthermore, just before you came in, she had announced that she was going to give me enough money to put a down payment on the house in the Haslemere practice, but now that's conditional on our getting married, too."

Lilli said slowly, "We must get married. You can divorce me as soon as you are settled in Haslemere. We... we need not live together, need we, if... I mean... you know... It is enough for her that we should be married, not so?"

Martin sat down on the sofa. He leaned back with a cigarette between his lips, unlit, and played with a box of matches. Presently he said, "You know, Lilli, I'm glad this has happened."

"You are! I don't understand."

He sat up and looked at her. "If I had ever laid hands on that money of Aunt Mildred's I should have gone into partnership with Charley Porlock. It would have resembled marriage to a hunting leopard, and I should have spent the rest of my life telling fat ladies that their commonplace symptoms were startlingly significant. Now I can't be tempted. Now it's specialize or bust. You have turned out to be a beautiful blessing in disguise, Lilli darling, and you don't have to marry me if you don't want to."

There was a silence. Lilli took a cigarette, struck a match, lit Martin's cigarette and then her own. She sat down. "If only," she said, "we were in Vienna!"

"Why?"

"Because my father was Ernst Wildermith. Before the war he was the greatest living neurologist. He is dead, but his associate, Johannes Gerdler, is a very close family friend. In Vienna you could work with him. I know he would be delighted. He is like a father to me, you know, and..."

SIR RUDOLPH'S brass plate shone as brightly as ever. Martin walked toward it, wearing his grey suit, his face expressionless. He knocked.

"Ah, Martin! That agranulocytosis in Harker's ward all right? What, dead! Stap me! Poor fellow! Sit down."

"I have had to turn down Dr. Porlock's offer, Sir Rudolph," Martin said.

"Have you now?"

"I am going to get married."

"You're what?"

"She's an Austrian, the daughter of Ernst..."

"I don't care if she's a headhunting Papuan, boy!" Sir Rudolph snorted. "What the devil do you mean by coming in here and telling me in one breath that you've turned Charley Porlock down and in the next that you mean to commit the folly of marrying before you have two halfpence to rub together?"

Martin swallowed. "She is the daughter of Ernst Wildermith," he continued grimly. "Professor Wildermith is dead, but I have arranged to go to Vienna to work with his associate, Johannes Gerdler. My aunt is prepared to support us for two years in Vienna. The point is, when I come back, do you think, sir, that there's a chance of a consultant appointment—or at least another registrarship at one of your hospitals?"

Sir Rudolph had screwed his monocle into his eye. He used the thing rarely in order that its full effect should not be spoiled by familiarity on the part of the victim. Martin clenched his teeth. Sir Rudolph slowly turned his head until he was facing the superb mahogany bookcase in which he kept his standard works. There they were—Wildermith and Gerdler on The Central Nervous System, Wildermith and Gerdler on Neurology, Gerdler on Diseases of the Nervous System, Gerdler on Reflexology. "Hmm," said Sir Rudolph Bessington-Waters. "Hmm. Yes, I see. Well, I don't know, I am never wrong, but I suppose there must be a first time. Perhaps you have got the brain after all."

"Yes, sir."

"Give my respects to Professor Gerdler."

"Yes, sir."

"Write to me from time to time, and come and see me when you come back. We'll see what can be done."

"Yes, sir."

"I should like to meet Miss Wildermith before you go. Could you both dine with me on Thursday, say, at Claridge's at eight o'clock?"

Martin squared his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he said. "We should be delighted."

The monocle came out of Sir Rudolph's eye. He looked at Martin for several seconds, not unkindly, but with grave deliberation. Then he said, "Do you play golf?"

"Yes, Sir Rudolph," Martin said, and he smiled, because he knew now that he would indeed be knighted before he died. ★



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# My birth and death as a Nazi continued from page 34

"As boys we were taught to march and play war . . . this was Hitler's version of Sunday school"

tried to comfort me. "Don't worry," he said, "the Führer has not forgotten us. He will order a counterattack and get us out of here."

But our entire central front in Russia had collapsed, and weary soldiers were

retreating as fast as they could. I could not share this man's childish belief in the Hitler myth any more. "Like hell he will!" I shouted at him. "We are lost. Your Führer does not give a damn about us!"

I was right. Four weeks later we were led into a Soviet prisoner-of-war camp. When I cut the swastika from my uniform I knew that a whole world had come to an end, the only one I had ever known. It was replaced by inner

turmoil and chaos for many years to come.

**Youth is the guarantor of the future!**

HITLER YOUTH SLOGAN

I grew up in a small village in Lower Saxony, situated in the poor agricultural district between Hamburg and Bremen. There the National Socialist movement had hardly any followers before 1933. But in due course every one of the Nazi organizations flourished there. The Hitler Youth was the first and it found spontaneous support.

As a child I had been playing cow-boys and Indians, cops and robbers and all the other games boys play the world over. But the *Jungvolk* offered much finer attractions. For one thing, we had uniforms (perhaps there is an innate liking for uniforms in the German). It consisted of a brown shirt with "real leather buttons," black corduroy shorts, a black cap and tie. Colored lanyards distinguished our leaders from the rest, and arm patches showed what tests we had passed.

We met twice a week. I enjoyed these meetings. Marching like soldiers, learning new songs, climbing trees and playing soccer—what boy wouldn't like that? At times we played war against a group from a neighboring village. The task was to "kill" as many of the enemy as possible, by tearing a wool thread from the opponent's wrist.

One of the rooms in our public school had been made into a "Hitler Youth Home," and here we were taught by boys hardly older than ourselves. We heard about the Führer (who said of himself that he had been "a little gang leader" as a boy), about the marvelous things the National Socialists were going to do for Germany, and about the "reactionaries" (nobody quite knew what they were) who stood in the way of progress and betterment.

Looking back at these lessons now, I can see that they contained all the features of Nazi ideology—of race supremacy, complete subordination of the individual under the power of the state, of imperialistic ambitions and of the brutal suppression of everything non-Nazi and "non-Nordic." But the Nazi dogma was presented to us in bites, never too big to swallow, and therefore we swallowed it. This was a dictator's version of a Sunday school.

At fourteen I joined the real Hitler Youth. The war had begun and now much more stress was put not only on the political side of our education, but on the military as well. We still "played," but now we learned how to throw hand grenades and handle rifles. Similar training was given to us in the *Reichsarbeitsdienst*, the semimilitary labor service into which I was drafted for six months at seventeen. We were well trained when the time came for us to join the army.

**Everyone in Germany is a National Socialist. The few outside the party are either lunatics or idiots.**

ADOLF HITLER

As long as dictators cannot bottle-breed their subjects—as in Huxley's *Brave New World*—they will always find human nature their main obstacle. It is impossible to turn people into a



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really homogeneous mass; there are many important sectors of a person's life into which the arm of the authoritarian machine cannot reach, powerful as it may be.

I am indebted to several factors that my mind did not come completely and permanently under the spell of Nazi ideology. My country background, my parents' home, my schools, my life in the army—these are the most important.

Our village is well over a thousand years old. It has its set ways, its traditions and customs. Yet it unhesitatingly accepted Nazism. I ascribe this to a certain lethargy on the part of our farmers, to their hope that Nazism could be lived with if only this strong and determined man Hitler gave them the better life he promised.

And life *did* become better for the majority of Germans during the first years. One must not forget that, to understand why the Nazis had such a firm grip over the Germans when later they revealed the true ambitions of their movement. By 1934 swastika flags were flying from almost every farmhouse on public holidays, and nobody had forced the farmers to hoist them.

Only a few of our people became Nazi fanatics; all the rest were fellow-travelers who never realized that through their uncritical acceptance of the dictatorship they were turned into its willing tools. Our shoemaker became leader of the storm troopers. (Today he is president of the village sports club.) Our schoolmaster, formerly head of the small group of Social Democrats in our village, became the local Nazi party leader. (He was jailed for a year after 1945. Today he teaches again and is a supporter of one of the coalition parties of the Adenauer government.)

But in spite of the intensity of this local organization I was never as strongly exposed to the full force of Nazi brainwashing as, say, a youth in a workers' district of Berlin or the Ruhr. By the time a decree of the ministry for public enlightenment and propaganda in Berlin had reached our village, it had been watered down considerably.

In some ways the Nazi movement in our community reminds me of comic opera. The farmers were used to having their beer in the local pub in the evenings. After they had joined the storm troopers, they continued to meet in the pub, the only difference now being that on certain nights they wore brown shirts. Since there was hardly a house from which some relative had not gone to the United States, the inn was decorated with a large picture of the Statue of Liberty. This picture remained on the wall throughout the war. Nobody saw any reason for removing it.

The only "enemy of the state" we had was our butcher. He had been a member of the isolationist and royalist Hanoverian Party, and he was not prepared to budge. On official holidays he would put out the old Hanoverian flag instead of the swastika. It was not until the war had started that his friends were able to convince him that it was dangerous for him to do so.

He was as stubbornly independent about adopting the Nazi greeting—raising the right arm and saying, "Heil Hitler!" Everybody accepted it, save the butcher. To "educate this sorehead" was one of the tasks of our Hitler Youth group. Whenever we passed him we would shout a loud "Heil Hitler!" Always he replied, "Good day." When I returned to Germany in 1948 I met him again, and I was ashamed: only then could I see how much character and courage this man had shown.

My father, coming from a family that

had provided forest engineers for the Prussian government for eight generations, was nationalist. His switching over to the Nazi movement is illustrative of the way in which Hitler was able to force the support of the large nationalist element.

At first my father did not want to have anything to do with the Brownshirts. But one day he was "advised" by his superiors that he'd better associate with one of the Nazi organizations. He picked the least conspicuous, the National Socialist People's Welfare. Then one day he re-

ceived a letter from the party, informing him that "in recognition of his valuable services" to the welfare organization he was now offered the privilege of a party membership. He did not dare to decline it, of course.

*Intellectual activity is a danger to the building of character.*

DR. GOEBBELS

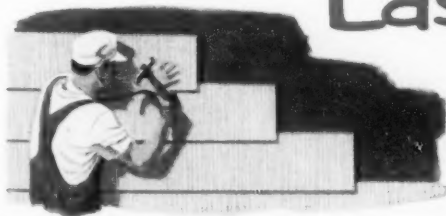
My parents' home did a lot to give me at least a glimpse of another world outside the Nazi orbit. There was the Jewish

question, for one thing. I was constantly exposed to anti-Jewish propaganda, but mother's best childhood friend had been a Jewish girl. How could all Jews be "bad" then?

Even though a party member, my father stayed away from Nazi rallies as much as he could, and I learned from him to become somewhat of an outsider myself. The weekly routine of Hitler Youth meetings became boring to me when I grew older, and often I stayed away. This didn't always go unnoticed. One day two boys on their way to a

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The director of our school was arrested for having relations with friends abroad which were "incompatible with his position as an educator of German youth," and a successor was appointed. But he too was anti-Russian and immediately started a campaign questioning the armed forces. Then, the war will let us see enough for ourselves of how to get the fair share," he said. He was dubious of what would happen if the Germans should win the war. "We will be administrative officers at some remote part of Russia or Poland for the next twenty years," he predicted. The odds he took were great for the Russians but these were dangerous during the war.

"I am not out of the dangers that prevented me from becoming a complete thoughtless and soulless man of dictatorship and that later laid the foundation for a new national, this appears to be an attempt at whitewashing myself politically. I have no intention of doing this since it is my contention that everybody who was a child at the beginning of the Hitler regime could not help becoming anything else but a Nazi. It only one possible worst case, there is not much choice.

What sort of a youth was I when the war was well under way and I was about to be drafted? Since I was not too much blessed with students' virtues (never excelled as a Hitler Youth leader, the normal thing to be for a boy who went to high school, New being very good at athletics, which were stressed in the Hitler Youth as well as at school, I developed a strong dislike for mass sports and mass activities in general.

\*The man who was born white\*

The fact that I did not look like a Nordic supernum also gave me the feeling of being second-class. But there came a day I was glad I failed to measure up to the ideal. That was when some SS came to look for volunteers among our Hitler Youth formations. We were lined up in the market square and the officers passed down rows after rows, looking everyone straight in the eye, presumably searching for some "Nordic gleam." A young man with dark curly hair, grey eyes and a bent nose, I wasn't even considered. I hadn't yet developed the distance for the SS that later on I shared with the rest of the regular army, but I remember I was happy not to be among the "chosen few."

Five youngsters were picked and after some bullying they "voluntarily" gave two of them returned from the war. One of them is blind, the other lame and active in New-Fascist activities.

But even without receiving the "last poison" of an SS indoctrination, the picture of the world was distorted enough: Hitler was the kingpin of our universe, a chosen man who wanted to do nothing but good for the German people and could not err or fail. He had godlike qualities, and it was only the "small Führers" who made mistakes. "Only the Führer knew about them," people sighed, but Hitler himself was available

To us it was clear that there was no people quite as good and able as the Germans. But not even all Germans were equal. The Nazi Old Guard (party members who had joined before 1933) were better than the others, and some of the Germans living in Eastern Europe, who were naturalized during the war, became "Germans, Group 3" because they had Polish grandfathers or Russian grandmothers.

Outside the country we looked for friends among the other German boys, and the British we regarded as foes.

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enemies. The fact that Hitler always admired the British and hoped to come to an understanding with them was clearly reflected in our history books. Those books were rapidly changed after the war began, and by 1940 my brother and I played a popular game called Bombing England. It consisted of a piece of cardboard with the map of Great Britain on it. The cities were marked by holes into which small plastic "bombs" had to be dropped. You scored a hundred points for hitting London and fewer points for the smaller cities.

The French were decadent, we believed, and the Slavs inferior, while the Jews were considered outright evil. On the Jews everything sinister and bad was pinned. We had two Jewish families in our town who, with the help of friends, escaped to England, but not before even in our remote community a fanatic mob had smashed their belongings and ruined their homes.

We knew that concentration camps existed into which the incurable enemies of the new order were being put. But since the camps were the least advertised of Nazi achievements, I never learned about the cruelties committed there until after the war. Only once did I meet an SS soldier in Russia who had been stationed in one of these camps. "We have a large consumption of human working material in those camps" was all he was prepared to tell me about them.

Long before 1939 people in Germany were scared of another war. But our youths were taught that war was a natural thing. Considerable war enthusiasm had thus been created. It lessened, however, as more and more battles were lost. My best school friend despaired. "There is only one thing left for me—to sacrifice myself for the Führer" he wrote me in early 1944. Two weeks later he was killed in action. But the majority of us had turned into bitter cynics by that time. "Better an end in horror than horror without end" we said about the war that would not end.

Many of the novelties Nazi education introduced remained fragmentary because of the war—among them the attempts to make it honorable for a German girl "to present the Führer with a child" (an illegitimate one), to make it almost compulsory for every family to have at least three children, and to introduce a new "German religion" on a large scale.

How much my own morals had become warped under the lulling fog of propaganda is demonstrated to me now when I remember the day the first Russian prisoners arrived in our town to be led to a nearby camp. As soon as the doors of their boxcars were opened, half-starved men emerged and, in their desperation to find something to eat, they even collected the grass from the ground. Some were dead on arrival; others collapsed and died during the march to the compounds. A truck collected the corpses.

My reaction to seeing that? I knew perfectly well that this sort of treatment was inhuman and cruel. Yet I seemed paralyzed to raise any real protest within myself. I had been told too often that the Russians were our most-hated enemies, that they were subhuman. When four years later I found myself in a similar condition of starvation in a Soviet POW

camp, I knew better and learned to admire the kindness and charity of the Russians, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and—last but not least—the Jewish people who saved many of us by giving us from the little food they had for themselves.

**The enthusiasm — once stopped — cannot be aroused again if desired.**

ADOLF HITLER

A book put out by "German anti-Fascists in Canada" during the war, advised that only extreme shock would rid the

German youth of its stubborn adherence to Nazi ideology. This shock treatment began for me as soon as I was drafted into the army. For four months I was trained to be a Morse-code operator, and then I was sent off to Russia.

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meeting came by to pick me up. Mother told them I was sick. They replied, "He may be sick, but the Führer certainly will not like it if he does not come to our meetings!"

Looking back, I find that for me school—the "second column in the edifice of National Socialist youth education"—was amazingly liberal. At least, it was as free as it could be under the circumstances. I attended high school in Bremerhaven, and this town—and my teachers—seemed to have inherited much of the coolness toward Hitler for which Bre-

men, its mother city, was famous. Bremen was the only German city Hitler had vowed never to visit for a second time. On his first visit the Hitler Youth had been ordered to form the customary "living rope" to keep back the cheering crowds. But when Hitler arrived there were no crowds. Being ignored like that doesn't go over well with a vain dictator.

The majority of our teachers were non-Nazi. Many of them had been living abroad for a number of years, and they saw to it that our outlook on the world was widened beyond the state-prescribed

limits. They familiarized us with every "outcast" in science and the arts. We would be told, for instance, that a man like Spengler was "undesirable" now, but ... And then they would explain to us in detail what his thoughts and teachings had been.

The same applied to Heine, the poet, who was outlawed because he had been a Jew. We read most of his works after we found copies of his writings on a remote shelf in an old bookstore in Bremerhaven. Since we knew that the old bookseller would not be able to sell them

to us at any price, we stole them.

The director of our school was arrested for having relations with friends abroad which were "incompatible with his position as an educator of German youth," and a successor was appointed. But he too was anti-Nazi, and constantly warned us against volunteering for the armed forces: "Boys, the war will last long enough for everyone of you to get his fair share!" He also was dubious of what would happen if the Germans should win the war. "You will be administrative officers in some remote part of Russia or Poland for the next twenty years," he predicted. The risks he took were great, for statements like these were dangerous during the war.

Trying to sort out the factors that prevented me from becoming a completely thoughtless and soulless tool of dictatorship, and that later laid the foundation for a new outlook, may appear to be an attempt at whitewashing myself politically. I have no intention of doing this since it's my contention that everybody who was a child of the beginning of the Hitler regime could not help becoming anything else but a Nazi. If only one possible world exists, there is not much choice.

What sort of a youth was I when the war was well under way and I was about to be drafted? Since I was not too much blessed with soldierly virtues I never excelled as a Hitler Youth leader, the normal thing to be for a boy who went to high school. Not being very good at athletics, which were stressed in the Hitler Youth as well as in school, I developed a strong dislike for mass sports and mass activities in general.

#### "The man who was never wrong"

The fact that I did not look like a Nordic superman also gave me the feeling of being second-class. But there came a day I was glad I failed to measure up to the ideal. That was when some SS came to look for volunteers among our Hitler Youth formations. We were lined up in the market square and the officers passed down rank after rank, looking everyone straight in the eye, presumably searching for some "Nordic gleam." A young man with dark curly hair, grey eyes and a bent nose, I wasn't even considered. I hadn't yet developed the distaste for the SS that later on I shared with the rest of the regular army but, I remember, I was happy not to be among the "chosen few."

Five youngsters were picked, and after some bullying they "volunteered." Only two of them returned from the war. One of them is blind, the other unharmed and active in Neo-Fascist activities.

But even without receiving this "last polish" of an SS indoctrination, my picture of the world was distorted enough: Hitler was the kingpin of our universe, a chosen man who wanted to do nothing but good for the German people and could not err or fail. He had godlike qualities, and it was only the "small Führers" who made mistakes. "If only the Führer knew about them!" people sighed, but Hitler himself was unassailable.

To us it was clear that there were no people quite as good and able as the Germans. But not even all Germans were equal. The Nazi Old Guard (party members who had joined before 1933) were better than the others, and some of the Germans living in Eastern Europe who were naturalized during the war only became "Germans, Group 3" because they had Polish grandfathers or Russian grandmothers.

Outside the country we looked for friends among the other Germanic races, and the British we regarded as close

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ousins. The fact that Hitler always admired the British and hoped to come to an understanding with them was clearly reflected in our history books. Those books were rapidly changed after the war began, and by 1940 my brother and I played a popular game called Bombing England. It consisted of a piece of cardboard with the map of Great Britain on it. The cities were marked by holes into which small plastic "bombs" had to be slipped. You scored a hundred points for hitting London and fewer points for the smaller cities.

The French were decadent, we believed, and the Slavs inferior, while the Jews were considered outright evil. On the Jews everything sinister and bad was pinned. We had two Jewish families in our town who, with the help of friends, escaped to England, but not before even in our remote community a fanatic mob had smashed their belongings and ruined their homes.

We knew that concentration camps existed into which the incurable enemies of the new order were being put. But since the camps were the least advertised of Nazi achievements, I never learned about the cruelties committed there until after the war. Only once did I meet an SS soldier in Russia who had been stationed in one of these camps. "We have a large consumption of human working material in those camps" was all he was prepared to tell me about them.

Long before 1939 people in Germany were scared of another war. But our youths were taught that war was a natural thing. Considerable war enthusiasm had thus been created. It lessened, however, as more and more battles were lost. My best school friend despaired. "There is only one thing left for me—to sacrifice myself for the Führer," he wrote me in early 1944. Two weeks later he was killed in action. But the majority of us had turned into bitter cynics by that time. "Better an end in horror than horror without end" we said about the war that would not end.

Many of the novelties Nazi education introduced remained fragmentary because of the war—among them the attempts to make it honorable for a German girl "to present the Führer with a child" (an illegitimate one), to make it almost compulsory for every family to have at least three children, and to introduce a new "German religion" on a large scale.

How much my own morals had become warped under the lulling fog of propaganda is demonstrated to me now when I remember the day the first Russian prisoners arrived in our town to be led to a nearby camp. As soon as the doors of their boxcars were opened, half-starved men emerged and, in their desperation to find something to eat, they even collected the grass from the ground. Some were dead on arrival; others collapsed and died during the march to the compounds. A truck collected the corpses.

My reaction to seeing that? I knew perfectly well that this sort of treatment was inhuman and cruel. Yet I seemed paralyzed to raise any real protest within myself. I had been told too often that the Russians were our most-hated enemies, that they were subhuman. When four years later I found myself in a similar condition of starvation in a Soviet POW

camp, I knew better and learned to admire the kindness and charity of the Russians, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and—last but not least—the Jewish people who saved many of us by giving us from the little food they had for themselves.

**The enthusiasm — once stopped — cannot be aroused again if desired.**

ADOLF HITLER

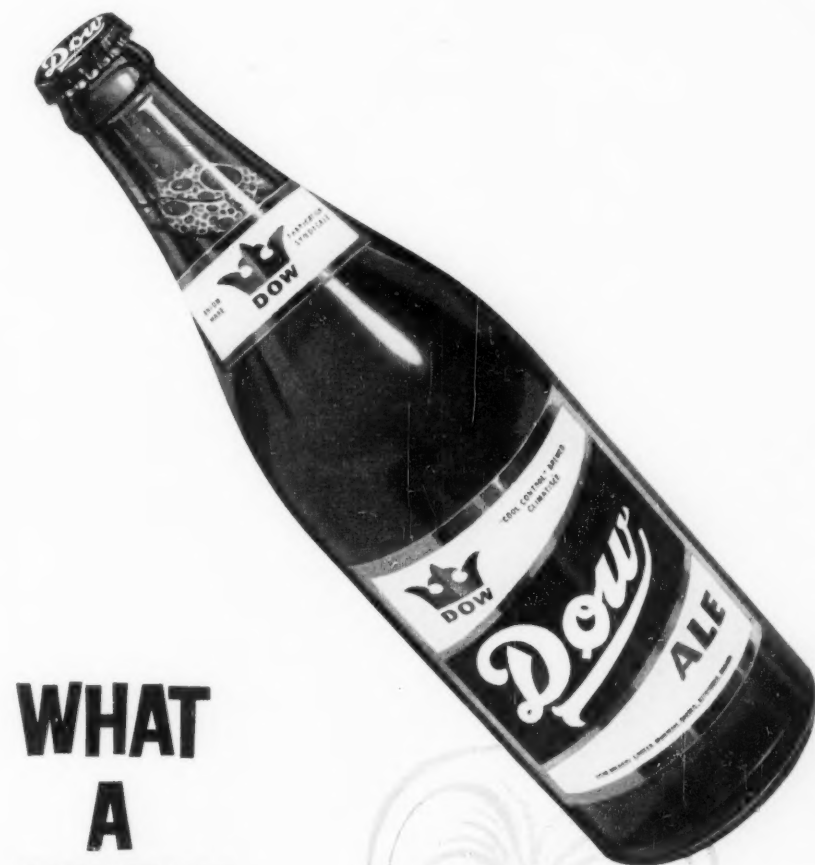
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A  
WHALE  
OF AN  
ALE!**

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Its Goodness Never Varies

ber was the propaganda leaflets the Russians were shooting over to us. They were invitations to surrender: "A thousand lovely legs are waiting for you! And bring the cover of your eating kit—we serve pudding after every meal!"

If my year and a quarter as a soldier in Russia provided some shock treatment, the four and a half years I spent as a prisoner of war did much more so. I spent this time in the camps in Lithuania and the Ukraine in a constant numbness of mind. My main concerns day after day were how to get enough to eat and if and when I would be sent home.

When the doors of our prison closed behind us in August 1944, the war was not over yet. But we knew that Germany and Hitler were doomed. An anti-Nazi group of our own captured generals urged us to prepare ourselves for a new democratic Germany, but it later turned out that their idea of democracy was nothing but thinly disguised Communism.

The treatment we received and the things we observed did not encourage us to become followers of still another authoritarian idea. One morning while waiting for our breakfast (thin cabbage soup and a piece of bread), we noticed that a new slogan had been painted on the wall: "The Soviet Union—the Paradise of the Workers and Peasants!" That same day, while working at the railroad station, we witnessed the deportation of several truckloads of Lithuanian peasants. They arrived, kneeling on an open truck, their heads shorn, their faces frightened. A Soviet soldier guarded them with a Tommy gun. They were forced to kneel again on the pavement until they were shoved into boxcars and the doors locked behind them.

After having had pneumonia twice and suffering from the effects of malnutrition, a "medical examination" (consisting of feeling the fat left on my ribs) established that I was unable to work. In addition I was suspected of having tuberculosis, and my release was ordered in October 1948.

On our way through East Germany flabby-faced Communist officials greeted us with long speeches, praising the blessings of the new regime. But in the streets we saw that shops advertised "artificial bean-soup powder" and saccharin, and we realized that the people here were again in the grip of another mind-conditioning machine.

Crossing over into West Germany was a dramatic moment. We passed the last Red Army soldier on whose booth we read for the last time the omnipresent slogan "Glory be to the Great Stalin," and then we saw a British guard and the Union Jack flying above him. Salvation Army workers gave us the first sandwiches and cocoa we had had in years. There were priests and welfare workers to greet us. Automobiles brought us into the camp in Friedland, where Bing Crosby (over the loudspeaker) greeted us with "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine!"

"Do you realize what all this means?" I asked my friend. "Now we are free and we can say and do what we want!" We tried hard to keep back tears.

But these happy moments were not the real homecoming of the young Nazi who had gone out to conquer the world for his Führer. That began when I attempted to build a new world for myself in which to live and to believe. As I stood in the small railway station of our town, hardly anybody recognized me in my worn-out Russian uniform coat and my canvas-covered wooden-soled shoes. I felt like an empty shell, spit out by the war. I was twenty-three; my profession: pupil.

Life had returned to normal. There

still were the scars of the war, but the signs of a new prosperity already became apparent. I was looked after by welfare organizations and physicians, but nobody could do anything to cure the deep confusion in my mind. For years I refused to read or talk about politics and war.

*Everything that you are you are through me and everything that I am I am through you.*

ADOLF HITLER TO HIS OLD GUARD

At the Nuremberg trials Baldur von

Schirach, the supreme leader of the Hitler Youth, had declared that he was sorry he had misled the German youth. He got a prison term, but that did not straighten out the German youth again. In our town and village democracy seemed to have been accepted with the same eagerness with which Nazism had been embraced earlier. Parties of different leanings were active—Social Democrats, the Hanoverians, Christian Democrats. I wondered where they had been between 1933 and 1945.

There also were the Neo-Fascists. I went to some of their rallies to cover

## We asked...

"Is appreciation of Rock and Roll on the part of teen-agers better than no music appreciation at all?"

## They answered...



**Mart Kenney**—"... There is nothing new about Rock and Roll. It is just overexaggerated simplification; more or less hillbilly music with a Dixie beat. But like any primitive music... it can build up some mass hysteria, which, mixed with the exuberance of youth, can sometimes cause a few extremists to spoil it for the many. A few years ago everyone was puzzled

because all the young girls squealed every time Frank Sinatra opened his mouth, but like the swing era and the jazz age before it, no lasting harm seems to have been done. The same youngsters who are the Rock and Roll fans today will soon reach the sophisticated age, and their music tastes will change accordingly. Therefore I believe appreciation of Rock and Roll on the part of teen-agers is better than no music appreciation at all."



**Jackie Rae**—"I feel very positive that an appreciation of Rock and Roll is not... harmful... The rhythmic pattern is simple, energetic and not misused by teen-agers, but rather by some performers. For teen-agers to become interested in a music form is not new when one recalls Boogie Woogie, Shuffle Rhythm and indeed the Charleston beat. I feel strongly that teen-agers

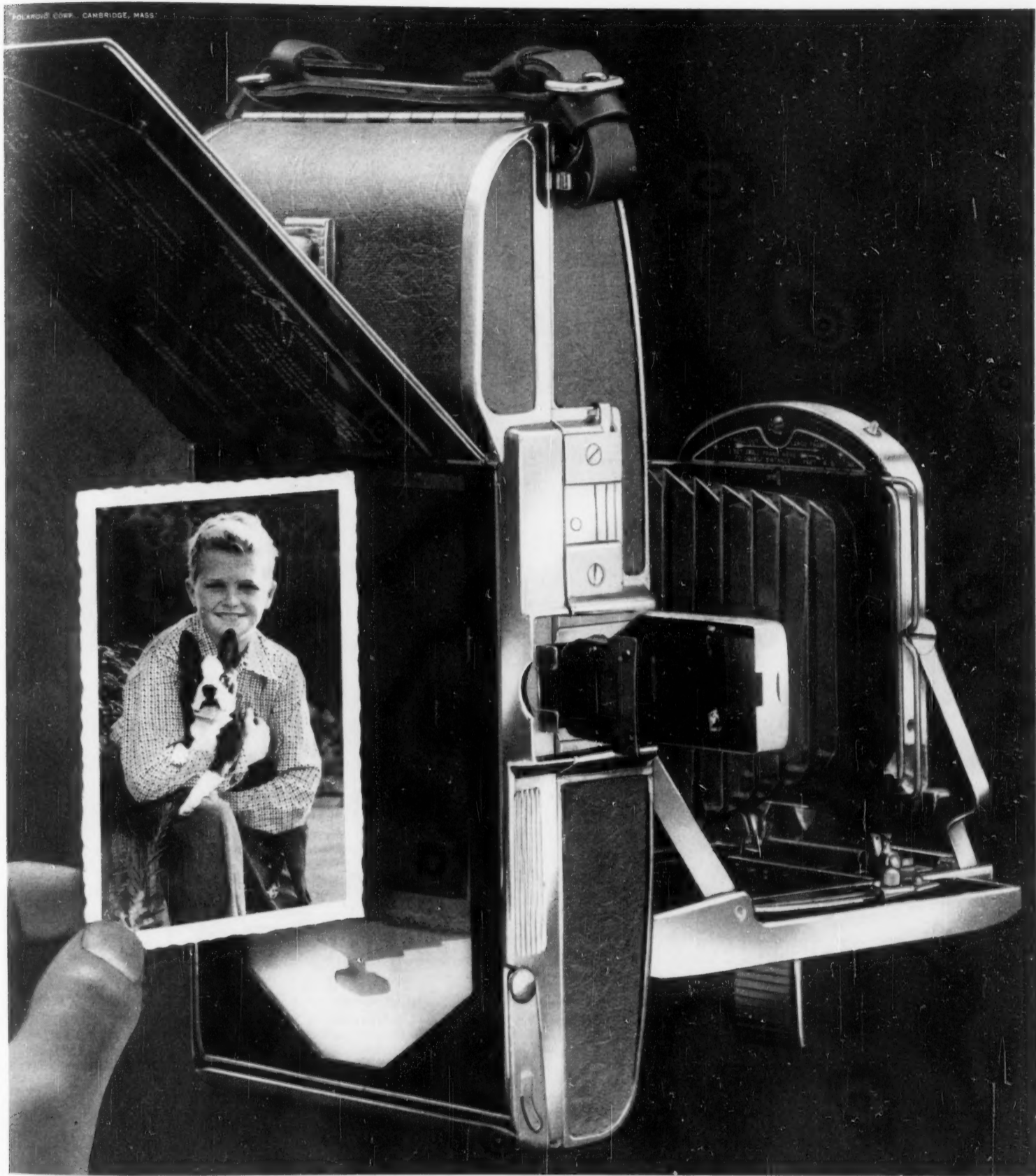
should not be criticized for their musical preferences. If they were in a position to conduct surveys they might reword your question like this: 'Is an appreciation of Liberace, Lawrence Welk and Guy Lombardo on the part of adults better than no music appreciation at all?'"



**Frank Tumpane**—"If reading the prose on cereal packages is better than not reading at all; if looking at the art on billboards is better than not looking at art at all, then I suppose that listening to Rock and Roll is better than not listening to anything. The hope would be that the Rock and Roll fans would progress to something better. But musicians—both jazz and

classical—say that Rock and Roll is musical garbage. It is difficult to see how musical appreciation could ever be nurtured on a steady diet of musical garbage."

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the events for the small newspaper I had begun to work for. It all looked so familiar. There were the flags, the brass bands, the rousing speeches in which fortitude of voice replaced logic, and the *Saalgrüner* with their Führer-you-command-and-we'll-follow faces, ready to bounce anybody who dared to have an opinion of his own. They only wanted to pick the good features of National Socialism, they proclaimed. I was glad to see that the German voters did not give them a chance to pick at all.

I never was "democratized" in an organized way. My re-education and re-orientation came about very slowly and gradually. In postwar Germany there was a chance now to read widely, to listen to people with opposing views, to observe the mechanism of a democratic state at work. And this new shaping of my mind was continued after I came to Canada in 1951.

Around 1953 it was demonstrated to me how deep-reaching a dictatorial education really is. I never saw Hitler in person, but his picture had always been around. As in Orwell's 1984, the "Big Brother" had always been "watching me," from the walls of railway stations, from advertising posters, from books and propaganda leaflets. At a time when I was firmly convinced that Hitler and his movement had long been discarded by me, I saw his picture in a Canadian magazine. I was surprised that only now—for the first time—I was able to look at the picture of this man as I would look at the photograph of any other person. Even though he was not "my Führer" any more, I must—in my subconscious—still have considered him somebody extraordinary and special.

With my neighbors I was recently leafing through a book of quotations from Nazi leaders. It contained such presumptions as:

Hitler is lonely. So is God. Hitler is like God.—Dr. Frank, Nazi minister of justice;

and such silliness as:

Proper breathing is a means of acquiring heroic national mentality. The art of breathing was formerly characteristic of true Aryanism and known to all Aryan leaders... Let the people again practice the old Aryan wisdom.—*Weltpolitische Rundschau*, Berlin;

and:

The rabbit, it is certain, is no German animal, if only for its painful timidity. It is an immigrant who enjoys a guest's privilege. As for the lion, one sees in him indisputably German fundamental characteristics. Thus one could call him a German abroad.—General Lüdendorff.

The neighbor interrupted at one point. Looking at me doubtfully, she said, "Did you really believe things like these?" "Of course," I had to answer, but it seemed very strange to me that I ever really had.

Sometimes I am frightened when I think what product might have evolved if my brainwashing had been more high-pressured than it was. My classmate, who served in the SS, still believes that a Fascist dictatorship is an ideal world to live in, and he is busy trying to establish a new one.

The scars the past has left on me are an extreme scepticism, the rejection of any pressure on my mind (even if only exercised by an innocent vacuum-cleaner salesman) and a suspicion of all group and mass activities (even of a company outing). There is also a lot of cynicism in me now, and secretly I envy people who can still trustingly believe in persons or causes without having to subject them to a painstaking questioning and testing. But even that is a small price to pay for having escaped from permanent mental enslavement or even mental annihilation. ★



#### Blair Fraser reports from China

Continued from page 20

**"Chiang's spy reports are useless. His officers will manufacture them to suit their own purpose"**

the intelligence system operated by Chiang Kai-shek from Formosa.

Chiang's intelligence reports are worthless, because his officers will distort and even manufacture information to suit their purposes. Not long ago a Canadian official paid a routine visit to Formosa. He did not talk to reporters, only to government spokesmen. Much of what he said in these private conversations, and several fantastic statements he had never uttered to anyone, appeared in the official press and were relayed back to Canada. These were stories that could be checked and denied. It is easy to imagine what the Kuomintang would do with "secret" information from its own sources.

As for the refugees, it is a historical fact that an emigré's account of the country he has fled is oftener wrong than right, and should be accepted with reservations.

There are exceptions like Hungary, where two percent of the population ran away in a few weeks for reasons that need not be doubted. Chinese refugees in eight years total about six hundred thousand, one tenth of one percent of the people of China.

The press is the best source, and it does contain much information concealed from the visitor, for example, of food shortages that don't appear in show-window areas like Peking and Shanghai. But news taken out of the context of daily life can be misleading. Westerners who live in China read the same papers as do the experts in Hong Kong, and their conclusions are less sanguine.

The truth is that none of us knows the truth about Red China. All anyone can do, in trying to choose among the Six Blind Men and their varying reports, is to pick the one most in harmony with

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common sense and with the known facts about the beast they are trying to describe.

One known fact is that Chiang Kai-shek's government was a failure. The Chinese have not forgotten the nightmare of political and economic anarchy into which his rule dissolved.

"No one here has any loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek," said a Roman Catholic priest in Shanghai. "People may oppose the present regime, some because they have lost money and some for reasons of faith. But their wish is to have the Communists out, not the Kuomintang back."

Roman Catholics, who number half of one percent of all Chinese, seem to be the only people who oppose the government for reasons of principle, and even they are divided on the question. It may be instructive to recall that this is not the first time Roman Catholics have met the same dilemma with the same divergent reactions. In the time of Queen Elizabeth I, some Catholics felt their religion forbade them to accept a heretic sovereign, and obliged them instead to conspire on behalf of Mary Queen of Scots or even Philip of Spain. Other English Catholics thought they owed their secular loyalty to the Queen, and took ship to help destroy the Invincible Armada.

The rest of the opposition in Communist China appears to be the merely disgruntled—people who once owned factories or farms or shops, or who once had good jobs with foreign companies. Even when the disgruntled outnumber the grunted (and there's no reason to think they do in China) they are no great threat to a well-established government. The government of China is well established.

But many who agree that the Communists are securely in power believe they are not "real" Communists but Chinese patriots who, if we let them, will soon be alienated by the heavy-handed Russians. Mao Tse-tung will become a giant Tito, and swing to the Western or neutral camp.

Perhaps in time this dream will come true. At the moment, the evidence in China points the other way.

The Russians are not as tactless in China as they were in Eastern Europe. Many technical advisers from the Soviet Union are still there — some guess five thousand in Peking alone, where they occupy two hotels and a residential quarter—but they do not make themselves obtrusive. It is easy to recognize them on the street; nobody else wears the floppy, John Held Junior pants that are still the fashion for men in the USSR, and no other women would wear Soviet dresses in any decade. Yet, though they are in fact the most numerous of the foreigners in Peking, the observer is hardly aware of it. East Germans, Poles and other Communist visitors are equally if not more prominent.

In factories built with Russian equipment and advice, Chinese are now in full control. Most of the Soviet technicians have gone home, and the few who remain keep in the background.

Not that the Chinese deny or minimize the help they have had from other Communist countries. Rather, they do all they can to stress it. In the machine shop of the new motor works at Changchun, Manchuria, they proudly pointed to machine tools from Russia and Czechoslovakia and East Germany. When we noticed three or four made in Rochester, N.Y., our hosts were as embarrassed as the American manufacturer would have been had he been there.

"We take the machinery the government issues," they said. "We don't know where they got those American machines."

Of course they deny having suffered any loss at Russian hands. After the Red Army occupied Manchuria in 1945 the industrial plants there were stripped of everything movable, and all kinds of heavy equipment sent back to the Soviet Union as "war booty." Today, Chinese guides tell visitors the Manchurian plants were looted by the Kuomintang. What the Kuomintang would have wanted with slag buckets and furnace chargers and overhead cranes, and how they would have carried such things if they had wanted them, is not explained.

There are still many propaganda posters in the Manchurian factories—a beaming Chinese worker in the foreground, a beaming Russian behind with a fatherly hand on his shoulder. They suggest that perhaps the co-operation between Chinese pupils and Russian experts required a lot of selling. A Western reporter who has visited China many times says that some Chinese engineers resented the loss of production caused by the shift to Soviet methods and organization.

But that phase is over. If it did not

cause open disaffection at the time, it is unlikely to do so now.

Now, China is a *great power* with an army that held the mighty United States to a scoreless draw in Korea. The army uses weapons and equipment that the Chinese cannot make for themselves. China's status as the *great power* of Asia depends on the Soviet bloc, for nowhere else could these supplies be got.

No doubt the Chinese would rather be self-supporting, but they have no choice. The alternative, the discredited regime of Chiang Kai-shek, is even more dependent on foreign backing: a hundred and fifty million a year from the U. S. in economic aid alone, and vastly more in military aid. To many Chinese who are not Communist, dependence on the United States is worse than dependence on the Soviet Union.

Westerners forget, but conversations in China remind them, that the Chinese have other reasons than communism for friendliness toward Russia. Russia was the first, and for twenty years the only, European power to renounce the extra-territorial rights white men enjoyed under the "unequal treaties" imposed on a helpless China. Of other Western powers the U.S. was the least offensive, but the

My most memorable meal: No. 21

Edmund Carpenter

tells about



## A fish fry in a South Sea paradise

Anthropologists have been ticked as people who prefer to associate with savages. At a dinner party somebody three places away will lean toward you and shout, "I hear you're an anthropologist. Where have you been?" This is a demand bid. If you can't instantly tell of twenty years among the Gitchigoumi, or point to the ravages of some tropical disease unknown to science until you discovered it by contracting it, the conversation humiliatingly shifts to another subject.

However, I can say I've associated with "savages." So after the usual enquiries about native sex habits, my questioners usually get down to more basic problems: what's the food like? This is something I always wonder about myself before setting out on each new trip. Sometimes it's good; other times grim. I've starved on a few arctic fish, eaten octopus in the South Seas, and even collected worms from beneath palm trees to make a delicious fluorescent "butter" for bread. Each meal is an uncertainty.

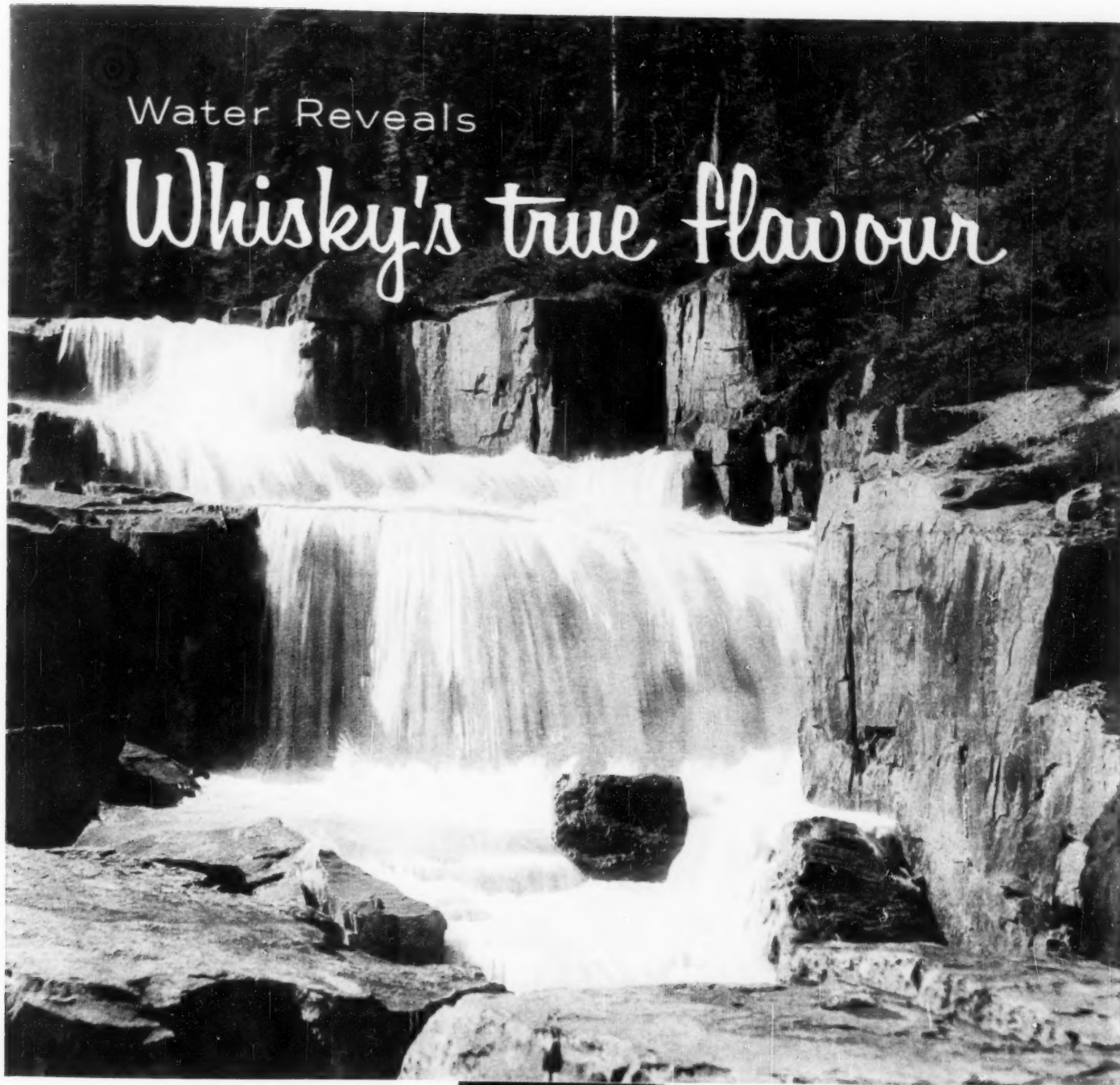
I'm sure the most memorable—and deflating—meal was one I had on a Pacific island, my first day ashore. These isles are everything claimed for them, and far more,

with magical names like Borabora and Rapa Nui, and an eternal languor that comes down from the mountain tops like a cloak to produce a trancelike routine of existence. Once ashore I couldn't stop walking; I wanted to explore everywhere, see everything. This restlessness drove me on for hours without food, through a landscape of infernal grandeur, until suddenly I found myself overlooking a sandy cove, deep-set among moldering cliffs. Three dripping youths, magnificent specimens, stood about, spears in hand, while fish roasted over a beach fire. Sight and smell reached me at once and, famished, I quickly joined them. Pacific islanders are a sober, soft-spoken people who expect a stranger to make the first move in opening diplomatic relations. Not knowing a word of their language, I started by smiling. They smiled back. I waited. They waited. I pointed to the fish, then to my mouth. They just watched me. I pointed to my stomach and imitated a man writhing in hunger. No response. Finally I offered money, hand outstretched. At which point one of them smiled and said, in perfect English, "Really, sir, we couldn't accept your money. But we would be delighted if you'd join us." ★

DR. CARPENTER IS A WRITER, ANTHROPOLOGIST, WORLD TRAVELER.

Water Reveals

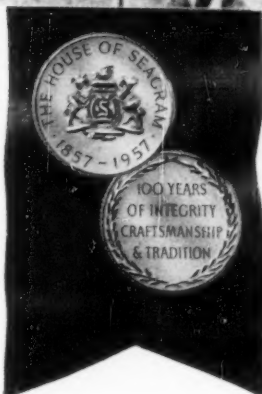
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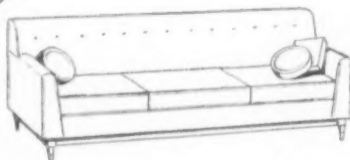
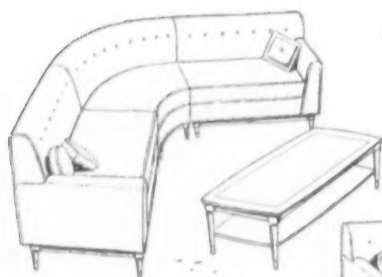
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U.S. now leads an alliance made up of the old imperialist nations. Thus all through the last years of the century of shame that began with the Opium War, the Russians were the only people to earn any exemption from the Chinese hatred of the foreigner.

And if all Chinese had this reason to look kindly upon the Soviet Union, the Chinese Communists had many more. For thirty years, ever since Chiang Kai-shek turned against his Communist colleagues in 1927 and tried to exterminate them, their only friends in the whole world have been their fellow-Communists in the USSR.

More than twenty of those thirty years they have spent as actual rulers of Chinese territory, not mere theorists or underground revolutionaries. Since the Long March into the interior in the mid-1930s, Mao Tse-tung and his men have been grappling with the practical problems of government. This pilot-plant experience they are now applying to the organization of all China.

Now that Stalin is dead Mao Tse-tung is the senior Communist leader in the whole world. China as a power may lag a generation behind the Soviet Union, but Mao as a man towers over Khrushchev and Bulganin. True, he was called a heretic when he based his Communist revolution on the peasantry, instead of on an industrial proletariat which did not then exist, but a successful heresy becomes a new orthodoxy. Mao is a heretic no longer.

### Did Stalin make a mistake?

Among his own people, of course, he never was a heretic at all. Rather, he is a dedicated Marxist who has been so all his life. He has never been outside his own country except to the Soviet Union. There is absolutely nothing to indicate any deviation in his mind from the creed he has always lived by, or any breach between him and his men on the one hand and the Soviet Union on the other.

On the contrary there is plenty to show they are standing firmly together. Before last October, Chinese spokesmen like Premier Chou En-lai were rather encouraging the new individualism among Communist countries, and the idea of "many roads to socialism." Since the Hungarian rebellion this theme has been dropped.

Last December 29 the official press carried a fourteen-thousand-word editorial which laid Chinese policy on the line: solidarity in the socialist camp must come first.

There may have been some differences among socialist countries, but these were not fundamental as were the differences between socialist and capitalist countries. Stalin had made grievous mistakes; the Soviet leadership was not infallible. Nevertheless, the "core" of the international proletariat was still the Soviet Union, and the Chinese revolution "a continuation of the great October Revolution" in Russia. The motto, in short, was "rumps together, horns out."

Mao Tse-tung, of course, is getting on in years. His lieutenants are the well-known front man Chou En-lai and a shadowy figure named Liu Shao-chi, a grey eminence who keeps out of the public eye even in China and is almost unknown abroad. Liu is said to be a rigidly orthodox, doctrinaire Marxist; Chou En-lai a more flexible, practical, easy-going type. From time to time there are rumors of a "split" between these two on the issue of co-existence or co-operation with the West, or the related issue of obedience to Moscow.

Westerners who live in China say that

this is just another symptom of the wishful thinking that pollutes so many Western views of Red China. Men who know both Liu and Chou say they are rivals, indeed, but still comrades, and that either would serve under the other. In any case, they add, the doctrinaire Liu and not Chou En-lai is believed to be the real Number Two in China today.

One of the differences between Chinese and Russian Communists, and one of the greatest strengths of the Chinese, is that the Peking group has never had a really serious split while the Russians have had a seemingly interminable series of them from Trotsky to Beria. The Chinese have not been wholly exempt from trouble within the party: two years ago the party announced that Vice-Premier Kao Kang had been expelled and had "committed suicide," and a few of his followers disappeared too. But the purge was apparently slight and the damage trivial. The men who matter in the Chinese Communist Party still give every appearance of being a band of brothers, and their deference to Mao merely the respect due an admired leader, not the servile worship that Stalin demanded of the men who hated and obeyed him.

Below the leaders, though, are the hundreds of thousands of educated Chinese, the intellectuals without whose support no revolution in China's long history has ever lasted more than a few years. Can these men, bred in academic freedom, have been converted so quickly and so easily to communism?

Many old friends of China cannot believe it, and they may be right. This, even more than the other big questions, is one no outsider can answer. But the Chinese Communists, and the converts they introduce to visitors, make a rather persuasive case for the affirmative.

"Academic freedom?" said a chemistry professor. "In 1947 I sold all my books to buy food. My salary was the same as it is now, but inflation made it worthless. You don't feel free in those circumstances."

It was a reminder that in China capitalism never appeared at anything but its pitiless worst. Even today you can get an idea, right here in Hong Kong, of what China must once have been like.

Hong Kong is a beautiful city. It is a delight to travelers, and to those English gentlemen (local rank) who still contrive to make a fat soft living out of the China trade. To its two million Chinese residents it brings the solace of law and order, an honest civil service run by the British, and a currency that is both free and stable.

Beyond that they have little to be thankful for. Competition among Chinese in Hong Kong is cutthroat. You can get a suit hand-tailored, with three or more fittings, in thirty-six hours for thirty-six dollars, because the tailors give each other no quarter—the workers sleep in the shops, so they don't need to stop until bedtime and can start again before breakfast. Hong Kong has no modern docks because it is cheaper to lighter cargo ashore in sampans rowed by women. Hong Kong has no steam shovels because it is cheaper to have women carry the earth out of excavations in baskets on their heads. Often they are also carrying babies on their backs. This is capitalism, Chinese style.

On top of every evil it ever developed anywhere else, it had in Chinese eyes the additional vice of being alien. In actual fact most of China's industries by the mid-1930s were in Chinese hands, except for Japan's development of Manchuria; but the Chinese did not believe it. They thought the benefits of capitalism all accrued to foreign exploiters, and that the



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M7

only Chinese who gained by it were toadies.

With all these special reasons for hating capitalism, the Chinese had also some reasons of their own to find communism an attractive alternative. The Marxist analysis is much more plausible when applied to the economy of China than to the postwar economies of the West. Marxism has many features in common with Confucianism: it too is a purely secular and materialist philosophy with a strict code of conduct in which loyalty to the state is the supreme duty and social order the supreme goal. Above all, communism seemed to bring intellectual coherence and a rational pattern back to Chinese whose inherited values had disintegrated, and who for a century had been hopelessly adrift.

I spent my last evening in Shanghai arguing with a middle-school history teacher about the Marxist theory of history. He was a man in his early thirties who, at university, had majored in political science; now he was teaching the Marxist-Leninist version of history with all the zeal of a missionary.

"According to you, history doesn't follow any pattern at all," he said. "If that were true, history would be a mess. What purpose would there be in studying it at all?"

I asked what would happen to a teacher who did agree with me, one who had been brought up in the pre-Communist school and had not been convinced that everything he used to think was wrong.

"We would have meetings with him, many discussions to prove to him that he was mistaken and bring him to a right point of view."

But suppose he persisted? Suppose he never did come to think the new viewpoint right?

"We use only argument and persuasion. We would not coerce anyone. In this case the man's own pupils might challenge him, say he was wrong."

What would actually happen to him, then? Would he continue to teach history?

"Perhaps he would remain a teacher, but of some other subject."

Did he know of a single case where this had happened?

"No, I do not. So far as I know, all the teachers have been convinced that the Marxist-Leninist view is correct."

Previously I had asked a similar question of the chemistry professor. He had told me that even science students had to take three hours a week of Marxism-Leninism; I asked what was done to teach professors the new philosophy.

"We have a two-hour seminar once a week where we discuss these matters."

Was it compulsory?

"Not at all, quite voluntary. For example, if I were busy with a class or if I had some other engagement, I would not go to the meeting."

But if he had no other engagement, just didn't want to go?

The professor didn't answer that one. Evidently it had not come up before; in practice, everybody either went to the weekly seminar or produced an explanation for his absence.

It is a fair inference that some teachers and professors feel a bit restive under all this militant persuasion, but the indications are that these dissidents are an aging minority. As the students become more and more firmly grounded in Marxist-Leninist doctrine, less and less tolerant of deviation or doubt, it will take more and more courage for a teacher to hold out against the established creed. Since there is no evidence that many of them are doing so now, there is no reason to expect that they will in future.

Meanwhile the Communists have been

essally vigorous, and seem to have been  
essally successful, in converting adults  
to their point of view. Unlike the Rus-  
sian Bolsheviks of 1917-20, the Chinese  
have not had to massacre their intellec-  
tuals and then laboriously, over a whole  
generation, train up new ones. They have  
been able to convert some, and to intimi-  
date others with little bloodshed, because  
they themselves have had a large, experi-  
enced, well-indoctrinated group to form  
the core or skeleton of a new civil ser-  
vice.

For a dozen years in the interior prov-  
ince of Shensi, and in a steadily expand-  
ing territory that finally came to include  
all China, the Communists learned the  
practical techniques of administration.  
As they took over new areas their offi-  
cials were able to tell their new subordi-  
nates exactly what to do and how to do it.  
In contrast to the anarchy and corruption  
that preceded it, communism seemed to  
work.

No one, even in Peking, would suggest  
that all six hundred million Chinese have  
become Communists in eight years. They  
do suggest, and appearances bear them  
out, that there are enough Communists  
among the few millions or even hundreds  
of thousands of literate men who must,  
and do, operate any government of  
China.

#### Is our own Red revolt coming?

If the dogmas of Marxism are per-  
manently imbedded in Chinese thinking  
this bodes ill for co-operation between  
China and the West. However much they  
may talk about peaceful co-existence, the  
true believers of Marxism must regard  
conflict as inevitable between the socialist  
and the capitalist camps.

According to them, we are not war-  
mongering Fascist-imperialists out of  
mere perversity. We behave in this horrid  
way because we must—our economic  
system makes it inevitable. We could no  
more become peaceful than a tiger could  
turn vegetarian, until, of course, we go  
through our own Communist revolution  
which is equally inevitable.

A nation committed to that belief is  
not likely to change sides merely because  
it is recognized by the Western enemy.

I don't suggest that this is a valid argu-  
ment against recognizing China. The new  
government of China is a fact of life, and  
the sooner we accept it, the better. But  
neither is there any point in trading one  
set of illusions for another. Whether we  
recognize her or whether we don't, China  
will not be friendly—not for a long time.

Unfriendly China is growing stronger.  
Almost certainly the twelve million over-  
seas Chinese who live in southeast Asia  
and Indonesia and the Philippines, and  
who are still believed by Chiang Kai-  
shek and some Americans to have un-  
committed loyalties, will become admir-  
ers and supporters of the new China.  
Almost certainly this will make them a  
formidable fifth column, at least for a  
while, in the nations wherein they are a  
foreign body, if, indeed, they are not so  
already.

Of course all this means trouble for  
the free world. It means a continual suc-  
cession of difficult decisions, probably  
followed by disappointing results. It  
means doubt, confusion, acrimonious de-  
bate. It means also a test of maturity.

The free nations of the West are the  
strongest, richest, technically most skill-  
ful the world has ever seen. China is  
among the most backward, and will be  
for years to come. If we cannot face her  
challenge without the anesthetic of illu-  
sion, and without falling into panic and  
hysteria, we don't deserve to win the  
contest for the future. ★

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"After a wife's first nibble at a piano it takes three months to hook her husband"

cert grand was being played before Queen Victoria in the Royal Albert Hall, London. The three foremost singers of the early twentieth century, Luisa Tetrazzini, Nellie Melba and Enrico Caruso, all bought a Heintzman grand after cross-

Canada concert tours. Among dozens of celebrated contemporary pianists who've insisted on the Heintzman when playing in Canada are Jose Iturbi, Benno Moise-witsch and Solomon.

Like Steinway's, Heintzman's believes

that the best promotion for a piano lies in the concert hall. Unlike Steinway's, Heintzman's has never paid a concert artist to use its piano exclusively. The firm believes there is more prestige to be gained from an artist who plays a Heintz-

man voluntarily because he likes it.

While Heintzman's sustains prestige on the concert platform the firm makes its bread and butter in less august environments. A Heintzman, laden with price lists, rode into Vancouver on the first transcontinental train and helped sell pianos that were used during the Gold Rush to accompany Klondike dance-hall girls. Heintzman's claims that the firm delivered by fish boat the first grand piano landed on Prince Edward Island. Heintzman's says it shipped to a northern Manitoba mine the first piano ever delivered by air. Heintzman pianos have reached their destinations in this country on dog sleds and in the tropics on the backs of native porters. During the last war a Heintzman piano in a padded case was dropped without damage to U.S. troops in Alaska by parachute.

Since 1860 Heintzman's has sold nearly a hundred thousand pianos, an average of about a thousand a year. The great majority are uprights for home use. Many are scattered throughout the British Commonwealth in which Heintzman's enjoyed a profitable export trade until restrictions were imposed on sterling transfers after the last war. Lower-priced models made by Heintzman's bear the name Nordheimer, after a company Heintzman's absorbed during the Depression.

Heintzman's trade has always been an up-and-down affair. In 1922 Heintzman's produced three thousand pianos. In 1934, at the depths of the Depression, the firm produced fewer than two hundred. After the last war production rose to nine hundred a year and then was cut back to six hundred by the competition from television. Now that the novelty of television is wearing off annual production is up again to a thousand.

But a thousand pianos a year is not enough to keep Heintzman's four hundred employees in a job. Though Heintzman's loves pianos as Homer loved his lyre, it has to sell other articles to make a profit. Of the company's four-million-dollar turnover last year less than half came from the sale of pianos.

All Heintzman stores sell sheet music, records, hi-fi sets and the Hammond electric organ. In Edmonton, where cowboy laments induce many a fine frenzy, Heintzman's sells guitars, accordions, saxophones, trumpets and any other instrument necessary for boot-and-saddle ballads. Some stores run music classes in different instruments, renting a saxophone or an accordion to the student who, they hope, will eventually buy it.

The seventh floor of the Toronto store is divided into soundproof studios rented on a permanent basis to music teachers, recording companies and radio artists. Temporary studios are also rented at fifty cents an hour to stagestruck stenographers, bank tellers and store clerks who, prevented from practicing at home by neighbors' complaints, sing and play their hearts out at Heintzman's in the hope of breaking into show business. The younger they are the more Heintzman's coddles them, for they're all prospective customers for a piano.

Selling pianos is truly a Job's job. Usually the decision to buy one is a woman's. Between a wife's first nibble and her husband's signature on an order blank an average of three months elapses. Most men take a lot of convincing that



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change to "Cinci" . . . the lighter lager beer

it is worth a thousand dollars to hear  
Junior play "Drink to Me Only."

The technique of selling calls for a  
soft pedal. The four piano floors at  
Heintzman's in Toronto are often as  
silent as a cathedral on Monday morning.  
Salesmen and customers move up and  
down the long files of instruments talking  
in low tones. Then one party will stop at  
a piano and linger. The salesman opens  
the lid. Suddenly the hush is broken as  
the salesman begins to play — standing  
up. The salesmen are good psychologists.  
Depending on the customer they'll render  
Chopin's Revolutionary Concerto,  
With a Little Bit of Luck, Tea for Two,  
Do Ye Ken John Peel, or Tiger Rag.

A staff of outside salesmen follow up  
leads to prospective customers. Outside  
selling has always called for determina-  
tion and the records of the salesmen are  
rich in enterprise.

Even in Edwardian days, when there  
was no competition from radio, outside  
salesmen stimulated business by accept-  
ing as trade-ins all kinds of household  
goods. But, when a Windsor salesman  
one day accepted a horse, the Toronto  
sales manager blew his top. He wired  
Windsor: "Sell horse at once for any  
price." Back came the reply: "Sorry can't  
sell horse. It just dropped dead."

During the same era, Norman Alling-  
ham, now assistant sales manager, was in  
contact with a magistrate at St. Cathar-  
ines, Ontario, who had been dickering for  
years about buying a grand. Allingham  
knew that this magistrate worshiped  
Enrico Caruso. When next Caruso visited  
Toronto Allingham got him to autograph  
an inside panel of a Heintzman grand.  
Caruso's signature was particularly inter-  
esting in that it emerged as a brilliant  
little caricature of the artist himself. As  
soon as he was shown the signature the  
magistrate snapped up the piano.

### Three pianos for one family

In the Depression, salesman Bill Flet-  
cher used to tour the back roads around  
Oshawa, Ont., with a piano on a horse-  
drawn wagon. Outside a farm he'd ar-  
range for a wheel of the wagon to drop  
off. Then, while the driver pretended to  
sweat over repairs, Fletcher would ask  
the farmer if he might bring the piano  
into the house to protect it from the  
weather. Once he'd got it inside Fletcher  
would begin to play. It was a rare week  
when he didn't leave at least one piano  
behind.

Strangely, it was during the Depression  
that Heintzman's booked its biggest single  
order from a private individual. A sales-  
man named Joe Cooper was on the com-  
pany's stand at the Canadian National  
Exhibition when Mrs. James Harris, the  
widow of a packing-plant millionaire,  
showed interest in one of the medium-  
sized seven-foot grands. Excitedly, Co-  
oper gave his sales spiel. Then Mrs. Harris  
said casually: "Very well, I'll take three  
like that." And she meant it. One was for  
her married daughter, one for her mar-  
ried son, and one for herself.

When Mrs. E. W. Sibley, the wife of  
a Toronto medical missionary, was pre-  
paring to leave for China in the early  
Thirties, Ernest D. Gray, the present sales  
manager of the Toronto store, persuaded  
her to buy a piano to take with her. Be-  
cause she anticipated difficulty in keeping  
the piano tuned Heintzman's gave her  
two months' free lessons in tuning.

Some of Heintzman's best professional  
tuners are blind. They have developed a  
fine sense of tone in compensation for  
their lack of sight. As a rule blind tuners  
do their work in the store. The fully or  
partly sighted ones go out to tune pianos  
in customers' homes. Often they find



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room, dining room or living room. Remem-  
ber that Vilas Traditional designs may  
always be purchased on "open stock".





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We might as well own up to it—there's a certain restless energy about the new Chevrolet. It's not the stay-at-home type at all. Even when it's parked in the driveway, you can tell it's poised to travel.

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vim and vigor and V8 action! (Horsepower, and how, ranges up to 245\*.) But for all its fresh and frisky ways, Chevy's a real solid citizen on the highway.

It's a honey to handle—sure-footed on curves, beautifully smooth on roads that have seen better days, always quick and quiet in its response to your touch.

There just isn't a car built that offers more pure pleasure. It's just a short trip to your Chevrolet dealer's. Why not make it to-day?



\* 270-h.p. high-performance V8 engine also available at extra cost.

pianos used as receptacles for secret possessions. Heintzman's tuners have opened pianos to discover Aspirin, children's toys, pairs of shoes, and once a wad of fifty one-dollar bills. In the last case the housewife said: "That's the rent money I didn't know what I'd done with five years ago."

The most curious find inside a piano, the shell of a baby tortoise, was made by a tuner named Bill Metcalfe. The housewife explained: "I haven't spoken to my neighbor for two years because she said my little boy stole her little boy's tortoise. Now I know she was right. I'll have to go around and apologize."

Metcalfe is a specialist in locating the sympathetic vibrations one note of a piano frequently sets up in electric light bulbs, window panes, china cabinets and other furnishings. The most difficult he ever had to find was caused by the pasting of ceiling paper over an old stove-pipe hole. On the upper side of the taut paper was a safety pin that produced a high-pitched drumming every time F-sharp was played.

The job Heintzman's tuners like best is traveling with concert artists who play the company's pianos. The head tuner, Reg Cridland, has been from coast to coast on these tours. His most exacting task was accompanying a five-piano ensemble in the late Thirties. They traveled with the pianos in a moving van, a procedure that played havoc with the instruments' tone and the players' tempers. Often they arrived in a town so late that Cridland would still be getting his five pianos into tune as the audience arrived.

#### He liked to play uphill

Once, at Massey Hall, Toronto, Cridland coped manfully with a South American pianist who refused to play God Save the King because he said he'd had no opportunity to practice it. Cridland went on the stage and played the anthem himself.

In the practice studio in Heintzman's Toronto store tuners and other members of the staff have had an opportunity to study the idiosyncrasies of many famous pianists at close quarters. Jan Cherniavsky, the Canadian pianist, has been observed to practice while nonchalantly puffing a pipe, while his wife, in stocking feet, danced prettily on top of the piano. When Solomon, the English pianist, arrived to practice one morning he had a hard time getting in because, as the man in charge of the studio explained later, "he looked more like an insurance salesman than a concert artist." Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist, was once caught lying flat on his back on the floor. "I always relax like this," he explained. "It's firmer."

The artist who left the most indelible memory of temperament at Heintzman's was Vladimir de Pachmann, a Russian pianist who died in 1933. In the Twenties he demanded a Heintzman piano with a one-and-a-quarter-ounce instead of the conventional two-ounce touch. The laborious adjustments were made. Then he demanded that the piano's keyboard height be lowered to twenty-six inches from the conventional twenty-eight. The legs were shortened. Next De Pachmann wanted the right leg raised one inch higher than the left leg because he liked to play "uphill toward the treble." Workmen dutifully tilted the piano.

Just after he took his seat on the stage of Massey Hall De Pachmann rose, with an air of exhausted patience, tore a leaf out of a pocket notebook and slipped it under one leg of the bench. From his pocket he then took a handful of dia-

monds, placed them on the music rack, turned to the audience and said bitterly: "For these I must play to you." From time to time during his performance he swung round on the audience and cried: "Is this not divine?"

He received thunderous applause.

Next day president George Heintzman, overwhelmed with admiration for De Pachmann, sent his son Bradford to deliver two bottles of dry French champagne to the artist's hotel room. "Muck!" cried De Pachmann. "Throw them out of the window! All the world knows that De Pachmann prefers sweet German champagne." After a hurried visit to the doctor for the usual prohibition-era prescription, and a long search at the liquor store, Bradford Heintzman procured two bottles of sweet German champagne and delivered them to De Pachmann. Whereupon the artist poured himself out a glass of dry French champagne and said: "Ah, now De Pachmann is happy."

Four generations of Heintzmans have mollycoddled and entertained famous visiting artists. The custom was initiated by old Theodore. He was born in Berlin in 1817, apprenticed at fourteen to a piano maker and married at twenty-seven to Matilda Grunow, his boss's daughter. In 1850, when Prussia was on the brink of war with Austria and nobody was buying pianos, he emigrated to New York and got a job in the piano factory of Leuchte and Newton. His work mate was Heinrich Engelhard Steinweg, who had been a bugle boy in the ranks of Wellington's Prussian allies at Waterloo.

When Steinweg left after a few years to set up Steinway and Sons, Theodore Heintzman followed his example. He went to Buffalo and established the firm of Drew, Heintzman and Anowsky. Drew was the father of John Drew, the renowned American actor of the Nineties. The partnership failed as a result of the American Civil War and a slump in piano sales.

Penniless, Theodore and his wife moved to Toronto. In the home of their daughter, who had married a Toronto-nian named Charles Bender, they built a piano. It sold. With the money he got for it Theodore opened the first factory and store on York Street in Toronto. The business flourished and eventually store and factory were separated, the one to downtown Yonge Street, the other to the west end.

Of Theodore's four sons, Herman, William, Charles and George, the last, George, was the best salesman. He followed the railroad west in the early Eighties, making side trips by dog sled and horse and buggy, and booking orders for pianos from a price list. He had a keen eye for publicity. By riding the cow-catcher of the first train into Vancouver he got his name into the newspapers and, as a result, sold many pianos.

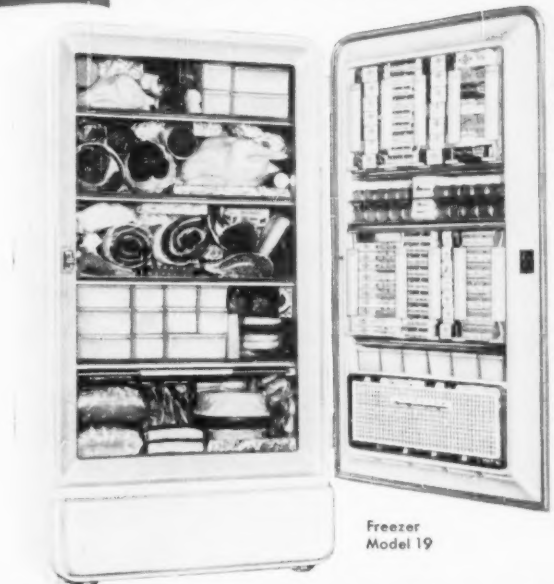
The following year he took twenty pianos to the British and Indian Exhibition in London. When Queen Victoria arrived one day other exhibitors stood to attention by their pianos. But George Heintzman began to play one of his. The Queen stopped and listened. "I didn't realize," she said, "that such beautiful instruments could be made in the colonies." George was on the point of selling one to the Queen when a courtier reminded her that time was limited, and he lost his chance.

Later in the day, however, a noblewoman in the Queen's party invited George to bring one of his pianos to a reception at her home. He accepted, played the piano, and sold it to his hosts.

Through their influence he got the chance to put the piano into the Royal Albert Hall for a concert. The workmen

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broke off one of the pedals as they were heaving it onto the stage and the concert had to be delayed for half an hour. While Queen Victoria waited in a private salon and ten thousand people watched him the sweating George Heintzman fixed the pedal on the stage. The piano proved a great success and from this beginning George built up an export trade throughout the empire.

Heintzman's did so well that when old Theodore died at the close of the nineteenth century he lived in a west Toronto mansion, employed a butler and drove to meetings of the Liederkranz Club and other German-Canadian societies in his coach and pair.

His grandson, Bradford Heintzman Sr., who retired from the presidential chair in 1956, modernized the seven branches and increased to forty the agents through which pianos are now sold in Canada from coast to coast. A cousin of Bradford Sr., Charles T. Heintzman, a former vice-president, paid a hundred thousand dollars cash for a home at Thornhill, outside Toronto, spent another hundred and fifty thousand dollars on renovations, and, when he died in 1954, left three million dollars.

The third- and fourth-generation Heintzmans now with the company are all veterans of the last war. George, a grandson of Theodore, now in his early forties, is a vice-president. The three great-grandsons, now in their late thirties, are vice-president Herman, office manager Bradford Jr., and factory manager Wil-

liam. Recently outside capital was brought into the company and as a result of a financial re-organization Edward L. Baker, a former brewery executive, was appointed president. But methods at the seventy-year-old factory on Heintzman Avenue, Toronto, have changed little since Theodore's day, although the workmen no longer turn up in top hats and morning coats.

The pianos are made by a hundred craftsmen — half the number employed during the Nineties. On each of the four floors are pianos in various stages of construction, thinly fringed with scattered workmen engaged in finicky tasks. There are no assembly-line techniques. The farthest Heintzman's has got to mass production is a machine that carves eight piano legs at the same time.

Into a concert grand go twelve thousand separate parts. Its foundation is a massive cast-iron frame, shaped like a harp. Across this the strings are stretched, imposing a stress of twenty tons. Under the frame is the sounding board, a slightly domed panel of slow-grown, close-grained spruce, especially cultivated in the New England states.

When the keys are depressed wooden levers transmit the movement to the hammers, which strike the strings. Hammer handles are laboriously dropped, one at a time, onto a solid block of wood by a man with a fine sense of tone. If they make a plink instead of a plonk they are discarded as likely to break off during a rambunctious Rachmaninoff concerto.

On the frame, on the sounding board and on the action of grand pianos leaving the factory, there is a distinctive hieroglyphic. This is the craftsman's personal mark of pride and confidence in his job.

In the last two years piano sales have taken a sudden upward spurt and Heintzman's ascribes this to the influence of Liberace. Heintzman's has noticed a new attitude toward the piano since the end of the last war. At one time many people bought pianos for show. Today every piano is bought to be played.

"In the old days," says Herman Heintzman, "people forced unwilling children to play. But that's all gone. Now the kids are forcing the parents to buy them pianos. We had a customer here recently whose two teen-age children had been learning the piano secretly for two years. Group piano lessons in the schools are partly responsible for this change of attitude."

Each of the younger-generation Heintzmans has children, some of whom will go into the company. And like all the Heintzmans before them they'll do five years in the factory before they get an executive job.

Occasionally members of the Heintzman family sputter with rage when newspapers call the company "The Steinway's of Canada." Herman Heintzman says: "We are not the Steinway's of Canada. We are Heintzman's . . . the Heintzman's . . . Heintzman's of . . . of . . . Heintzman's of the world." ★



The sage advice of a legendary doctor continued from page 37

"Learn to know the Bible . . . its touch has still its ancient power"

No mind however dull can escape the brightness that comes from steady application . . . The failure to cultivate the power of peaceful concentration is the greatest single cause of mental breakdown.

Do not worry your brains about that bugbear Efficiency, which, sought consciously and with effort, is just one of those elusive qualities very apt to be missed . . . Four or five hours daily . . . and you will acquire a habit by which the one-talent man will earn a high interest, and by which the ten-talent man may at least save his capital.

#### ON RELIGION

Know the great souls that make up the moral radium of the world. You must be born of their spirit, initiated into their fraternity, whether of the spiritually minded followers of the Nazarene or of that larger company, elect from every nation, seen by St. John.

Begin the day with Christ and His prayer—you need no other. Creedless, with it you have religion: creed-stuffed, it will leaven any theological dough in which you stick. As the soul is dyed by the thoughts, let no day pass without contact with the best literature of the world. Learn to know your Bible, though not perhaps as your fathers did. In forming character and in shaping conduct, its touch has still its ancient power.

This is the talisman . . . To the eternally recurring question, What is Life? you answer, I do not think—I act it; the only philosophy that brings you into contact with its real values and enables you to grasp its hidden meaning.

#### ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALING

Amid an eternal heritage of sorrow and suffering our work is laid, and this eternal note of sadness would be insupportable if the daily tragedies were not relieved by the spectacle of the heroism and devotion displayed by the actors.

Individually, man, the unit, the microcosm, is fast bound in chains of atavism, inheriting legacies of feeble will and strong desires, taints of blood and brain. What wonder, then, that many, sore let and hindered in running the race, fall by the way and need a shelter in which to recruit or die, a hospital, in which there shall be no harsh comments on conduct, but only, so far as is possible, love and peace and rest?

Medicine arose out of the primal sympathy of man with man; out of the desire to help those in sorrow, need and sickness. The instinct of self-preservation, the longing to relieve a loved one, and above all, the maternal passion—for such it is—gradually softened the hard race of man.

#### ON READING AS A TOOL

Books are tools, doctors are craftsmen, and so truly as one can measure the development of any particular handicraft by the variety and complexity of its tools, so we have no better means of judging the intelligence of a profession than by its general collection of books. A physician who does not use books and journals, who does not need a library, who does not read one or two of the best weeklies and monthlies, soon sinks to the level of the cross-counter

prescriber, and not alone in practice, but in those mercenary feelings and habits which characterize a trade.

It is hard for me to speak of the value of libraries in terms which would not seem exaggerated. Books have been my delight . . . and from them I have received incalculable benefits. To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an uncharted sea, while to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all.

#### ON THE PATIENT AS A TEACHER

The best teaching is that taught by the patient himself. The whole art of medicine is in observation, as the old motto goes, but to educate the eye to see, the ear to hear, and the finger to feel, takes time . . .

#### ON THE PATIENT AS AN INDIVIDUAL

Variability is the law of life. As no two faces are the same, so no two bodies are alike, and no two individuals react alike and behave alike under the abnormal conditions which we know as disease. This is the fundamental difficulty in the education of the physician, and one which he may never grasp, or he takes it so tenderly that it hurts . . .

Who can tell of the uncertainties of medicine as an art? The science on which it is based is accurate and definite enough; the physics of a man's circulation are the physics of the waterworks of the town in which he lives, but once out of gear, you cannot apply the same rules for the repair of one as of the other.



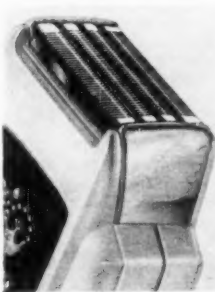
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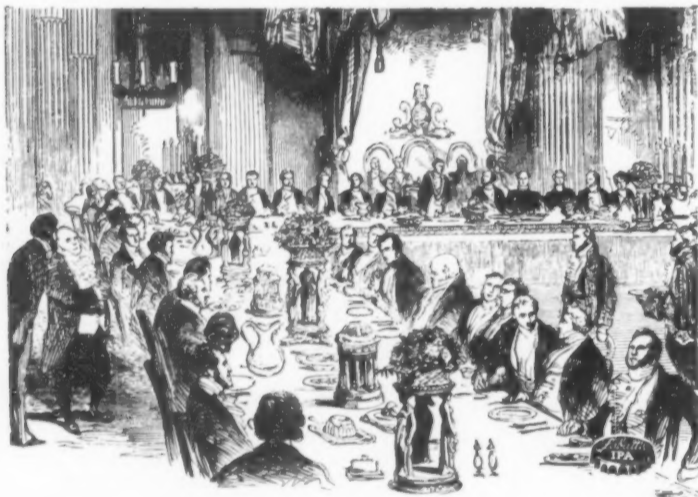
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SIR JOHN: "Indeed I do! India Pale Ale he calls it but there is, thank heaven, nothing pale about its flavour."

HON. GENT: "Hearty, robust, a man's drink for a man's occasion. I concur, my dear Sir John. Allow me to refill your glass. I perceive the speeches will begin again!"



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#### ON THE PERILS OF CREDULITY

Credulity in matters relating to disease remains a permanent fact in our history, uninfluenced by education. But let us not be too hard on human nature . . . Precious perquisite of the race, as it has been called, with all its dark and terrible record, credulity has perhaps the credit balance on its side in the consolation offered the pious souls of all ages and of all climes, who have let down anchors of faith into the vast sea of superstition. We drink it in with our mother's milk, and that is indeed an even-balanced soul without some tincture. We must acknowledge its potency today as effective among the most civilized people, the people with whom education is the most widely spread, yet who absorb with wholesale credulity delusions as childish as any that have ever enslaved the mind of man.

#### ON FAITH AS A HEALER

Faith has always been an essential factor in the practice of medicine . . . Literature is full of examples of remarkable cures through the influence of the imagination, which is only an active phase of faith . . . My experience has been that of the unconscious rather than the deliberate faith healer. Phenomenal, even what could be called miraculous, cures are not very uncommon. Like others, I have had cases any one of which, under suitable conditions, could have become worthy of a shrine or made the germ of a pilgrimage.

The associations count for much. Without any skill in these cases, or special methods, our results at the Johns Hopkins hospital were most gratifying. Faith in St. Johns Hopkins, as we used to call him, an atmosphere of optimism, and cheerful nurses, worked just the same sort of cures as Aesculapius did at Epidaurus.

#### ON COMMON SENSE

Common sense in matters medical is rare, and is usually in inverse ratio to the degree of education.

#### ON KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

Western civilization has been born of knowledge, of knowledge won by hard honest sweat of body and brain, but in many of the most important relations of life we have failed to make that knowledge effective.

What we call sense or wisdom is knowledge, ready for use, made effective,

and bears the same relation to knowledge itself as bread does to wheat. The full knowledge of the parts of a steam engine and the theory of its action may be possessed by a man who could not be trusted to pull the lever to its throttle. It is only by collecting data and using them that you can get sense.

#### ON TRUTH

Do not be worried by this big question—Truth. It is a very simple matter if each one of you starts with the desire to get as much as possible. No human being is constituted to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and even the best of men must be content with fragments, with partial glimpses, never the full fruition. In this unsatisfied quest the attitude of mind, the desire, the thirst—a thirst that from the soul must rise!—the fervent longing, are the be-all and the end-all.

#### ON EDUCATION

What, after all, is education but a subtle, slowly affected change, due to the action upon us of the Externals . . . of the beautiful and harmonious surroundings of nature and of art, and of the lives, good or ill, of our fellows—these alone educate us, these alone mold the developing minds.

This higher education so much needed today is not given in the school, is not to be bought in the market place, but it has to be wrought out in each one of us for himself; it is the silent influence of character on character and in no way more potent than in the contemplation of the lives of the great and the good in the past, in no way more than in the "touch divine of noble natures gone."

#### ON KNOWING ONESELF

There is possible to each one of us a higher type of intellectual detachment, a sort of separation from the vegetative life of the workaday world—always too much with us—which may enable a man to gain a true knowledge of himself and of his relations to his fellows. Once attained, self-deception is impossible, and he may see himself even as he is seen—not always as he would like to be seen—and his own deeds and the deeds of others stand out in their true light. In such an atmosphere pity for himself is so commingled with sympathy and love for others that there is no place left for criticism or for harsh judgment of his brother. But as Sir Thomas Browne—most liberal of men and most distin-

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guished of general practitioners — so beautifully remarks: "These are Thoughts of things which Thoughts but tenderly touch," and . . . the word of action is stronger than the word of speech.

### ON LIFE'S FRUSTRATIONS

The atmosphere is darkened by the murmurings of men and women over the nonessentials, the trifles that are inevitably incident to the hurly-burly of the day's routine. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints.

### ON THE END OF LIFE

We are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happier. This is the essence of that oft-repeated admonition of Christ, "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," on which hard saying, if the children of this generation would only lay hold, there would be less misery and discontent in the world.

### ON AMBITION

On the steppingstones of our dead selves we rise to higher things, and in the inner life the serene heights are reached only when we die unto those selfish habits and feelings which absorb so much of our lives. To each one of us at some time, I suppose, has come the blessed impulse to break away from all such ties and follow cherished ideals. Too often it is but a flash of youth, which darkens down with the growing years. Though the dream may never be realized, the impulse will not have been wholly in vain if it enables us to look with sympathy upon the more successful efforts of others.

### ON MAN'S MARTYRDOM

The history of man is the story of a great martyrdom—plague, pestilence and famine, battle and murder, crimes unspeakable, tortures inconceivable, and the inhumanity of man to man has even outdone what appear to be atrocities in nature . . . Dwelling too exclusively on this aspect of life, who does not echo the wish of Euripides: "Not to be born is best, and next to die as soon as possible."

Mercifully, the tragedy of life, though seen, is not realized. It is so close that we lose all sense of its proportions. And better so; for, as George Eliot has said, "if we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow, or the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence."

### THE ACCEPTANCE OF DEFEAT

Stand up bravely, even against the worst. Your very hopes may have passed on out of sight, as did all that was near and dear to the Patriarch (Jacob) at the Jabbok ford, and, like him, you may be left to struggle in the night alone. Well for you, if you wrestle on, for in persistency lies victory, and with the morning may come the wished-for blessing. But not always; there is a struggle with defeat which some of you will have to bear, and it will be well for you in that day to have cultivated a cheerful equanimity.

To have striven, to have made an effort, to have been true to certain ideals—this alone is worth the struggle.

#### ON IDEALS

Nothing in life is more glaring than the contrast between possibilities and actualities, between the ideal and the real. By the ordinary mortal, idealists are regarded as vague dreamers, striving after the impossible; but in the history of the world how often have they gradually molded to their will conditions the most adverse and hopeless! They alone furnish the *Geist* that finally animates the entire body and makes possible reforms and even resolutions. Imponderable, impalpable, more often part of the moral than of the intellectual equipment, are the subtle qualities so hard to define, yet so potent in everyday life, by which these fervent souls keep alive in us the reality of the ideal. Even in a lost cause, with aspirations utterly futile, they refuse to acknowledge defeat, and, still nursing an unconquerable hope, send up the prayer of faith in the face of a scoffing world. Most characteristic of aspirations of this class is the petition of the Litany in which we pray that to the nations may be given "unity, peace and concord."

#### ON THE UNLIKELIHOOD OF PEACE

We were foolish enough to think that where Christianity had failed Science might succeed, forgetting that the hopelessness of the failure of the Gospel lay not in the message, but in its interpretation. The promised peace was for the individual—the world was to have tribulations; and Christ expressly said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."

#### ON WHAT IT'S LIKE TO DIE

To the scientific student there is much of interest in what Milton calls this business of death, which of all human things alone is a plain case and admits of no controversy . . . The popular belief that however careless a man may be while in health, at least on the "low, dark verge of life" he is appalled at the prospect of leaving these warm precincts to go he knows not where—this popular belief is erroneous. As a rule, man dies as he has lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life.

I have careful records of about five hundred deathbeds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of dying . . . Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed a spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting.

#### ON SCIENCE AND THE HEREAFTER

The scientific student should be willing to acknowledge the value of a belief in a hereafter as an asset in human life. In the presence of so many mysteries which have been unveiled, in the presence of so much yet unsolved, he cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state . . . Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal; of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything.

On the question of the immortality of the soul, the only people who ever had perfect satisfaction are the idealists, who walk by faith and not by sight . . . Not always the wise men after the flesh (except among the Greeks), more often lowly and obscure, women more often than men, these Teresians have ever formed

the moral leaven of humanity. Narrow, prejudiced, often mistaken in worldly ways and methods, they alone have preserved in the past, and still keep for us today, the faith that looks through death . . . The serene faith of Socrates with the cup of hemlock at his lips, the heroic devotion of a St. Francis or a St. Teresa, but more often for each of us the beautiful life of some good woman . . . do more to keep alive in us a belief in immortality than all the preaching in the land . . . Not by the lips, but by the life, are men influenced in their beliefs.

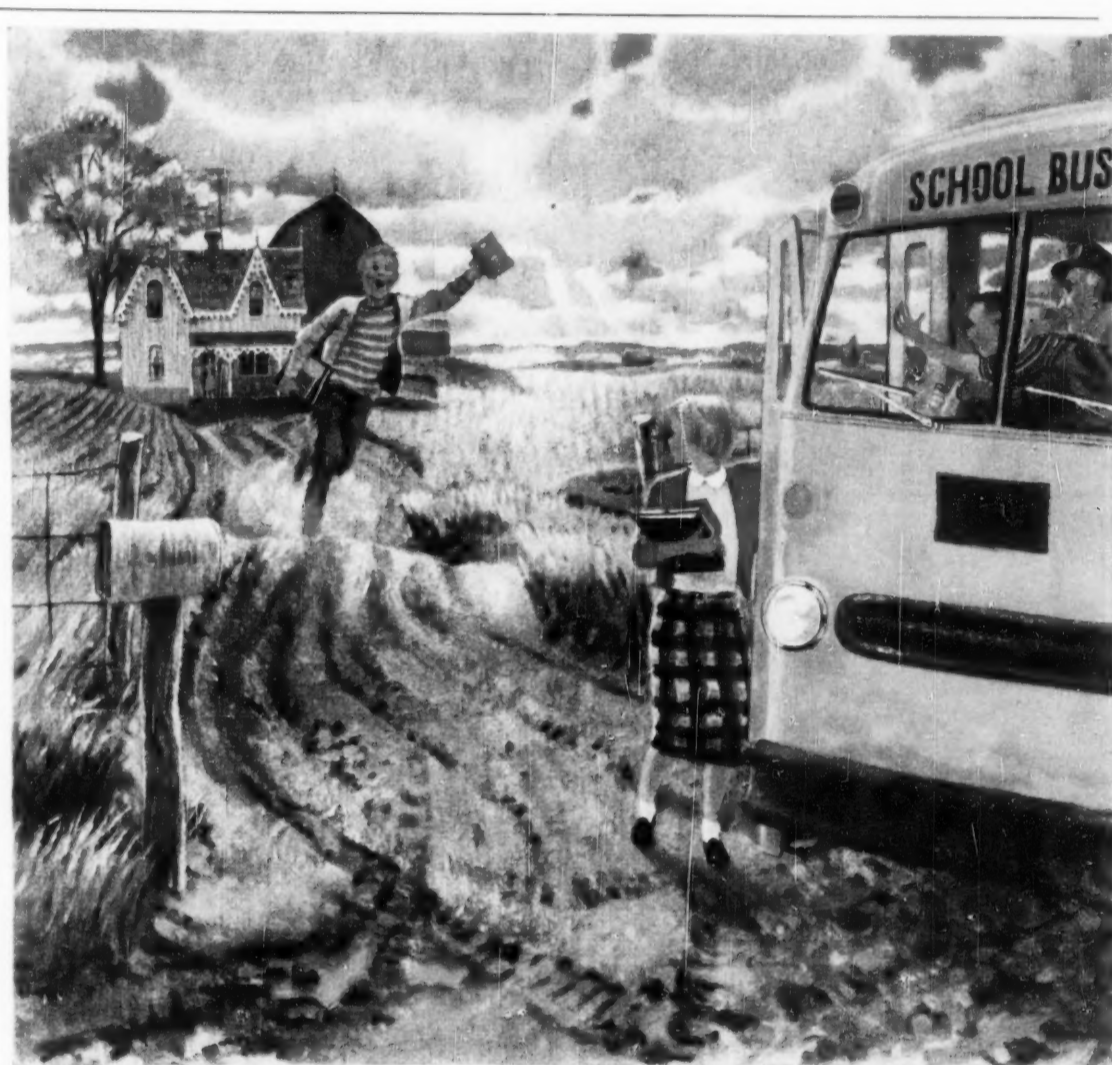
#### ON THE LIMITATIONS OF REASON

The remarkable development of the material side of existence may make us feel that Reason is King, with Science as the prime minister, but this is a most shortsighted view of the situation. Today as always the heart controls, not alone the beliefs, but the actions of men, in whose life the head counts for little, partly because so few people are capable of using their faculties, but more particularly because we are under the domination of the emotions, and our deeds are the

outcome of passion and prejudice, of sentiment and usage much more than of reason.

#### ON LIVING WITH DOUBT

As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with good grace. The hopes and fears which make us men are inseparable, and this wine press of Doubt each of you must tread alone. It is a trouble from which no man may deliver his brother or make an agreement with another for him. ★



### Take a second look . . . get the true picture

There's nothing new about a schoolboy dashing out at the last minute. But that big yellow bus is something new . . . something important to you even though you'll never use it. For this is a district high school bus picking up its morning load of farm children.

Not so long ago, the "little red school house" was the end of education for the majority of these children. Now they ride the yellow bus to high school—and may go on to an agricultural college afterwards.

Parents are encouraging their children to get more education so that when they have taken over the farm they'll have a thorough knowledge

of agricultural sciences and business management, both so necessary to the production of good and plentiful crops, on a profitable basis.

The prosperity we all enjoy would be impossible if today's farmers weren't doing such a fine job. But those bright, eager children on the yellow bus, tomorrow's farmers, will make an even greater contribution to this country's progress. They'll be able to do this because they will be trained in newer and better farm practices, including the use of farm machinery which will be "revolutionary" even by today's high standards.

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TORONTO, CANADA



**LONDON LETTER** continued from page 10

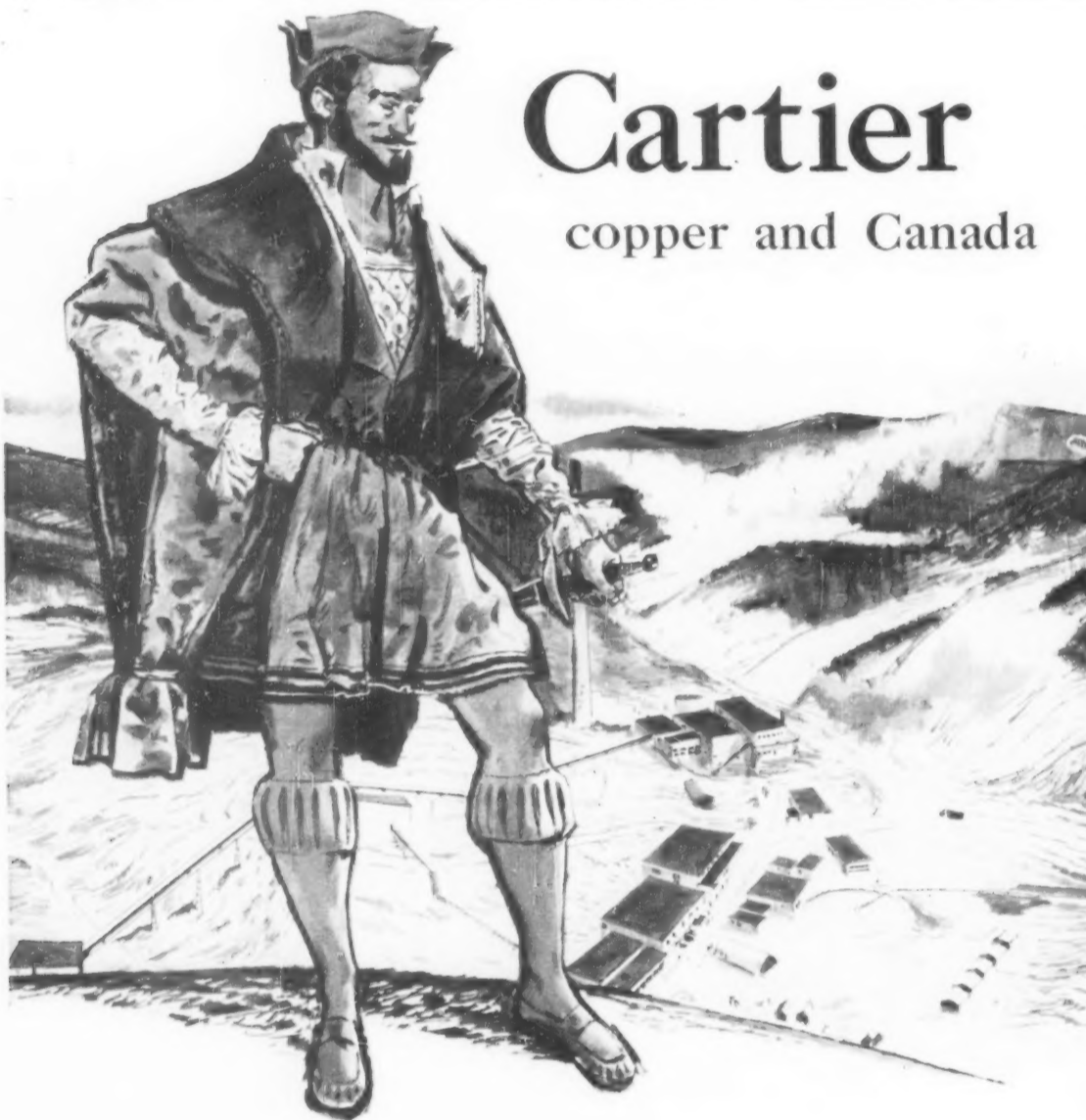
# "By selling our house we could save enough to buy it back again"

every winter we decide to sell the house and move into a flat. By the time my wife gets through her financial calculations we have only to move into a flat and life's problems are over. The savings would be so colossal that after a

few years we would be able to buy a house in St. John's Wood and start all over again.

Then just as we are all of one mind on the subject, the flowers suddenly begin to appear in our old-world garden—

a little lonely and a little diffident but obstinately British in their defiance of the weather. Theirs is the right to be born again each springtime and they will not allow their immortality to be denied by sulking skies or cruel winds.



## Cartier copper and Canada

As Jacques Cartier sailed into the welcome, quiet waters of Baie des Chaleurs in 1534, he and his men caught their first sight of Indians on the shore . . . and their hands involuntarily clasped the copper-gilted weapons at their sides.

The gesture was symbolic, though they knew it not. For some 420 years later, amid the vast virgin forest, was to rise the Gaspe copper

smelter . . . a new source of work and wealth for Canadians.

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for 125 years a partner in helping Canada grow

A fortnight later the sun relents and suddenly the giant pear tree in the garden bursts into blossom as if Romeo and Juliet were to be wedded there in the open air. It is such sheer enchantment that one looks at the radiant canopy of blossoms until one feels like crying with the poet. "O be less beautiful, or be less brief!"

But is our prayer answered? No. Suddenly in the dead of night a cold malignant wind comes up from the sea and in the morning the terrace is covered with the corpses of a thousand blossoms.

What memories linger about this garden! During the blitz we used to sit there as the light began to fade and wait, with bombed-out friends who had found shelter in our house, for the nightly bombing raid. How punctual the Germans were!

Just as twilight deepened to dusk we would hear the sirens in the distance like whining cats, growing in strength until by the time it reached us it was like the howling of a thousand maniacs. Then silence . . . complete silence. Five, six, or ten minutes without a sound except perhaps a solitary motor car rushing to cover. The very heart beat of London seemed to have stopped.

Far away, like the pizzicato notes of a bass violin we would hear the first sound of guns. Then louder and still louder and suddenly the guns in Hyde Park would blast the ears with noise while the German planes over us shrieked as they swooped and swerved and dived to avoid the instrument-directed gunfire.

Richard Wagner would have gone mad with delight at the orchestral magnificence of the blitz. When the Germans drew off each night and the sirens sounded the chilled monotone to say that all was clear there was a curious anticlimax that affected us all.

One night a bomb fell in our neighborhood with the odd result that, although it was a quarter of a mile away, the vibration caused a partial collapse of the garden wall between our house and the one next door. Next day my neighbor crossed the street and posted a letter addressed to me. Eventually it arrived, its purpose being that he and I might meet and discuss the necessary repair of the wall. We had never been in each other's house—but that is London. One has friends and acquaintances, but no neighbors.

However, on this occasion I called on him to discuss the matter and we became friends at once. Two years later he and his wife came to our place for lunch, which is what you might describe as impetuosity under control. At any rate, in the process the ancient wall was duly restored, which is what really mattered.

The interesting thing is that St. John's Wood has not only a definite personality but a highly developed community sense. There is the parish church just up the Terrace, with the names of the fallen dead of the 1914-18 war engraved in stone and a plaque for those who did not return from the Hitler war. But the winds and the rain have worn away the stone until those names that face the north and the east are almost indecipherable.

Opposite our house there used to live a little Scottish doctor who ministered to the sick and the aging. During the nights of the bombing I used to cross to his house and play three-handed bridge with him and his medical compatriot, Alexander Fleming. Fierce were the controversies and, before the night was out, many a sixpence changed hands.

But there was a twinkle in Fleming's eye and a kindly smile when the sixpenny

puffs had ended for the night. He had good reason to be serene, for he gave penicillin to the world. One day a British government will become sufficiently enlightened to remove some of the statues of generals on horseback and erect memorials to men like Alexander Fleming for their victories in the war against pain and death.

While they are at it they might even take away the miserable stunted statue of William Shakespeare close to the public convenience in Leicester Square, and give him a position equal at least to some commander of armies who fought every war with the ideas of the war that had preceded it.

But let us return to Hamilton Terrace and speak of the house immediately north of the Baxter abode. It is ultra-modern, having been built as recently as the 1920s, but we have confidence that the British climate will yet soften its attractive but regrettable brashness. Lady Peel (alias Beatrice Lillie) lived there for a time during the war, having married the baronet descendant of the great Sir Robert Peel.

She had brought the gift of laughter from Toronto to London in the 1914 war, but in the death struggle with Hitler's maddened Germany she had a son who was a junior officer in the navy. One day the mighty German battleship Bismarck put to sea and HMS Hood, although outranged and outgunned, was one of the ships sent to intercept her. It may have been superb German gunnery or just the malice of fortune, but the Hood was hit by a salvo and went gallantly to her death with every available gun firing.

Some survivors were picked up but young Peel was not among them. Beatrice Lillie who has made thousands cry with laughter now wept alone. Heartbreak house had come to St. John's Wood.

#### Will Baxter march on town hall?

One day in parliament in 1940 I happened to mention to Anthony Eden that a few junior Canadian officers were coming to my house for a haphazard evening meal. Eden, who joined Churchill's government, whipped out his engagement book and turned over the pages.

"Would you mind if I came up and met them for a few minutes?" he asked.

Never have I seen Eden happier than on that night in my house. He not only talked eagerly and entertainingly, but he listened with intense interest to what the Canadians had to say. He too had a son who, as you know, trained as a pilot in western Canada and went to his death in action against the enemy.

But you must not think that we people of St. John's Wood only fight battles in retrospect. Six months ago I was elected president of the St. John's Wood Society whose purpose is to prevent vandal hands spoiling the character of our district.

Believe me, there is such a growing resentment going on that any day now I shall reluctantly be forced by my society to head a procession to the town hall of the borough and hang the aldermen and the councilors, to say nothing of the mayor.

I must explain that St. John's Wood is part of the borough of St. Marylebone, which includes such historic spots as Madame Tussaud's wax works, part of Regent's Park and the alleged house of Sherlock Holmes.

Other local councils in London have recently adopted a most hideous new street lamp and now the wicked mayor and council of St. Marylebone are threatening to accept this new-fangled lighting and force it on St. John's Wood.

The wretched lamp consists of a neck like a gigantic boa constrictor which rears its head high up into the sky and then bends it toward the ground. The light from its illuminated face is a horrible gleaming yellow and the whole effect is hideous and snakelike beyond belief.

The foolish aldermen and councilors contend that it will lower the number of street accidents. The proud answer of the St. John's Wood Society is that it would be better to die than live in such glaring ugliness. My committee aides keep me fully informed of everything and I give

them my blessing. But if you read some time that riots have broken out in Marylebone and the militia has been called up, you will know that it is our society of preservers at work. It is the only chance of a monument in my honor but I wish that the Boadicea who is the chief organizer of this campaign would find someone with more martyr's blood in his veins to lead them.

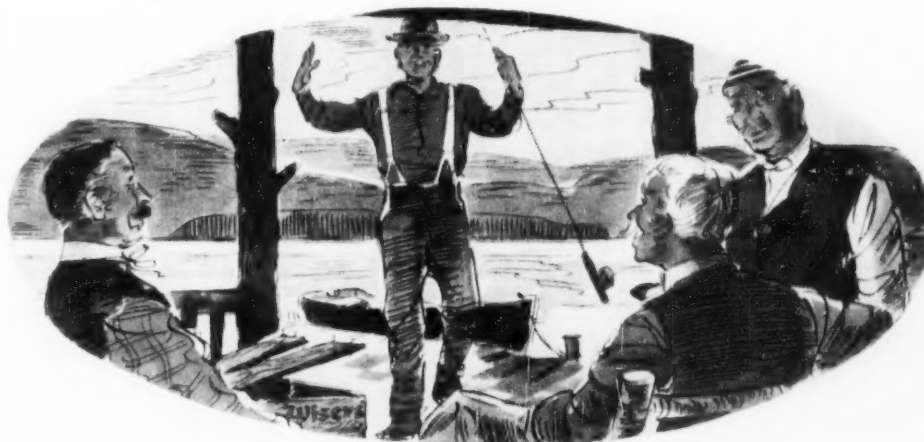
Tomorrow there will be more flowers in the garden awakening from their long, long sleep. Soon I shall be able to sit in

the sun and listen to that distant shout from Lord's cricket ground as England scores another run. We might be in the heart of the country once the summer is really come.

My daughter is having some trouble at the piano with Mozart. They cannot both be right and my money is on Mozart. The cat has just seen a fallen petal move in the breeze and its worst suspicions are aroused.

I don't think we shall leave St. John's Wood yet awhile. ★

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# The lost children of British Columbia continued from page 17

"They're trying to wipe us out," claim the Doukhobors. "Education was the easiest way"

all without allowing their mothers to say good-by to them. They say the police have torn down walls and ripped up foundations. The police claim they have been kicked, bitten, scratched, slapped, insulted and ridiculed.

Once this painful prologue of separation from his family is over, the committed child starts his new life at New Denver. On visiting day, held on the first and third Sunday of every month, a pathetic ceremony is enacted beside the

high wire fence that surrounds the residence. Promptly at two in the afternoon the hundred Doukhobor children emerge from the buildings. Several feet from the fence, they form themselves into two groups—boys on one side, girls on the

other. Between them stands a small table, bearing the Doukhobor symbols of life—bread, salt and water. The parents stand on the other side of the fence. The children begin singing prayers and songs of welcome, often with tears in their eyes. After twenty minutes, the singing ends and both groups range themselves along the fence. Some are trying to kiss through the wire mesh; others look silently at each other, tears running down their cheeks. Bundles of food and clothes are passed over the fence to children while half a dozen RCMP officers look on.

If a member of the Dormitory staff should happen to appear, an enraged father shakes his fist at him, shouting, "Kidnap! Beast! Give us back our children!" Or a distraught mother will sound a shrill warning: "Servant of the Devil! God will punish you for this!"

At the end of an hour, parents and children reform themselves in groups. This time, the parents sing. There are more tears as the children return to their dormitories and the parents get into their cars to go back to their villages.

To the Freedomite mothers, the Dormitory is the epitome of everything evil; to most people in the Kootenays, it's a well-run institution that will prove beneficial. Every aspect of the Dormitory experiment is the subject of bitter controversy. According to Dr. H. L. Campbell, deputy minister of education, a good education for the children is the main purpose of the Dormitory. But Joe Podovnikoff, spokesman for the Freedomites in Hilliers, B.C., claims, "They want to wipe us out—faith, religion and all. Education was chosen as the issue because it was the easiest way to do it."

Is the Dormitory experiment morally justified? Attorney-General Bonner says, "Most people approve of what we've done. It's a harsh course but what's the alternative?" Col. Mead, the former RCMP deputy commissioner, comments, "We're getting pretty cold-blooded. There should be a solution where children don't have to be taken away from parents."

Conflicting versions of how the children are being treated have reached the public. According to superintendent John Clarkson, corporal punishment is rarely used, a full educational and recreational

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### Who is it?

He went to another country as a newspaperman and stayed to help run it and write letters home. Turn to page 105 to see who this boy grew up to be.

program is carried on and the atmosphere of the school is happy and relaxed. So much so, he says, that some children had to leave when they are fifteen. On the other hand, J. J. Perepelkin, chairman of the fraternal council of the Sons of Freedom, claims the children are "brain-washed, abused, undernourished and neglected."

There's not even agreement as to whether parents and children miss each other. Dr. Campbell says, "Parents are not as unhappy as they let on. They'll put on an act for anybody at any time." Jackson says that separation from their children doesn't bother Freedomite parents because "they're not like us," and his mother at the Dormitory, Miss Frances Sinclair, adds, "If the kids never saw their parents at all, they'd be a happy band of children." But the Doukhobors themselves reply that such statements are "callous and lacking in human feeling." William Moojelsky, secretary of the Sons of Freedom, says that the "abduction" of the children has affected their mothers' health. Mabel Barisoff, a forty-year-old mother of Krestova, told me, "I'm sick all the time with nerves. I don't sleep at night. How could I, worrying about my children?"

#### Will children stay Doukhobors?

There are opposing answers to the question of whether the Dormitory will solve the problem of making the Sons of Freedom obey the law. Officials tend to be optimistic. Nelson Allen, school inspector for the Nelson district, says, "When the children leave after eight years, they'll no longer be Sons of Freedom—they'll be Canadians." Doukhobor John Perepelkin sees exactly the opposite result. "New Denver is making good Sons of Freedom out of our children," he says. "Wait and see what happens when they get out." The lesson of history appears to substantiate Perepelkin's prediction. When they were children, the majority of parents who now have youngsters at the New Denver Dormitory were forcibly separated from their own parents for several years. One of them, thirty-five-year-old Nick Voikin, told me, "I was kept in an industrial school for three years. It'll stay with me till I die. It made my religion ten times as strong."

I recently visited the New Denver Dormitory and school, interviewed senior staff members and saw several of the children. I questioned townspeople. Most of them, like Phyllis Forsythe, wife of the local druggist, felt the Dormitory was doing a good job and that the children were well treated. Others told me, "I feel sorry for them. Most people here feel bitter toward them." I spoke to former employees of the Dormitory. I visited Sons of Freedom villages and spoke to parents whose children had been taken away.

In Krestova, I attended a prayer meeting in an old frame hall illuminated by gas lamps. I listened to an hour of beautiful singing. At one point several men and women disrobed as a gesture of protest against the government. One woman raised her arms and shouted, "They've taken away everything—even our hearts." Another pleaded, "Tell the world what they've done to us. Please bring us back our children." I also spoke to social workers who, after studying the Doukhobor problem, warned that "removing children from parents is adding fuel to the flame . . . it's one way to warp personality." In Victoria, I interviewed the attorney-general and officials of the departments of welfare and education. They told me about their hopes and anxieties for the New Denver Dormitory program and for the larger problem behind it.

The Sons of Freedom are now costing B.C. taxpayers \$240,000 a year. Half of this amount is spent on guarding and floodlighting schools and bridges the Freedomites might destroy.

The other half goes for the upkeep of the Dormitory, which is administered by the department of education and paid for by the attorney-general's department. It consists of a converted sanitarium, annex and a gymnasium. The buildings are on a lot two hundred yards square, surrounded on three sides by a high steel-wire fence. The fourth side faces beautiful

Slocan Lake, with magnificent mountains towering up from the opposite bank. The approach to the Dormitory is guarded by two sets of gates with signs announcing, "Closed Area" and "Trespassers will be Prosecuted." From Friday to Monday, guards patrol the floodlit gate area twenty-four hours a day. Other days they're on duty only at night. On visiting days as many as six RCMP officers may be on duty. Guards on night duty are armed, principally as a precaution against incendiarism.

The "san" building that houses older

children, although spotless, is dreary. The sleeping section is cold and barn-like. Each occupant has a white metal bed, two cupboard drawers and a steel locker. The dining hall is an unattractive frame room where the children eat at long tables. The atmosphere is impersonal and institutional.

The annex, for younger children, is much more attractive. The central area consists of a large playroom with a grey linoleum tile and pastel-green walls. Sleeping quarters off it are decorated with murals. Each boy has a blanket decorat-



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## MYERS'S RUM

ed with a picture of a cowboy. The girls' dormitory is fancy and feminine.

For the Freedomite children the daily routine is simple. They get up at seven, tidy their quarters, have breakfast and, at 8.30, walk to school in the village, about three quarters of a mile away. At twelve, they go back to the Dormitory for lunch and return to school until three o'clock. (Younger children get out earlier.) Two days a week, the older children are allowed to visit stores in town for an hour after school. Gym classes are held three times a week. Supper is at five, after which the children do homework, read or listen to the radio. On Saturday nights they see a movie, for which twenty cents

is charged; pocket money is supplied by the parents. Depending on the season, the children skate, play ball or swim on Dormitory property. When the Dormitory hockey or baseball teams are playing outside matches, the children are permitted to go and watch them. Otherwise, apart from the two free hours a week in town, they're confined to the grounds or the land adjacent to it.

At the New Denver public school, the Dormitory children make up half of the student body. The attorney-general's department has financed attractive additions to the school and pays the salaries of three of the teachers. Freedomite children first go to introductory classes to prepare

## CANADIANECDOTE



Frank Newfeld

## The town that bought a hoax —and liked it

One of the glories of Walkerton, Ont., is the county courthouse, a dignified structure made of grey brick. But its history is something the town fathers would rather forget.

Originally, the specifications for the building called for red brick, which was the fashion of the time, and the building job was awarded to a Toronto contractor on that basis. But, when figuring his costs, the contractor had mistakenly assumed that the local clay would make red bricks, and that he could make bricks cheaply in the area.

When he discovered that the local clay would make only grey bricks, there was consternation in his office. To haul in brick from a red-clay district would add nearly a thousand dollars to his costs and an involved transportation problem to his worries.

One of his lieutenants had an idea: suppose the contractor went to the county council and offered to knock a thousand dollars off the price if they would accept grey

brick. Would they do it? It would cut heavily into the profit, but it might save a lot of bother.

"No," the contractor said. "Those old buzzards would have me over the barrel. It would only get me in deeper trouble."

He had a much better idea. He journeyed to Walkerton and addressed the council. Walkerton, he said, could not afford to be cheap. They needed a courthouse that would be a permanent architectural gem. Red brick was all right in its place, for houses and factories, but for a courthouse something more was required. For an additional thousand dollars over the original contract price, he said, he would build a fine grey-brick courthouse that would be a credit to all concerned.

Walkerton's fine grey-brick courthouse still stands as a reminder that a certain contractor made a clear thousand dollars through his knowledge of the psychology of county councils.

J. N. HARRIS

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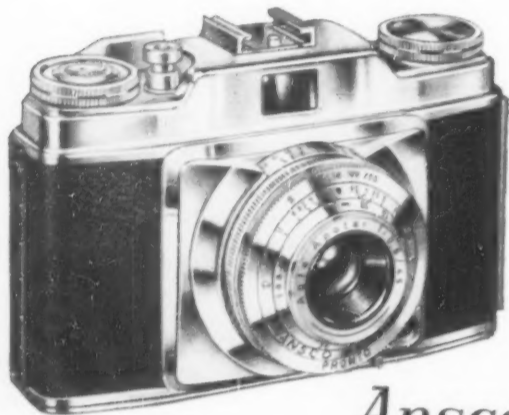
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for the regular grades. Some of them, even at ten or eleven, have never been in a classroom.

Miss Constance Wright, a pleasant, competent teacher in her sixties, spoke admiringly of her Doukhobor pupils. "They're lovely children," she said. "Only rarely do they show resistance—like the fourteen-year-old girl who refused to write down the words to God Save the Queen." I visited a regular grade 3 where half the children are Doukhobors. "They want to learn," said Mrs. Evie Kynoch, the teacher. "They seem to feel that they've missed a good deal and have to catch up." Some of the children have completed as many as three years in one.

Whether at school or in the residence, the man who bears the main responsibility for the hundred Freedomite children is thirty-eight-year-old John Clarkson. He serves both as principal of the public school and superintendent of the Dormitory. Clarkson is a small, wiry, serious man with brown wavy hair and a strong bony face. In 1949 he was employed as principal of the New Denver public school and when the Freedomite children began arriving in 1953 they automatically became his responsibility. In May 1956, Clarkson also became superintendent of the Dormitory for the provincial department of education.

Clarkson is popular both with his superiors in Victoria and the New Denver townspeople. "He made those kids knuckle under," a New Denver resident told me. There was a feeling in the district that, under the welfare-department regime, the children were being mollycoddled. Corporal punishment was forbidden; the children were allowed to go home for funerals and weddings; they were also allowed to go visiting in town. It was also felt that the Dormitory staff

failed to take strong enough measures when the children would smash windows, plug toilet bowls and stage nude demonstrations. Clarkson made changes. He took on practically a whole new staff and equipped them with rubber straps. He printed a long list of rules and regulations, prefaced with the remarks, "These must be strictly enforced although they may seem out of place and even severe."

Clarkson paints a bright picture of life at the Dormitory today. The program is proving a great success, he insists. The children are obedient. Corporal punishment is rarely used. "The children are happy," he says. "Being away from their parents doesn't seem to bother them."

#### No Russian in the Dormitory

However, when I interviewed several children, as well as a number of former employees, I was given a less cheerful picture. The children told me how much they missed their parents. They also said they are frequently strapped, which Clarkson vigorously denied. Timmy Babakaiff, a ten-year-old boy with freckles, told me that after being in the Dormitory for three years, "I can't even remember what my home looks like. I'd like to go back. I get strapped a lot. Last month, I was in the gym and didn't hear the whistle blow so I kept playing with a rubber ball. I got three straps on each hand for that. Another thing—we can't speak Russian here; if they catch you they punish you. But we speak it while we go to and from school." (Matron Sinclair later told me that the children are encouraged to speak English and are not permitted to speak Russian to the supervisors.)

Fourteen-year-old Larry Tomilin told me that one morning before breakfast, in

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## Are the children often strapped? No, says the superintendent, "parents teach them to lie about it"

January, he was playing in the dormitory with twelve-year-old Billy Chernoff. He said he accidentally hit Billy, who started crying. Attracted by the noise, a member of the staff said to him, "I'll get a big boy to pick on you!" Later that day, he was sent to the gym to box with a male member of the staff. "He hit me on the face and stomach and I fell down," Larry told me. "Then he said, 'Come and show me how you can fight.' After that he strapped me ten times on each hand and put me to work."

I interviewed a charming pair of eight-year-old twins, Joey and Nina Jmaeff. Nina, who was convalescing from mumps, said, "I missed my mother when I was sick. I wish I could see her."

The Jmaeff twins hadn't seen their mother since her last visit to New Denver on December 9. (I interviewed the twins on February 22.) Shortly after the mother returned home she was suddenly taken ill. Her doctor ordered her to bed. On January 4, she underwent a major operation. Too weak to travel, she asked that her children be brought to her. Her request was forwarded to Clarkson, along with a doctor's certificate. Clarkson refused permission. "We're not going to let these children go running home for nothing," he said. "They're here for a purpose."

When I interviewed Clarkson I asked him about several of the reported strapping incidents. He denied that they had taken place. "The children have been taught by their parents to be untruthful," he told me. I asked to see the corporal-punishment book. Under the B.C. Public School Act, the Dormitory is required to keep a record of the date, reason and nature of punishment. Clarkson, who introduced corporal punishment when he took over in May 1956, told me that he only started keeping such a book on January 1, 1957. It contained a single entry: on January 29, a boy had received one stroke on each hand for stealing.

Evidently the operation of the Dormitory is not subject to regular inspection by non-staff people. Attorney-General Bonner told me, "I don't know who inspects the place. I think it's the district school inspector." Dr. H. L. Campbell, deputy minister of education, said that "the district school inspector is responsible for the standards of education in the school while the superintendent of child welfare is responsible for seeing that the children are properly looked after."

At New Denver, the school inspector, Nelson Allen, told me, "I rarely go into the Dormitory. I know that everything's under control. Besides, I'm no welfare expert." William Crossley, the local welfare representative, observed, "We don't have much contact with the children once they enter the Dormitory." Clarkson himself says, "I'm supposed to answer to Nelson Allen for both the school and the Dormitory." I was told that a

local committee made up mostly of Dormitory and education department staff does exist and that it's "supposed to meet" once a month.

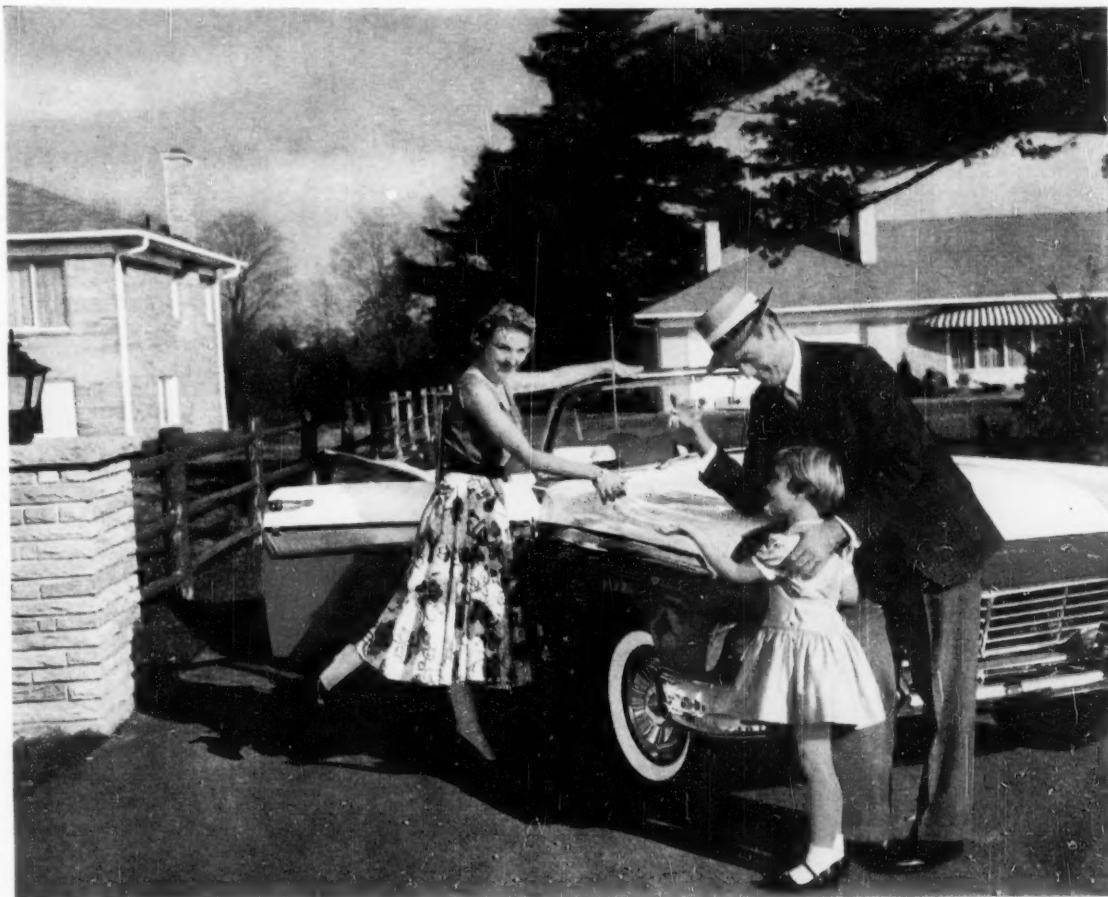
The choice of New Denver as a site for the Dormitory may have been an unfortunate one. A well-known western social worker explained to me, "The children are living under the pressure of hate. The people in the district don't like

them." Robert Ross, the former superintendent for almost three years, observed, "There's hostility up and down the valley. The Dormitory should be in a more impersonal setting."

Superintendent Clarkson explains that "feeling between the townspeople and the Sons of Freedom runs high because we've put up with them for so long." Officially, Dormitory rules forbid the

children from visiting people in town; unofficially, the children sometimes sneak into the homes of a few friendly villagers for ten or fifteen minutes on their way home from school in the afternoon.

Meanwhile the children's parents neglect no opportunity to protest against what they term "the kidnaping of our children." When B.C. Premier W. A. C. Bennett was in Nelson, a group of moth-



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### Answer

to Who is it? on page 100

Sir Beverley Baxter, a Torontonian who became one of England's best-known journalists, a member of parliament and writer of Maclean's London Letter.



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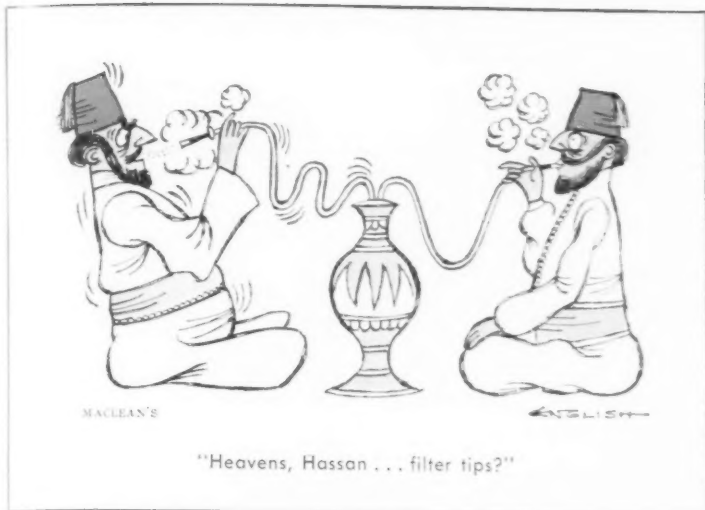
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ers fell to their knees around him, begging, “Give us back our children.”

Thirty women once descended on the office of Dr. Campbell, the deputy minister of education. Campbell told them that if they agreed to send their children to school they would be promptly returned home. “We can’t change the laws of the country,” he explained. Mrs. Mary Popoff, a Doukhobor spokesman, replied, “We can’t change the laws of God either. We won’t accept your schools—they’re in conflict with the teachings of Christ.”

In April 1956, a group of women attacked Emmett Gulley on the streets of Nelson and tore his clothes off. Gulley is a Quaker who advises the government on Doukhobor affairs.

In the fall of 1956, when the steel fence was being erected around the Dormitory, groups of Freedomite parents gathered around it. At one time, as many as sixteen police were called out on duty. When the fence was completed, all parents were sent passes to visit their children on the Dormitory grounds. The Doukhobors tore up the passes and mailed them back. “We refuse to use passes to see our own children,” said William Moojelsky. Since then, parents and children have been separated by a steel fence

on visiting days, usually on week ends.

In the past few years the Sons of Freedom have largely abandoned arson, dynamiting and nude demonstrations as methods of protest. Recently, they have been fighting their case in the courts where they have had at least two successes. In September 1956, Judge William Evans of Nelson ordered the release of eight children who had been held in New Denver for almost three years. He found that the government had not followed the proper legal procedure in committing them. (Four of them were later recommitted on grounds of habitual truancy.) Again, in December 1956, the B.C. Supreme Court ordered that ten-year-old Irene Perepelkin be sent home from the Dormitory because the government didn’t present sufficient evidence of non-attendance at school. More court cases are in the offing.

How successful has the New Denver experiment been? Many government officials—and the view is shared by most people in the Kootenay district—believe that in eight years the Freedomite children can be changed into peaceful citizens. But Attorney-General Bonner a few weeks ago told the B.C. legislature, “It will take at least a decade before we know if we’re moving in the right direction.” When I interviewed him he said, “I think the Dormitory has weakened the Sons of Freedom.”

The Freedomites maintain that the opposite is true. “We are stronger than ever,” says Moojelsky. “Orthodox Doukhobors—who don’t often agree with us—now support us.” Last summer in Calgary, a convention of the Union of Orthodox Doukhobors passed a resolution condemning police raids as a systematic attempt to wipe out an entire group. Col. Mead, former deputy commissioner of the RCMP, told me, “Tearing children away from their parents is breeding resentment which eventually may explode.” After studying New Denver on a visiting day, Charles Frantz, a University of Chicago anthropologist, said, “The steel-wire fence has already become a Doukhobor myth. The Dormitory will become the Buchenwald of British Columbia to them.”

I interviewed a number of children who had graduated from the Dormitory after reaching their fifteenth birthday. I first sought out Georgina Starr, whom New Denver officials described as an intelligent, dependable girl who had benefited greatly from her school experience. I found her in a small village where she was conducting a clandestine school for Sons of Freedom children. She had five pupils to whom she teaches the three Rs

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out of town?

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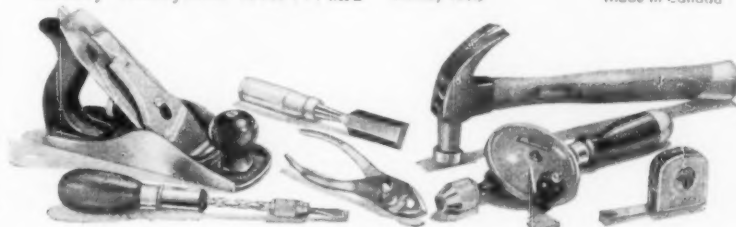
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and Freedomite songs and prayers. It is not an accredited school since the department of education does not supervise the curriculum. Children attending it would be regarded as "habitual truants." For this reason, whenever the RCMP appear in the vicinity the children hide. "I hope these children never have to go to the Dormitory," Georgina told me. "It was like a jail." She said she enjoyed going to the classes in the town.

Hene Kinakin, a dark, attractive girl, said, "I learned to read and write but it hasn't made me friendlier to anybody." Joey Sherstobitoof, another graduate, told me, "I don't think much of the government and police after the way they took me away. I think my parents did right in keeping me out of school. I feel the same way about things as I always did."

Is a less drastic solution possible? In 1950, at the request of the B. C. government, a University of British Columbia group started a two-year study of the Sons of Freedom problem. At the same time a committee under Dean G. C. Andrew of UBC was set up to act as a liaison between the Freedomites and the government. It included Col. Mead, Emmett Gulley, the Quaker, and Hugh Herbison, a minister and teacher. (Most of these men resigned when the government set up the New Denver Dormitory.) Neither group had a solution to the Sons of Freedom problem.

### Should teachers get bonuses?

Most agree a commission on Doukhobor affairs should be established. Also, the land question must be settled. (In 1938 the B. C. government took over several hundred acres of land after Doukhobor co-operative communities went bankrupt. This has been a serious source of aggravation ever since.) And perhaps some special treatment needs to be devised for the Freedomites. "The present climate of hostility must be neutralized," says Col. Mead. "The law must be upheld, but there's much that can be achieved within the law."

Freedomite parents could be encouraged to serve on local school boards. Superior teachers could be hired, paying them bonuses, if necessary. Marching, saluting, flag ceremonies, singing patriotic songs and other activities condemned by the Freedomites on religious grounds could be dispensed with.

At one time there was some discussion about the Sons of Freedom setting up their own schools. No plan acceptable to both sides could be agreed on. Last fall, the Freedomites took the initiative and started a small school of their own in Glade. Educational authorities ordered it closed because the teacher was unqualified and the standard of instruction was not high enough.

At present, the police raids go on and the population of the New Denver Dormitory continues to grow. Both the government and the Sons of Freedom remain adamant. Dr. H. L. Campbell, deputy minister of education, asks, "Why should we treat the Sons of Freedom differently than anyone else? The law has to be obeyed." William Moojelsky, speaking for his people, says, "We will never send our children to government schools. We are more determined than ever to bring them up as Doukhobors. If the kidnapping raids continue, something unpleasant may happen. You can't keep on spitting on a mother's heart."

Caught in the middle are the confused, often unhappy children of the Dormitory, poking their noses through the high wire fence, asking their parents, "How long must we stay?" ★

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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

## "Let us stop asking men of good record to say publicly whether they once were Communists"

and support them.

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Let us stop asking men of good will and good record to say publicly whether they once were Communists. Stop for the simple reason that if he stays within the law and holds to decent standards of behavior and utterance, every human individual is entitled to develop, progress or retrogress as an individual within whatever frame of privacy he chooses for himself. We do not hold public interrogations of fly fishermen to discover whether once they fished with worms. We do not call good grey doctors to the witness stand to demand whether they once dreamed of growing up to be cowboys or train robbers. We do not insist that Liberals say whether they once were Conservatives or Republicans whether they once were Democrats. We do not ask respectable and law-abiding matrons to confess before public, quasi-legal bodies whether they ever danced the Charleston or cut out pictures of Rudolph Valentino.

Let me make right now a personal confession which in my mind is not much more important than the confession that I used to smoke cigarettes of dried leaves behind the family garage.

Once I voted Communist.

It was about a quarter of a century ago, when I was even more uneducated than I am today. It was the first vote I ever cast in my life. It was the last Communist vote I ever cast and the last one I expect to cast, and I do not mention the matter through any conscious wish to boast or apologize or make my peace with anyone. I mention it only because it is a fact that is relevant to this discussion.

The Depression was just nicely underway. I was working as a young reporter in Winnipeg at something like twenty dollars a week. The salary was more than adequate for my needs and it may well have been quite a bit more than I was worth. I loved the job, my newspaper and the people I worked with. I did not know a single live Communist

and had no special interest in meeting one. No Communist showed any special interest in meeting me.

Yet, in that Manitoba provincial election, I saw what seemed to be due cause to vote for a Communist candidate. For

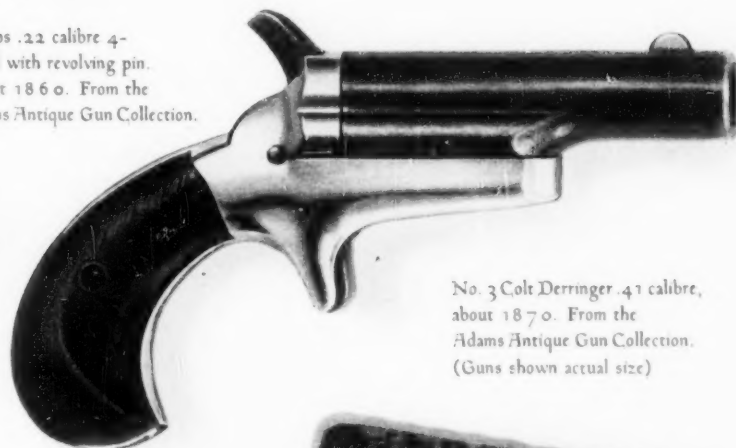
all my own sense of well-being and good fortune, there was not a day when I walked to the office without meeting a dozen panhandlers. Many of the young men I had grown up with were still back home in Saskatchewan, out of work or

teaching school for thirty dollars a month. Half the families I knew were on relief and the relief rations were desperately small.

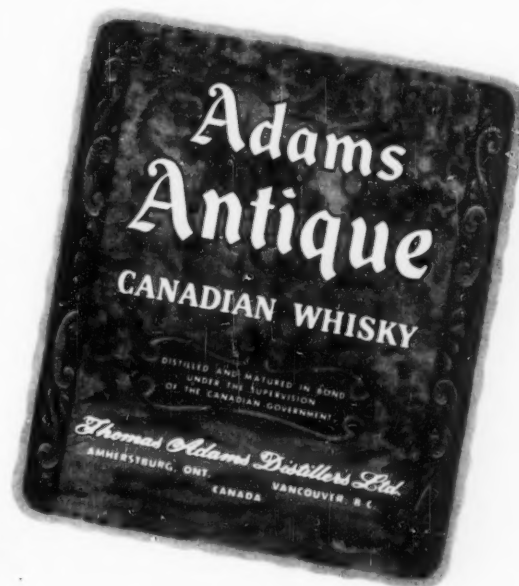
The scale of relief and the level of employment, quite clearly, were not go-



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ing to improve or worsen whether the new provincial government was Grit or Tory. So I voted for a change: any change, the only change in sight. I voted Communist. And, ridiculously enough, so many other befuddled and misguided young persons voted Communist that a Communist was elected to the Manitoba legislature.

There must be several thousand other now considerably older, now fleshier and now far, far more respectable persons who voted the same way I did on that faraway day. That they did and whether they did is their own private business. It is none of the business of any public investigator, in Washington or Ottawa or anywhere else.

I had not intended to make my own part in the matter public; not because I am especially ashamed of it but because I think it's rather trivial. Its only significance lies in whatever light it may cast on the chancy evolution of an average, and therefore chancy, person's politics. Its only meaning—but surely it is a meaning—is that, although some people never overcome their natural tendencies to error, the shape and direction of their errors sometimes change quite remarkably.

We do well to make sure now that Communists do not hold office in policy-making government agencies. The last two decades have cast enough light, enough hard and visible evidence, on the real nature and intent of communism that no one who can see or read or hear need be deceived by it. The Party Communist of today knows exactly what he's doing and exactly what he stands for. He bears small relation to the hopeful, over-trusting idealist of the Twenties and the Thirties. The insistence of the Morris and the McCarthys that he is one and the same man betrays more than mere vindictiveness. It betrays stupidity, a simple lack of discernment, a willful closing of the mind to clear essential facts.

But it is not by any means the exclusive fault of a narrow and ignorant few that Herbert Norman was driven to his death. It is a fault of the times and if we wish, we can learn from it.

If we are willing to pay it heed, the tragedy of Herbert Norman can teach us this: to be, above all, wary of the professional investigator and the hired sensation seeker. To make them both say what they have to say within the law and answer for it, if required, to the law. To make only such accusations against public men as are relevant to the good conduct of the affairs of today; to make them only on evidence; and if they are refuted, to desist from repeating them.

If this alone can be learned from the death of Herbert Norman he will have the epitaph he deserves. ★



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## Mailbag

Continued from page 4

### Will the boom corrupt Canada's farm belt too?

Re Bruce Hutchison's article. We're Being Corrupted by our Boom.



Wot boom, Mr. Hutchison?

—EDWARD B. CHEESBROUGH, FURNESS P.O., SASK.

### Arthritis cure premature?

We regret that you published the note in your Preview section (April 13). Have They Finally Found the Cure for Arthritis? It may raise unwarranted hopes in the minds of people suffering from arthritis. Arthritis is a chronic disease and a new method of treatment must be tested a long time before its value can be assessed. The administration of glucagon has produced unpleasant side effects which cast doubt at present on its usefulness.—CALVIN EZRIN, MD, DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO; JAMES M. SALTER, PHD, BANTING AND BEST DEPARTMENT OF MEDICAL RESEARCH; CHARLES H. BEST, MD, BANTING AND BEST DEPARTMENT OF MEDICAL RESEARCH.

### More jobs for the churches

The Church Should Meddle In Politics, says Rev. W. E. Mann (March 16). Before he gets Christian churches mixed up in politics and economics, he should start by unmixing them from many social problems. Until Rev. Mann can get the churches to give ethical and moral judgment to our medieval form of divorce and liquor laws and censorship rules, I'd advise the church to stay out of politics.—DON CHASE, HAMILTON.

### "No Canadians wanted here"

Robert Thomas Allen hit the nail on the head (Canadians Are the Worst Loudmouths, March 30). . . . We never enjoyed the English telling us: "This is how we do it at home," so why should we visit our neighbors and, with our noses in the air, repeat their mistakes? The first led to: "No English need apply," and following their example will surely lead to: "No Canadians wanted here."—MRS. HARLEY SELWYN, CLEARWATER, FLA.

. . . Allen is a cad exposing me to my American friends.—CLIVE A. CHISHOLM, LAMONI, IOWA.

. . . It is a healthy sign to hear Canadians speak up for their country . . . Come out west if you want to hear loudmouthed Yanks.—LARRY HOSKINS, SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.

. . . I am ashamed at the contrast between the warm courteous interest of Americans and the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude many Canadians show visitors from the U. S.—HUGH HAY-ROE, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

### Let Whalley's children do it?

Re your Peter Whalley cover on children's drawing (March 30); it's a vast improvement on his own drawing.—G. D. MACMILLAN, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

. . . If that is the work of a normal

child I would not let it be seen.—MRS. E. R. A. HUGGON, BRAMPTON, ONT.

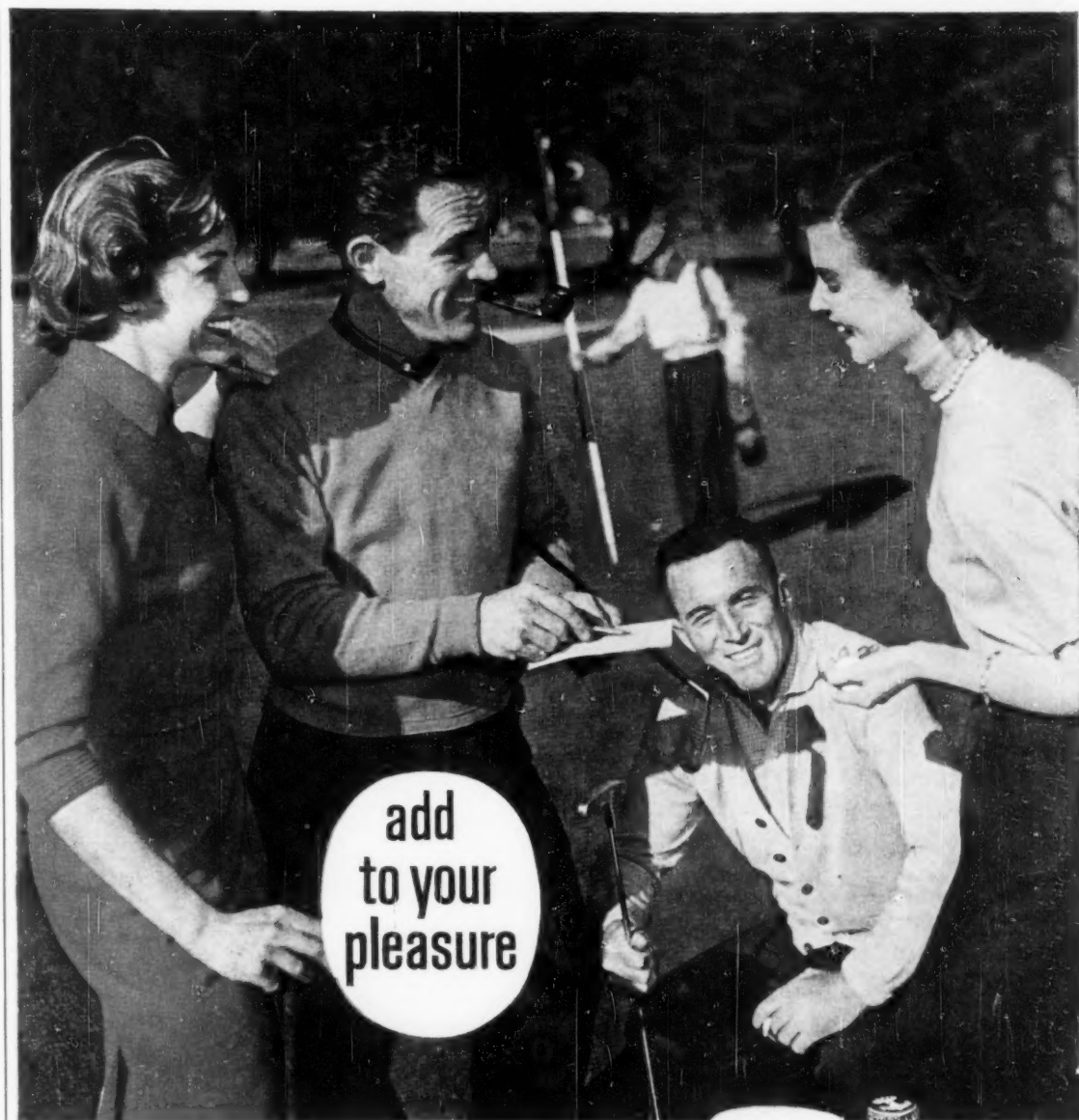
### The shame of our merchant navy

We Can't Fight Without a Merchant Navy, by General W. H. S. Macklin (March 30), exposes our shame. Call home our naval, military and air forces from abroad. Organize a home guard similar to Switzerland's: a merchant fleet that may be converted to war, a coast guard combined with a three-ocean survey fleet; a swarm of small, fast torpedo

boats. Big expensive ships are vulnerable to a single torpedo.—H. G. DIMSDALE, VICTORIA.

### She wants glamour, not pals

You make one of our most original designers sound like a boor in your article. She Sells Glamour with a Growl (March 30). . . . Lillian Farrar's abruptness stems from a desire to do whatever she is doing as well as it can be done, rather than making friends and influencing people.—IRENE KON, WESTMOUNT, QUE. ★



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## Parade

### Spring is noisier nowadays

A sure sign of spring in Regina is the reappearance of the car washers along the shores of Waskana Lake, in the heart of the city. Up drive the dirty cars, out climb their owners, pails in hand, and dipping water from the edge of the lake they happily swab away in the warm sunshine. There is something soothing and neighborly about this peaceful if industrious scene. Or there was until an efficiency expert drove up one day, unloaded a gasoline-powered pump, unreel one end of a hose into the lake and proceeded to hose down his car with the other end, in the fast, modern and noisy way. He scared all the birds away and made all the unmechanized car washers feel like drudges.

\* \* \*

A fearless Parade scout in Nelson, B.C., who recently journeyed north to the bustling boom town of Prince George tells us that he thinks business must be easing off just a bit there. All he could get by way of accommodation in town was a small windowless room. He was thankful to get that. On the wall was a rate card stating:

One person to a bed \$3.00  
Two persons to a bed \$5.00  
Three persons to a bed \$6.00

The rate for four persons to a bed had been stroked out.

\* \* \*

Whizzing down Broadway in Saskatoon went a truck. After it went a police cruiser, siren screaming. The policeman stopped the speeder but couldn't stop the



siren; so out got the truck driver and fixed it for him. And a reprimand to the Parade scout who witnessed all this and confesses he didn't wait long enough to find out if the cop relented on the ticket.

\* \* \*

As Mother's Day rolls around again we wonder sentimentally if Setter's drug store in Rivers, Man., will repeat its special appeal of a year ago, advertised in the local Gazette:

Remember Mother's Day — inoculate for blackleg, malignant edema, hemorrhagic, septicemia, in one operation. You can do this yourself . . .

To the layman, school teaching may seem like going through the same thing over and over again, year after year, but every once in a while there comes a new twist. Take the conversation be-



tween a high-school teacher in Stellanston, N.S., and an up-country girl in one of his classes, which began in this classic fashion:

Teacher: "Are you chewing gum?"

Girl: "No, sir."

Teacher: "Candy then?"

Girl: "No, sir."

Teacher: "Well, what is it — your lunch?"

Girl: "No, sir. Chewing tobacco, sir."

\* \* \*

Some dentists have a way with their younger patients and some don't, but there's one who does in Don Mills, Ont. Below his shingle on the wall outside his office was recently written in chalk and a childish hand: "He is nice."

\* \* \*

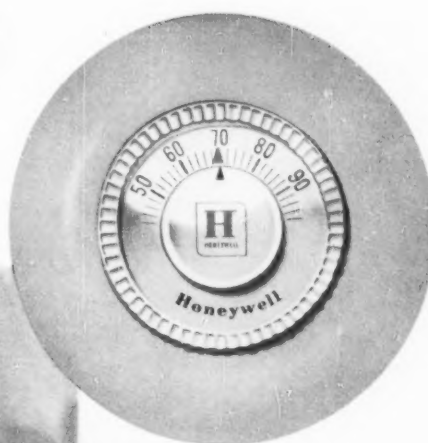
Publicity convener for a Vancouver women's club who'd come to know many of the local society-page reporters but hadn't kept up with all recent changes, telephoned the Sun and asked for the women's editor. Connected with her party, she became immediately sympathetic about "the terrible cold you have." At which there was a further growl in her ear. "I haven't got a cold—I'm a man." He is, too.

\* \* \*

In some cities policemen ride free on the public-transit system and elsewhere they get other privileges. A Parade scout from Penetang, Ont., was visiting neighboring Midland where he saw a uniformed policeman park his car in front of one of the town's many parking meters. Climbing out of his car the officer took a key from his pocket, unlocked the parking meter, extracted a coin from the coin box, closed up the contraption, deposited the coin again and strode off.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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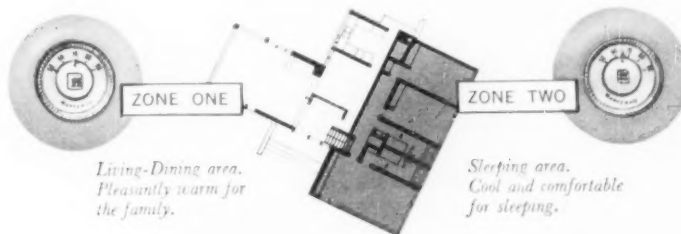
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